THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by B[illegible]aklin

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NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
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OCT. 12, 1918

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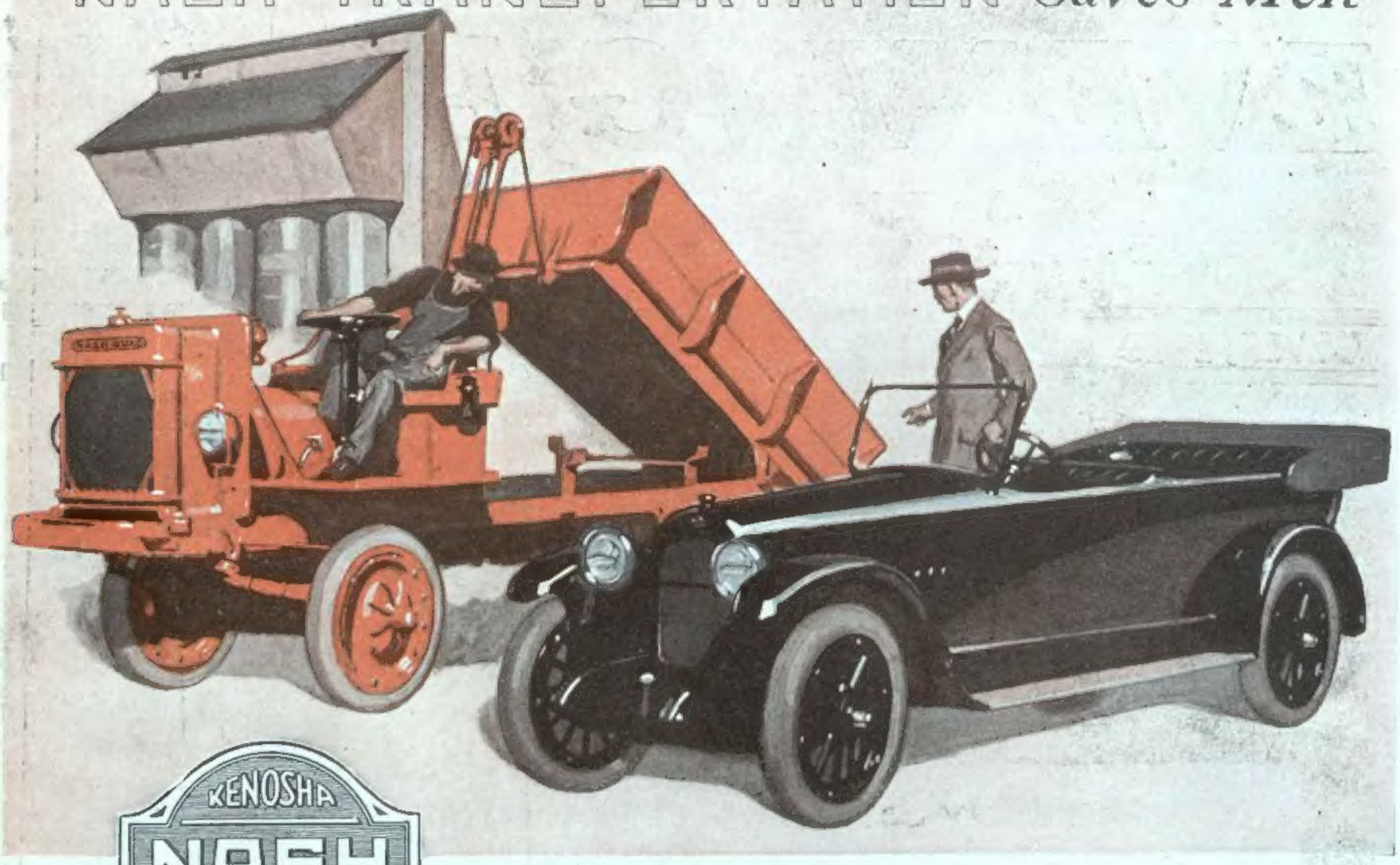
NASH TRANSPORTATION *Saves Men*



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Save money for yourself and release labor and material for war work by getting all-wool clothes that last. Don't buy until you need clothes; you won't need them so often if they're good ones.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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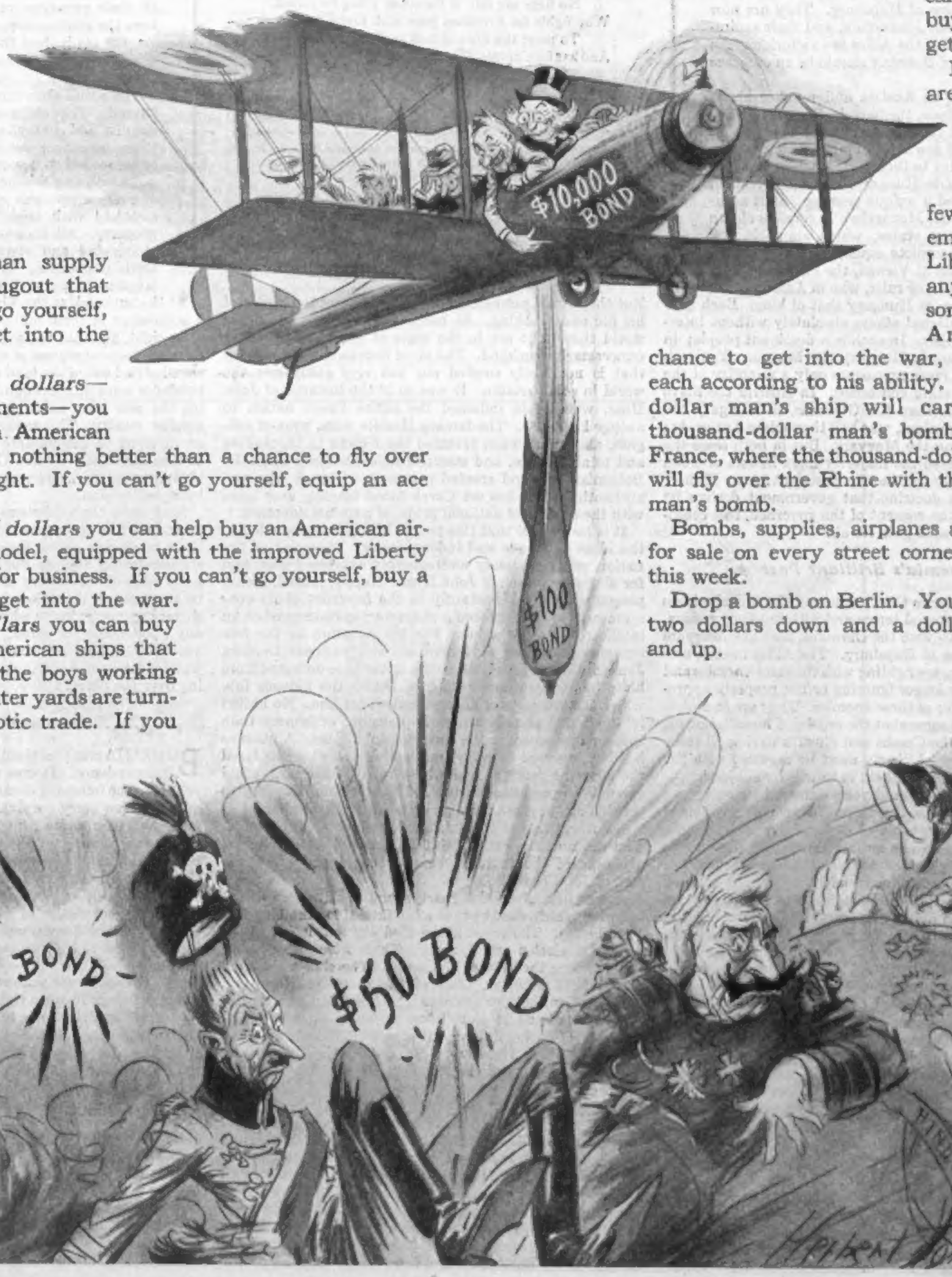
DROP A BOMB ON BERLIN



FOR fifty dollars—paid on the installment plan—you can buy a good businesslike bomb, made in America, charged with high explosive and guaranteed to wreck any German supply train, airdrome or dugout that it hits. If you can't go yourself, buy a bomb and get into the war.

For a thousand dollars—paid in easy installments—you can help to equip an American airman, who will ask nothing better than a chance to fly over the Rhine by moonlight. If you can't go yourself, equip an ace and get into the war.

For ten thousand dollars you can help buy an American airplane of the latest model, equipped with the improved Liberty motor and all ready for business. If you can't go yourself, buy a bombing plane and get into the war.

For a million dollars you can buy one of those new American ships that Charlie Schwab and the boys working with him in the tidewater yards are turning out for the patriotic trade. If you can't go yourself, buy a ship and get into the war.

Many of us are exempt from the draft for perfectly good reasons, but few of us are exempt from the Liberty Loan for any kind of reason. It gives all Americans a chance to get into the war, side by side, each according to his ability. The million-dollar man's ship will carry the ten-thousand-dollar man's bombing plane to France, where the thousand-dollar man's ace will fly over the Rhine with the fifty-dollar man's bomb.

Bombs, supplies, airplanes and ships are for sale on every street corner in America this week.

Drop a bomb on Berlin. You can do it for two dollars down and a dollar a week—and up.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

By Charles Downer Hazen

WHO are the Czecho-Slovaks? At the present moment their fame is resounding throughout the world because of a wonderful exploit, yet it is quite safe to say most of the interested and approving spectators can neither pronounce their name nor tell you anything definite or even vague about them. Yet here is a people living in the very heart of Europe, with an authentic history of well over a thousand years, a history at times brilliant, at times tragic; a people independent during the Middle Ages; then fallen for centuries under the blight of Austrian rule; and now, in our own day, aspiring to independence and a separate statehood among the family of nations; a people whose invaluable service to the Allies in the present war is evidence of its ability to think straight and to act vigorously, and of its capacity to control its own destinies. The Czecho-Slovaks have for four centuries been under the rule of the house of Hapsburg. They are now seeking to break that connection, and their aspiration will be realized if the Allies are victorious. An independent state of Bohemia should be an outcome of the war.

The Czechs live in Austria and number about seven or eight millions, the Slovaks live in Hungary and number about three millions; the two peoples are of one stock, of one aspiration, and are contiguous, a fact conducive to their formal union in a separate nation. Austria-Hungary, it will be recalled, is a peculiar, indeed a unique creation. It is accurately called the Dual Monarchy. It consists of two distinct, independent states, which stand in law upon a plane of complete equality. Each has its own capital, the one at Vienna, the other at Budapest. Each has the same ruler, who in Austria bears the title of emperor, in Hungary that of king. Each governs itself in all internal affairs absolutely without interference from the other. In each is a dominant people; in Austria the German, in Hungary the Magyar. Yet each of these dominant races represents only a minority of the population of the state concerned. In Austria the Slavs are more numerous than the Germans, in Hungary the Slavs and the Rumanians, who call themselves Latins, are more numerous than the Magyars. But in both cases the minority has rendered the majority mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the two dominant races. If there is anything in the doctrine that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, this condition ought to be ended once for all.

The Peacemaker

UPON his will he binds a radiant chain.
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease he yields his flesh to pain.
To banish war he must a warrior be.
He dwells in night eternal dawn to see,
And gladly dies abundant life to gain.

What matters death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of hell against him hurled,
And has for Captain, Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

— JOYCE KILMER.

165th Inf. [69th N. Y. N. G.]
A. E. F., France, June 14, 1918.

Note—This is the last poem written by Joyce Kilmer. It reached his wife in Massachusetts a few days before the news of the death of the poet in action in France.

ROBERT C. HOLLIDAY
Literary Executor of Joyce Kilmer

Bohemia's Brilliant Past

FOR twelve centuries the Czechs and the Slovaks have struggled, on unequal terms and with unhappy results, with three enemies—with the Germans, with the Magyars and with the house of Hapsburg. The Allies to-day, and America with them, are fighting with the same enemies and have no excuse for longer ignoring or not properly appreciating the character of those enemies. They are in a position to understand somewhat the cruel and humiliating lot that has fallen to the Czechs and Slovaks during all these centuries. This war of liberty must be crowned with the liberation of those so long held in unworthy subjection.

The history of a thousand years cannot be compressed within the limits of a single article. But two or three things may be said of the annals of Bohemia, where live the Czechs, that may serve as an introduction to the present situation. All through the Middle Ages the kingdom of Bohemia was a vigorous, independent state, with its own native institutions, its own ruling house. The Czechs, a branch of the great Slavic race, established themselves in the region where they still are in the late sixth and in the seventh centuries. Their great national hero was Saint Wenceslaus. Their history was, until the fourteenth century, the history of repeated bitter struggles with the Germans. In the fourteenth century their most famous king, Charles IV, became emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. He made Prague the seat of his court. He adorned the city with admirable monuments and buildings and gave it great intellectual distinction by founding the University of Prague, which speedily acquired a European reputation, and ranked in influence and popularity with the universities of Paris, Oxford and Bologna.

Out of this brilliant intellectual center came John Huss, one of the world's great liberators and the national martyr, burned to death as a heretic on the shores of Lake Constance. Another hero of human liberty was Jerome of Prague. These men were great thinkers and valiant souls, sacrificed to an arrogant and obscurantist spirit of authority. The murderers of John Huss were able to burn his quivering body and scatter its ashes in the River Rhine. But they could not extinguish the glory and the power of his life and teaching. As has so often happened in this world those who sat in the seats of the mighty proved unnecessarily purblind. The vivid human spirit is a spark that is not easily snuffed out but very easily sets the world in conflagration. It was so in the instance of John Huss, whose fate inflamed the entire Czech nation to avenge his death. The famous Hussite wars, wars of religion, also racial wars, revealed the Czechs to themselves and to all Europe, and stamped indelible glory upon the Bohemian flag and created a legend, a legend true and authentic, which has set Czech blood tingling ever since with the ecstasy of national pride, of national devotion.

It is no wonder that this people is hopelessly wedded to the ideas of liberty and independence. The spirit of the nation was adequately and superbly expressed once and for all in the person of John Huss. Happy, indeed, is that people which has constantly in the forefront of its consciousness so unblemished a character, so distinguished an intellect, so noble a life. For his devotion to the two supreme principles of individual and national freedom John Huss paid with his life. He never once deflected from his principles, he never flinched before the hideous fate which the brutality of his age devised for him. No nation in the world possesses a more dazzling oriflamme than Bohemia possesses in the career of John Huss. A massive bowlder, covered with ivy, marks the spot where he faced the supreme sacrifice and where he kept the faith amid excruciating physical torture. Thither from that day to this his countrymen have gone in ceaseless pilgrimage, as to a shrine, to renew their national resolves on holy ground. You can no more extinguish that national spirit than the assassins of the fifteenth century could extinguish the soul of John Huss.

A century after the martyrdom of Huss an event occurred which was to prove most fateful for the kingdom of Bohemia. The royal house died out and it fell to the estates to elect a new dynasty. There were many candidates among the princes of Europe. The choice fell upon Archduke Ferdinand, head of the house of Hapsburg. This election, held on October 23, 1526, marks the beginning of the rule of that house in that kingdom. The fortunes of Bohemia were thenceforth linked with the fortunes of the Hapsburgs; or rather, the aspirations, ambitions, designs of the Hapsburg monarchs were to be the dominant factor in the evolution of that country all through the modern period. Had the members of the estates who bestowed their suffrages upon Ferdinand foreseen the results of their action they would have shrunk with horror from the step they were so lightly taking.

In the same year, 1526, Ferdinand was chosen king of Hungary by the estates of that realm. Thus was inaugurated that connection of Bohemia, Hungary and the Austrian duchies under the Hapsburg dynasty, which in a time not far distant was to become so oppressive and hateful to the Bohemians and from which they are to-day struggling to free themselves. In the elections of 1526 lay the seed of much contemporary history.

A century later Bohemia reaped the whirlwind generated by this ill-starred action of her estates. In Bohemia, indeed in Prague itself, began the Thirty Years' War [1618–1648], the culmination of the religious wars which grew out of the Reformation. The Bohemians, overwhelmingly Protestant, tried to discard the Hapsburgs and choose a Protestant prince to be their king. But the Hapsburg ruler of that day did not intend to lose without a struggle so rich and valuable a possession. The fortunes of the war went against the Bohemians. Fearful was the Hapsburg revenge. Twenty-seven of the leading Bohemian nobles were beheaded. The old Czech nobility was destroyed almost literally root and branch. Six hundred and fifty-nine members of that class were, within a decade, deprived of all their property, of all their power. Wholesale were the confiscations, exceeding thirty million florins, the equivalent to-day of a billion. Towns and cities were also plundered, their rights and privileges annulled.

The social structure of Bohemia was completely altered. The old native Czech aristocracy, both nobility and gentry, was ruined, its members losing their possessions and being driven from the country or compelled to become Catholics. In its place was installed a new aristocracy, composed of adventurers of every stripe and country, a foreign aristocracy, endowed with large grants from the confiscated property. All traces of local self-government were obliterated and stark absolutism reigned thenceforth unchecked. German was made an official language along with Czech.

At the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War Bohemia had a population of three millions; at its close she had one of only eight hundred thousand. Those who did not conform to the new régime of absolutism in church and state were harried out of the land or killed. All elements of independence were thus extinguished. The authorities, including the new alien nobility, punished right and left with fiendish cruelty. This savage policy was supplemented by an attempt to exterminate the elements of the national civilization, Czech books, Czech traditions. A large part of Bohemian literature was absolutely destroyed, no trace being left behind.

Such were the achievements of the house of Hapsburg during the first century and a quarter of its rule in Bohemia. That house was giving Europe an accurate measure of its statesmanship and its humanity. No one with a slight knowledge of the history of that family has any reason to be surprised at its actions in our own times. Gladstone's withering inquiry as to when and where Austria had done any good recurs to mind. It has never been favorably answered. The Germans plumed themselves over what was destined to become a characteristic method of triumphing over the Slavs.

The Awakeners of the New Nation

BOHEMIA was practically deprived of her last shreds of independence. Decree after decree, law after law appeared in the following decades, designed to prune and pare away the few sorry survivals of liberty. The progress of Hapsburg usurpation continued unchecked during all the eighteenth century. These incessant deadly encroachments culminated in the reign of Joseph II, who attempted thoroughly to Germanize the Czechs, as he did the other races of his motley empire. The historical traditions and native characteristics of his various lands were treated with unconcealed contempt. Enlightened despotism, the fashion of the eighteenth century, was more despotic than enlightened.

The Czechs never acknowledged or accepted these violations of their historic rights. They considered all these measures illegal, but were in fact obliged to submit to them. They could only bide their time—and time dragged unconscionably. But all the Czech parties nevertheless asserted the fundamental claim of the independence of their country. Never did they renounce that claim. After the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars came the "era" of Metternich, a period of stifling reaction, if such a thing as reaction were possible in Austria. A comprehensive and ubiquitous censorship of every man's acts and words terrorized the land. The oppression was severer in Bohemia than elsewhere, attaining such a pitch that the national language was excluded from every public office, every court and every school.

Despite this fact the close of the eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth witnessed a remarkable

revival of the national consciousness, which has gone on steadily increasing until to-day Bohemia is demanding and fighting for full and complete national self-expression. The great war, should it end as it ought to, would be for the Bohemians a war of independence.

This "reawakening" of Bohemia, as it is called by the Czechs, is a part of the general nationalistic movement which, during the nineteenth century, revolutionized the map of Europe, resulting in the creation of the German Empire under Bismarck, of the Italian Kingdom under Victor Emmanuel, and in the liberation of various Balkan states from Turkish rule. This principle of nationality is much decried in our day by many so-called liberals, though fifty years ago it was the very shield and buckler of liberalism. Enamored of internationalism, they resent the spirit of nationality, as urged by those peoples whose ambitions have remained unrealized. Nationalism cuts right athwart internationalism and is therefore a nuisance and a menace. But one thing is certain and that is that as long as legitimate nationalism is denied various peoples worthy of it there will be no internationalism. Those who consider that that fructifying principle was exhausted when it achieved the unification of Germany and Italy, and that henceforth it must be ignored or crushed in the interest of a more cosmopolitan ideal, are likely to be surprised and offended by the future. We shall have to manage to live some time longer with this uncomfortable spirit of nationality.

Under Faithless Hapsburg Tyrants

FOR a full century this process of Bohemian emancipation had been going on. There was at first a reawakening of the historic sense, long dulled and even lost among large masses of the population under the heavy misfortunes and misery that were the aftermath of the Thirty Years' War. The "awakeners," as they are called in Bohemia, were a small group of literary men who sought by means of books written in Czech to rekindle among the people the flame of native patriotism which had burned so brightly, even so fiercely, centuries before; to make them once more acquainted with the glories of the past, to arouse pride in the national language and history and traditions.

This was difficult work, not only because indifference, inertia, disillusionment, founded on misery and poverty, are difficult to dispel, but also because the men who were engaged in it were harassed and hounded by the governing authorities of Austria. Nevertheless, the work went on, sustained by a patriotism so intense that it leveled mountains and exalted valleys. It was a real Czech Renaissance, a revival of the Czech language and literature as furnishing the spiritual guidance and sustenance of the nation, the principle of harmony uniting all. Safarik, Kolar, Jungmann and above all the great historian Palacky were the leaders in this movement, and received the valuable support of some of the great nobles of the land. Also, in 1818, a national museum was founded, in which were gathered many monuments which testified to the former greatness of Bohemia. Old songs, too, were rediscovered and new ones were written whose theme was the same and which rapidly spread among this music-loving people. For fifty years this work went on, gradually radiating out into many lines.

This spiritual revival of the Czech nation preceded the political revival. It could not of course be otherwise. Such is the natural, inevitable sequence. In the case of the Czechs the spiritual regeneration was thorough and adequate to the problem. The little group of patriotic scholars was destined to be amply honored and justified by three generations of young men who have sought to realize in actual laws and institutions the lessons inculcated in their books.

In 1848 the Czechs began the political struggle, seeking to free their country, to secure the abrogation of all these unconstitutional and violent measures which had reduced their former autonomy to a shadow and a mockery. For a moment they were successful, the Emperor granting all their demands. But shortly the Austrian Army entered upon the scene. Prague was bombarded and forced to surrender unconditionally. This bombardment of their capital ended precipitately the dream of the Czechs for the resurrection of their country and for a liberal régime. Absolutism was restored in its most stringent form. The secret police, so highly honored by the Austrian Government, was reënthroned, and the lives and liberties of the Bohemians were at its mercy. Every liberal was suspect, as was every liberal idea.

This dark and unintelligent régime continued for nearly twenty years. Czech leaders were subjected to every known form of inquisition, vexation, surveillance; not only in Bohemia but in Hungary as well, manifold oppression was the order of the day. The Hapsburgs were true to their tradition. Faithless to their explicit promises, unashamed to use any ruse or perfidy or cruelty that might bolster up their anachronistic political system of monarchical and aristocratic and racial domination, they danced upon a volcano and thought it no peril.

Such a régime would endure only if military success should continue uniformly. But in the years from 1859 to 1866 the Hapsburgs were driven out of Italy and out of Germany. Austria was being sacrificed by rulers whose lamentable incompetence could no longer be disguised. Every element of unrest—and the empire seethed with such elements—now gained expression. The Hapsburgs were confronted with the necessity of radically changing their course. The situation was imperative and could not be evaded. Something must be done to satisfy some elements of the variegated empire or else the last end of that empire would be worse than the first. A characteristic Hapsburg expedient was adopted: "Divide, that you may rule." Such was the motto of the new policy.

Austria sought no general reconciliation with all her discontented peoples, made no effort to remove the causes of her weakness by general reforms, to secure the well-being and happiness of all by exact and even justice to all.

Francis Joseph contented himself with making a bargain with the strongest single factor among his subject populations, the Magyars of Hungary. By the Compromise of 1867, an agreement which has colored and determined all later history down to this day, he gave the Magyars a power they had never possessed before and which they were to use for purposes of crass and brazen injustice. The compromise created the Dual Monarchy, Austria one state, Hungary another, each independent of the other, Austria with Francis Joseph as Emperor, Hungary with Francis Joseph as King. The two states were to be united practically only in foreign policy and in the financial and military matters which were essential to foreign policy. As subsequent events were to prove, the dominant partner in this combination was Hungary, an extensive country relinquished for the sole enjoyment and profit of the Magyars, who during the next fifty years revealed an egoism as colossal as the Prussians during the same period.

Four Brothers in One Galley

THE Compromise of 1867—that is to say, the form of government of Austria-Hungary which was set up in that year, and which has lasted to this day—might have been operated in such a way as to prove a benefit and not a curse to the countries concerned and to the world. All that was necessary was a moderate dose of the Golden Rule, a reasonable amount of fair play. But that spirit lay far beyond the imaginative grasp of the intellects of the ruling classes in each country.

In Austria the Germans, in Hungary the Magyars have steadily denied the various branches of the Slavic race the most elementary human rights, not to mention justice and honorable treatment. Yet in Austria the Slavs are in the majority, and in Hungary also. In each country for fifty years the minority has ruled the majority, and has stopped at no chicanery, no duplicity, no inhumanity, to accomplish its ends. Constitutional forms have been made in both a byword and a hissing, have been mere cloaks for hypocrisy and oppression.

Once entered upon such a course the descent in public morality and decency was rapid and inevitable. Despotism can only be supported in the modern world by more despotism and by still more. The Germans of Austria, the Magyars of Hungary are worthy spiritual brothers of the Prussians and the Turks. They belong in the same galley and there they are. The history of the last half century is the history of their steadily progressing community of feeling, of outlook and of design. Central Europe had its spiritual foundations long before it was announced as the political creation that only awaited the closing of the present war for its formal sanction and its definite inauguration as the régime by which Europe was henceforth to be ruled and the world held in thrall.

After 1867 and the so-called compromise it was still not too late for Francis Joseph to show that the Slavs within Austria, who had loyally supported him in the disastrous war with Prussia, would receive as good treatment as the Magyars of Hungary, who had supported him very poorly, who had indeed even formed a free corps to aid the Prussians and had, during the brief campaign, been on the verge of rebellion. The same autonomy that had been granted Hungary might have been granted Bohemia. The rights of Bohemia were as indubitable, as solidly founded in history, as those of Hungary. Then at least a considerable portion of the Slavic race would have received fair treatment at the hands of the man the majority of whose subjects were Slavs.

On September 14, 1871, Francis Joseph manifested

(Continued on Page 105)

The Plausible Strangers

THE GLOVE

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT SHOULD be told after he comes back or after he does not; that would be a better time than this. Certainly under no circumstances should he be known by a name nearer to his own than B. Wellis Halliworth. Even then some persons may flatter themselves that they know him.

With regularity of life established over a long pull of years which had brought him to an age several rounds past thirty, he had taken his breakfast at the club and at half past eight was crossing Forty-second Street in the course of his daily morning walk for hygiene. He had learned the lesson that it pays to take care of the notorious Number One.

Usually reaching Forty-second Street he turned, allowed himself to be sucked down with the human tide into the Subway and was projected through a hot tube and climbed out on his way to the investment bankers where he was on the edge of a partnership. On this morning of bright sunlight, however, he happened to look down the trafficky Avenue and his eye was caught by something on the steps of the public library.

"Hello," said he half aloud. "There's a new one. War Savings, Red Cross, Liberty Bonds—now what's this?"

Attracted, and being in the spring of health and the curious spirit of youth, both of which gave a distinction to his figure which the high-priced clothes he wore could only enhance, instead of turning the corner he continued down Fifth Avenue until he stood on the sidewalk looking up at a somewhat undersized imitation in wood and painted canvas of one of the battlefield tanks. On top of the tank was stationed a black fabricated cat, grinning viciously, and there was a sign inviting recruits for a branch of war service described as "Treat 'em Rough."

A grin came upon the shaven face of B. Wellis Halliworth and he started on. Then he stopped again and stood looking for several minutes more at the tank and the cat and the sign and at a Canadian soldier with a limp and a recruiting officer who had just arrived as if to open business for the day.

He noticed that neither of these men paid to him the slightest attention.

At the end of ten minutes because of his blushing and uneasy manner he was almost completely disguised from recognition by such persons as John A. Nattall, of the Board of Governors; Colfax, of the Exchange; and Miss Doris Collamore, who, as the rest of the world, would only recognize him as the very proper and unperturbed Halliworth.

Something was going on inside him. At the end of eleven minutes he stepped up to the recruiting officer, and it is reported that he said these words:

"I am over draft age and a bachelor. I'm not trained for an officer and I couldn't tell a gas shell from a cantonment. I haven't got the heart to take a commission as captain, major, colonel or general, to sit at a desk and steal military honor away from the real army ranks. If I enlist as a private somebody will find out that I know double-entry bookkeeping and they'll send me down to Fort Sill for the duration of the war. I've done a lot of talking along the lines that if my grandchildren ever ask me what I was doing during the war I would prefer to tell 'em that because they wouldn't let me enlist as a fighting private or admit me to an officers' training camp I got sore and wouldn't take a costume-ball title. The fact is, I didn't know there was any real opening for me."

The officer appeared mildly amused but a little uninterested. "I'm a college graduate and a broker," said B. Wellis, taking off his leghorn straw and looking with an absurd interest at its top. "My outsides, to tell you the truth, have never considered going to this war at all. Everybody will think that I am crazy as a loon. But my insides have been talking to me now for a year, and never until this moment have I understood 'em. I've been a stranger to 'em for a long time. Now I've said my say."

The bronzy officer looked at the young man, whose light hair was growing a bit thin at the summit, and he looked into the young man's gray eyes and then at his pleasant and obtrusively clean hands. After that he sniffed, and in that sniff there was something of great rudeness.

"You needn't sniff at me," said Halliworth. "You may be an officer, old horseradish, and the king of the hard tickets and all of that; but at the moment I am in a peculiar frame of mind. I'm turning inside out, and if you sniff at me I'll knock your block off!"

"I am disposed to doubt it," the other asserted.

Eyewitnesses testify that Halliworth almost drove the officer through the side of the imitation tank.

Bystanders wondered, and so did the policeman, and so did the attendant Canadian soldier with the limp; they wondered why the officer did not allow the law to take its terrible course. Instead of doing so, the officer—Major Somebody; or was it Captain Somebody?—said in a genial tone to the anxious traffic officer, "We were just warming up a little."

"Well, that's all right," Halliworth said to him. "But tell me—have I engaged your interest?"

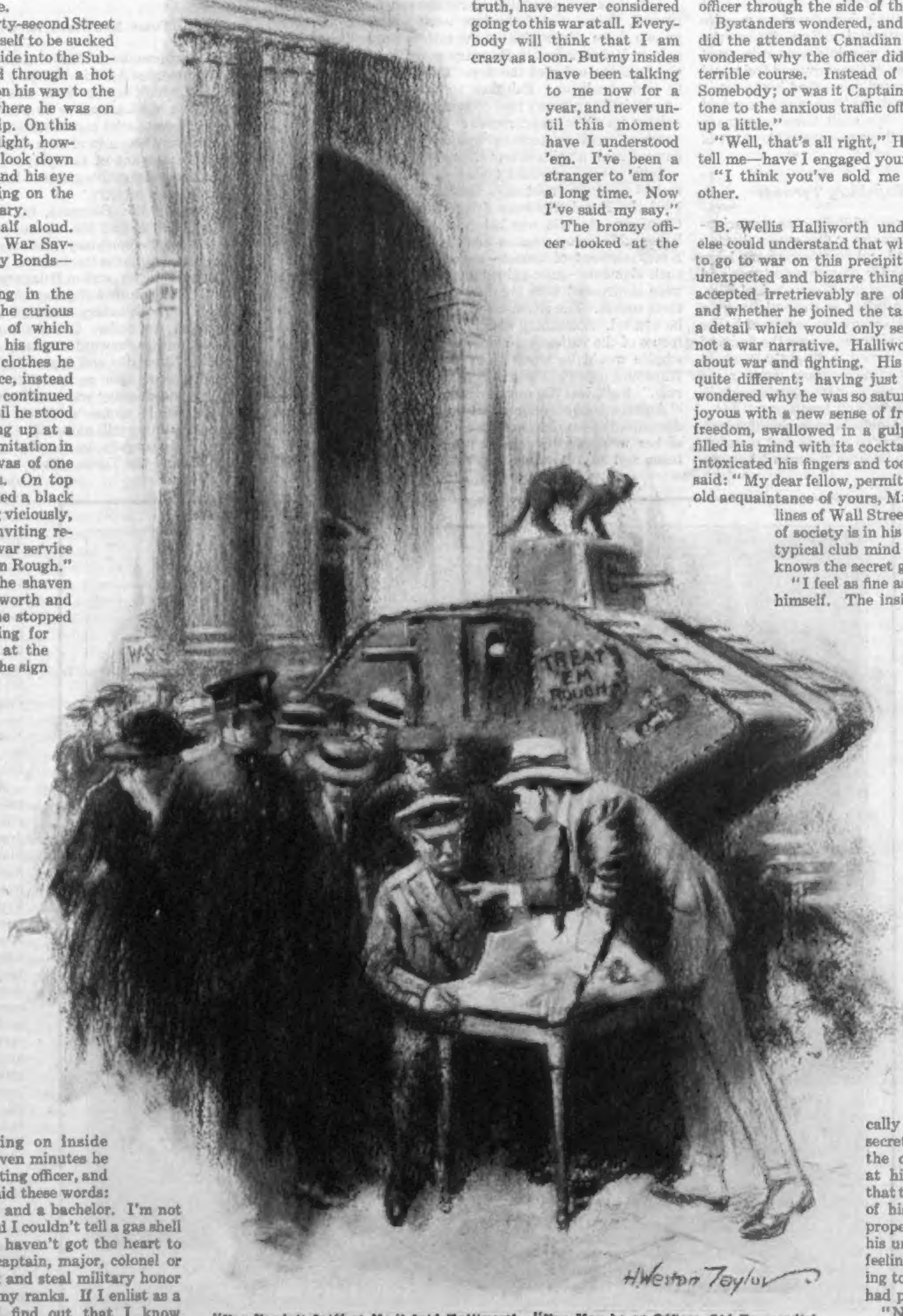
"I think you've sold me your proposition," said the other.

B. Wellis Halliworth understood better than anyone else could understand that when he had committed himself to go to war on this precipitate morning he had done an unexpected and bizarre thing. The arrangements he had accepted irretrievably are of no particular consequence, and whether he joined the tank corps or something else is a detail which would only serve to identify him. This is not a war narrative. Halliworth did not pause to wonder about war and fighting. His wonder was as to something quite different; having just signed away his freedom he wondered why he was so saturated, resilient, bouncing and joyous with a new sense of freedom gained. This sense of freedom, swallowed in a gulp, did not stop when it had filled his mind with its cocktail; it went into his body and intoxicated his fingers and toes. It brought up Youth and said: "My dear fellow, permit me to present you again to an old acquaintance of yours, Mr. B. Wellis Halliworth. The lines of Wall Street are in his face and the look of society is in his eyes and the thoughts of the typical club mind are in his dome. But he still knows the secret grip of the Order of Youth."

"I feel as fine as frog's hair!" said Wellis to himself. The inside of him was traveling in the outside of him just as an absent-minded passenger travels in a Pullman car lost in thought; and just as such a passenger starts up and looks out a window to see a landmark whiz by, Halliworth's inside looked out through his eyes and learned that his legs had carried him as far as Madison Square.

The sunlight dropped down onto the pathways, the benches, the loafers, their morning newspapers, and trundling baby carriages, and was mottled by the shadows of a million leaves. Cigarette smoke, floating up from the vicious lips of a telegraph messenger, turned into a bright blue film where shafts of light fell athwart of it. The great clock on the great tower spoke in general of eternity and specifically of eleven. He knew that his secretary would be telephoning the club and looking anxiously at his list of engagements, and that the house, with its knowledge of his being a devotee of the proper and prompt, might find in his unexplained absence a vague feeling that the world was coming to an end or that Halliworth had passed away.

"Not so far from the truth," he said to himself. "I must figure out this whole thing."



"You Needn't Sniff at Me," Said Halliworth. "You May be an Officer, Old Horseradish, and the King of the Hard Tickets and All of That; but at the Moment I am in a Peculiar Frame of Mind"

He did not want to sit down on the vacant seat beside the telegraph messenger. His instinct was to go and take away the mechanical bronco of a motorcycle policeman and ride it up the Avenue, yipping like a cowboy. To become acquainted with himself, however, was a pressing necessity. No life termer pardoned out of the penitentiary could have greater need of sitting down to estimate the gains and losses of this new and intoxicating freedom.

If freedom was to be an orgy, he wanted to plan the orgy it would be. In a vague way he felt that it would take the form of snapping his fingers under the nose of the world he had hitherto courted and wheedled, served and kow-towed to—the world whose boots he had polished, whose coat he had held and whose tips he had taken.

"And Doris?" he said with a gasp.

Doris, rich, lovely, tall, majestic, sometimes cold and sometimes condescending, beautiful in a dinner gown, beautiful in a parade uniform of a Red Cross nurse, soft of voice and hard of head. A trout of love played on a gossamer of hope with a rod of ambition and a reel of the conventionalities! Often he had wished he might be wrecked on a desert island with her; in the right setting she might prove to be really human—something more of a woman and less of a type!

He sighed. Reluctantly he had put Doris Collamore into the world from which he was turning as an insurrectionist. Let it—including her—strike the scales from its eyes and see that the retainer's costume he had worn so many years he had now flung away. The real Halliworth would be gone. All they could find on the door through which he was bursting would be three short words of command, written in his desecrating scrawl.

He set about reviewing his life, pulling its record out of the basket as he would pull out an old ticker tape and letting the strip fall back inch by inch through his fingers as he scanned its absurd story.

"There must be thousands who are living the same part in the play," he reflected. "Not one per cent ever get their reprieve. The Bootlick Brigade!"

He threw one knee over the other and, staring at the toe of the custom-made shoe, saw in its sheen a spot of light which represented the nice, clean, shining soul which, somewhere back in the first realizations of childhood, had been his.

He had come from a run-out family—a line of Anglo-Saxon stock that had spread about, producing through the Middle West plants less and less strong, bearing smaller flowers and poorer fruits with every new crop.

Wellis had regarded himself as a freak restoration of the old Halliworth type, a large apple ripening on the outer limb of a tree otherwise sterile. He was proud of hanging alone on this old tree which once had been much honored by its yield. In the study of his apartment near the club hung a little steel engraving of Elisha Halliworth, the second—or was it the third?—governor of Massachusetts. He did not think this was very important, however; his father had managed through family associations and frugality of living to send Wellis to a fashionable private school and then to college, and in both places the young man had mentioned his ancestry, not because of any pride but only because it might serve to distinguish him from some other common and less successful climber.

The tape of memory was running rapidly now. He remembered that in the private school he had marked with a pencil in his copy of the school catalogue or prospectus the names of the boys whose fathers' names were familiar as rich or powerful figures.

A boy named Henry, nicknamed "Raspy," and who was the son of the largest investor in New England, had been most difficult to propitiate. He had said to Wellis, "Gee, you're from the West! Who let you in?"

Halliworth had wanted to smash the pasty, supercilious face, but he earned a reward for his restraint because at Easter vacation six months later Raspy invited him to go home for the holidays, and the home proved to be an Italian villa and a vast estate where servants came to wait on a schoolboy who was trying to forget that in his own home he had helped with the furnace.

There were two sisters—homely, lanky, artificial creatures—but Wellis remembered distinctly that he had considered that sometime—after college—he might marry one of them. There would be advantages.

He recalled looking back at the great white villa as they drove away through the stone pillars at the gates. His young mind had been filled with the exulting triumph of having laid down a cornerstone of association with big money, and his soul at the same moment had been filled with an inexplicable nausea. He would have liked to disgorge the experience and wipe off with a wet cloth the pictures of himself bowing and scraping to Raspy's fat mamma and the cadaverous papa, and smirking at the whining sisters, Minna and Evelyn, and conceding everything to the snarling, mean-spirited Raspy, who recognized in boyish vagueness that he could always gain a point by suggesting that he was somewhat tired of young Halliworth. But the boy had struck the first loud keynote of his career.

It had not been different in college, except for the fact that the young Westerner had become quite used to adapting himself to sacrifices which contributed to his successful progress. His policy and his campaign were laid down subconsciously. It was not a definite program. If Halliworth had been accused of toadying he would have denied it; it would have been hard to prove the case against him. He belonged to a set of young men who were all doing more or less the same thing; most of them having position and money of their own were different from him only in the fact that his necessity to establish himself was greater than theirs. The worship of and the concessions to the smart and moneyed class were not so much an individual program as they were the following of a style or the adaptation of one's breathing to a certain atmosphere.

"You Will Feel Thrilled, Bosson, to Hobnob With the Idle Rich Whom You Were Damning a Year Ago in the Café Round Washington Square"

Little by little the sickness and the tendency to indigestion wore off. Halliworth had become used to the diet. He was not much to blame; there was nothing about him either brutal or malicious. He considered himself rather normal. Once, in his senior year, he found in an old textbook a list of the societies and college clubs which he had drawn up as a freshman, and against each one were written the names of the men he thought he ought to know and propitiate in order to gain election. This refreshing of his memory made him blush; but he forgot that the very night before he had found young Nattall in a state of helplessness and had been glad of the great good fortune that allowed him to bring the blithering fool to his own rooms, just as one might be glad to save the carcass of a drunken monarch. Young Nattall was worth knowing. To be his intimate friend, if one could stomach it, would be almost enough in itself to insure to anyone a selection of the best after-college jobs; banks, brokers, law offices were ever picking their recruits from the college men who knew the Nattalls and all their tribe. Acquaintance was a substitute for any deficiency. Acquaintance was a commodity—bought and sold and smirked over.

That was the system. Halliworth had been a little aware of it and completely a part of it. Sitting now in Madison Square watching the cloud shadows fall upon the white walls of distant buildings, visible through the green of the trees, he realized fully and consciously all that he had always sensed vaguely and retrospectively.

He had retained much charm of personality, he had not soured completely his natural buoyant spirit, but he had swiped, bootlicked, trimmed, conceded, truckled and dealt in all the devices of the species which spreads its feathers to those who are behind and conceals by fantail display the groveling it is doing at the feet of those who stand ahead.

He had his reward—invitations to rare functions, memberships in careful clubs, tips on the market, a clientèle of investors, a reputation for being a desirable young man, successful and dependable for good manners, for knowing what to do and what to wear and what empty harmless nothings were safe to say, and above all for the guaranties he offered that he would always remain regular—a tame bird singing the tunes of custom and convention as often as his cage was hung near the seats of the affluent.

Halliworth turned toward the telegraph messenger boy, who was sitting with one eye closed and examining with the other the point on a stub of lead pencil which he had just been sharpening with his teeth. "Hello," Wellis said. He felt that enlisting as a common private had initiated him into a vast brotherhood, and he spoke with the password of democracy.

"Uh?" the other grunted. He was suspicious of Wellis' good clothes.

"Did you ever think of what you would do if you had just broken out of jail?" asked Halliworth.

The boy looked askance at his new acquaintance, weighing the possibilities of his being a fugitive from justice or crazy. Acquitting him on both counts his face relaxed into a grin.

"I'd go and see a certain lady friend," he suggested.

Wellis shook his head sadly. "I've been seeing her for three years," he said.

The boy grinned. "You're right," he said. "Better cut 'em out after that long. You might shoot up the town."

"That's what I had in mind," said Halliworth gravely. "Exactly that."

The boy got up. He had supposed there was no seriousness in the conversation. He was ill at ease now, and moved on. A few paces away he turned and squinted his eyes as he looked over his shoulder with the glance of a dog who expects a stone to be hurled at him as he departs.

"And I'm not going to tell any of them that I'm going to France," Halliworth called after the boy.

"France—my foot!" snarled the messenger.

Wellis, watching the receding Hermes, knew exactly what he would do; it was just as if somebody had handed him a ready-made schedule. Nattall, the great Nattall—the father of Bobby Nattall—the president of the City and Commerce Trust, director in a hundred corporations,

(Continued on Page 47)

THE ROARING ROAD

By Byron Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

There Filed In Sheepishly, One Behind the Other, Last Year's Petted and Praised Champions of the Roaring Road

OLD J. D. Ward glowered grimly at his desk in the Detroit plant of the big Darco Motor Company. Outside the frosted plate-glass barrier of the private-office door hurrying clerks tiptoed nervously. Within, the posture of the famous Darco president dimly suggested the look of a crouching bear—crouching in self-defense. One huge paw gripped the edge of his desk. His eyes glared fiercely at a perfectly harmless telegraph blank.

"Congratulations on your forty-eighth birthday. Toodles and Dorothy."

"Glad the dear youngsters can congratulate me on something," mumbled the Bear. "When those kids have had as many birthdays as I have they won't be so glib with their durn congratulations."

J. D.'s tremendous paw let fall the telegram and hauled forth his watch. Ten o'clock. Then his eyes sought the bright metal buzzer above the doorway. Why didn't the nickel-plated contraption buzz?

It did buzz, just then, rather weakly, as though somebody on the other end were half afraid to push the button.

"Come in!" roared J. D. with needless violence.

The white scared face of a blond office boy peered through the half-opened door.

"They're here, Mr. Ward, sir."

"Send 'em in!" growled the Bear.

There filed in sheepishly, one behind the other, last year's petted and praised champions of the roaring road—Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton. Nothing in their bearing suggested the jaunty daredevils who had flung dust and grease in the eyes of every racing driver from Ritz to Roget. As they entered Old J. D. hardly moved. Perhaps he gripped his cigar a bit tighter in his weather-beaten jaws. J. D. was looking his age. He waited for Oldham to begin.

"Now, Mr. Ward," spoke the deposed king of drivers half soothingly, "we would like to know why you sent us such a telegram as that."

He let a bit of paper slip from his hand beside the one already on the desk. The lines about J. D.'s mouth tightened into a happy smile. He read: "Opening sanitarium for feeble-minded drivers. Report 10 o'clock Friday. J. D. Ward."

The Bear's eyes swept upward from the telegram to the faces of the three hired men.

"I want to know," he rumbled, "if you fellows know you're not hired for jitney-bus drivers. I want you to tell me why the Darco can't win races any more."

That was it. Why couldn't those cars win? Three whole months, right through the racing season, last year's miracles had taken licking after licking. From the International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis, right through the summer to the Elgin National Road Race, not one victory had the roaring road yielded to the Darco team. Now the reputation-wrecking season was almost at an end—only the Vanderbilt Cup remained. Either it would prove the rock to break the relentless surf or else the Darco cars would dash high and dry upon the beach of has-beens.

"Now, be reasonable, Mr. Ward," began Oldham.

"Reasonable nothing!" roared J. D., suddenly aflame. "Where did you finish at Elgin? You burned up nine tires and didn't make speed enough to keep out of the way. They had to flag you off the track so the crowd could get home. You ——"

"Well, for ten laps I was in first place," narrated Oldham.

"Sure—the first ten!" J. D. bellowed. "I'm paying you to lead just one lap—the last. Say, you ought to drive your races hind side before."

"Listen a moment, Mr. Ward," flared Oldham, his face turning purple. "You know why we ain't winning. There's good reasons. At Elgin ——"

"Same old alibi?" queried the Bear gently.

"Alibi! Hades!" Oldham blew up with a yell. "That Fargot-Kodick combine is my alibi. The dirtiest, rottenest frame-up! Now, Mr. Ward, be reasonable. The Fargot and Kodick companies are paying their drivers a fat bonus just to run the Darco out of each race. Six cars against three. What can we do?"

"Smash 'em!" grunted J. D. "That's what would 'a' happened in my day."

"Maybe so—in your day," returned Oldham. "Now look. At Elgin I was leading. Ritz crowding me in his Fargot. I blew a right rear tire. When I got back on the track Ritz had got the lead, and behind him were three Kodicks and two more Fargots, spread out all over that track like traffic cops at a pee-rade. Well, I wasn't playing football. Ritz had it sewed."

"Good story," nodded J. D. "Is the Rexton team in that frame-up?"

"No—but ——" hesitated Oldham.

"Get a new alibi!" roared the Bear. "The Rexton has won two first places this season. Better than the Kodick. Guess their drivers ain't afraid of the draft."

"If you want to know, Mr. Ward," Kerhoff thrust in coolly, "the Rexton car has got ten miles an hour more speed than your Darco. So has everything else on the track. Give us the engines and we can drive 'em. But we can't take out no delivery truck and beat that bunch."

J. D.'s great right paw tightened slowly on the birthday telegram, compressing it into a hard little ball. He glared without reply. Compton seized the opportunity.

"Yes, sir; we told you last winter, sir. Motors went ahead last winter. You had trimmed everybody, and they set out to get you. Everybody built new motors. We tried to tell you, sir."

"That's right! New motors, new ideas, new everything," exclaimed Oldham, still purple. "Even the Gercar has a smaller bore and longer stroke. Sixteen valves instead of eight. The Darco's a has-been. Didn't we ——"

J. D. had drawn his full breath at last. "Holy love of Mike!" he bellowed. "Motor truck? Has-been? Did the Darco win the Grand Prize three times in a row? Or didn't it? What about the San Francisco road record? More valves—more trouble; smaller bore, longer stroke, freak ignition—same old noise! Bah! What you chaps need is a valve-grinding job on your brains. If I rigged the old motor up with a new pointed radiator and called it super-cooling you'd take her out and win. Good night!"

"By Golly, Dorothy," the Bear Exclaimed, Holding His Daughter Close, "I Sure Missed You This Summer"

"Why didn't you develop that new Kamp motor we was working on last fall, Mr. Ward? That had the right idea ——"

"Kamp motor! Ha, ha, ha!" roared Old J. D., suddenly smitten into angry laughter. "Kamp motor! That's a good one. Honest, are you still fussing over that temperamental pipe dream?"

Kerhoff's reference to the Kamp motor was a tactical disaster. The Kamp was the villain in a sad, sad tale. A half-crazy inventor had brought it in, and J. D. had put his best mechanics to work in the fond hope of discovering a new world-beater. The Kamp had looked like a miracle of mechanism. Mounted in a Darco

chassis it would reel off its fifty miles in thirty-two minutes, but if you tried to send it fifty-five miles the miracle would cleverly reduce itself to ashes. It was too good to go. The experiment had proved both costly and provoking, and at the end J. D. had reverted more violently than ever to the love of his youth, the old Darco motor. If that well-tried engine—like Old J. D. himself—lacked a shade in speed, at least it had endurance and was dependable.

"You fellows understand me!" Old J. D. ceased his disgusted laughter and clenched his forcible fist on the glass-topped desk. "Nobody can win races without speed and brains too. I was cleaning 'em up before you boys graduated from a gocart, with this same motor that you want kicked into the junkpile. We've cleaned 'em up ever since. If you fellows work for me you'll drive my car. I'll not change the Darco engine—mark that down in your books!"

"Then I'm through!" yelled Oldham. "You can keep your old motor till it sprouts whiskers. I've a reputation. I'll not go to Los Angeles to drive the Vanderbilt."

"That goes for me too," shouted Kerhoff.

"Same here, sir," Compton growled.

Old J. D. grinned unmoved at the three drivers. "So you've let Ritz and Roget scare you out? Going to break your contracts? Well, by thunder, that's all you've broken this season. Plenty of drivers have what you haven't. They'll jump at a mount like the old Darco."

"Try it and see!" Oldham shot back from the doorway. "Nobody wants to drive a lemon."

"Don't let that worry you, sonny," the Bear roared. "You boys were chauffeurs before I trained you. I can repeat."

The door banged shut with a crash that stamped a perfect period after three names on the Darco pay roll.

For half an hour Old J. D. sat and gathered up the fragments from the wreck of his racing team. This would ring through the motor world. Too late to train green drivers for the Vanderbilt. Too risky, besides. The Fargot-Kodick frame-up undoubtedly existed. The faithful old motor would be on trial—its final trial. The public would be the judge, the roaring road the jury. The verdict must be victory, otherwise ——

For a while the Bear's eyes were old and stern. Then his indomitable optimism, the fighting spirit that made him loved, gradually rose to normal. The corners of his mouth began to twitch.

"Great Scott!" he rumbled. "That was sure some house-cleaning!" He jerked forward the desk phone. "Shipping department," he growled. "Jenkins—ship those three racing cars to Los Angeles. By express—yes. Say, Bill, I don't know who's going to drive 'em, but I know three white rabbits that won't. Get me? Oh, we'll make out.... What? Yes, sure—a happy birthday."

He swept aside the phone and reached for a telegraph pad. "Toodles Walden, Los Angeles," he wrote—Toodles, who was both J. D.'s son-in-law and manager of the Darco Western Branch in Los Angeles. The message read:

"Coming West to win Vanderbilt. Arrive Wednesday ten. Cars shipped to-day by express. Drivers out with frozen feet. Line up three regular dust eaters immediately."

"And if he can't find drivers," mused J. D., "I'll use Toodles himself. We could do a lot worse. The boy won

the Grand Prize on luck, and beat the San Francisco record because he had to. He's no hard-boiled professional but he can raise his share of dust."

As the Bear shambled his way westward he pondered over many things. He could not rid himself of a certain comparison between himself and the Darco motor. "After all," he muttered, "we're in the same boat. We're both getting old and out of date." Picking up a magazine he read: "The two distinct cries of modern industry are New Ideas! Younger Blood!" He recalled how frequently of late his pet suggestions had been turned aside with "Now, Mr. Ward, that idea is too old-fashioned. Can't we use something more up to date?" No sentiment was left in business nowadays. When men or motors grew too old they were cast aside; nobody worried as to what junkpile claimed them. He and the old motor had begun together; together they'd go out. He would not throw the faithful Darco upon the heap without one more good fight.

The enthusiasm of his welcome at the Los Angeles depot drove all such shadows from his mind.

Toodles himself was there of course; but it was the brown haired, hazel eyed Cub that brought the wide grin to his face as she hurled her loveliness into his arms.

"By golly, Dorothy," the Bear exclaimed, holding his daughter close, "I sure missed you this summer. I'll not leave you again. Thompson can run the old shop and go hang."

"We wouldn't let you go back anyhow," Dorothy laughed. "You're getting too old to ——"

"What's that?" J. D. roared.

"It's too lonesome for you back there alone," the Cub corrected herself.

"That's right," grinned her businesslike young husband as he grasped J. D.'s hand in a bone-breaking grip. "You'll stay in California. Just think of the arguments we used to have!"

"And just recall who always won them!" laughed the Bear.

"Remember Darby's saying: 'Wise boys have tried to trim the Bear's claws before this, and got themselves all mussed up'?" Toodles quoted reminiscently. "Well, I'm not trying that any more. I've a good surprise for you up at the office."

He assisted Dorothy into the car and slipped a friendly hand under Old J. D.'s arm. The Bear roughly but playfully pushed him aside.

"Look here, young man," he growled, "I'm not too old and feeble to crawl in by myself." He slammed the tonneau door; then with a hand on either side swung over the top and settled himself on the upholstering with a contented grunt. "Pullman cars are all right, but I'd rather do my riding in a Darco. Say, did you line up those drivers?"

"No, J. D., I didn't," confessed Toodles. "There's nothing doing. They all say the Darco can't win. My notion is they're afraid of that Fargot and Kodick layout."

"Bluff," growled J. D. "Those fellows had to frame to beat us. All that's needed to put them down is the usual horse power of brains." He laughed shortly. "But they sure ran my three drivers out."

"Ran them in, don't you mean?" queried Toodles. "You haven't heard? Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton are in Los Angeles! Arrived here yesterday, all swelled up like three toy balloons—you know, the kind like when you stick a pin in them they go pop. The morning papers quote Oldham as saying"—Toodles paused for dramatic effect—"'We are to drive the three Kodick cars in the Vanderbilt. We resigned from the Darco company because it is unprogressive—too much of a one-man concern.'"

"Well, Sonny," He Greeted the Astonished Toodles, "Some Class to Grandpa, Huh?"

"You don't say!" roared J. D. "And I brought those kids up from chauffeurs. Driving for a crooked lawyer, Compton was; and Kerhoff and Oldham were taximen! So that's why they were so darned independent. Had contracts up their sleeves! Well, by gad, we'll show 'em! . . . Some paint, Toodles, some paint!" The old man nodded approvingly as the newly tinted Darco branch hove into sight.

He clambered out and marched into the salesroom. The confident optimism of Toodles' grin became even brighter. Eagerly he led J. D. out through the garage into the machine shop. The supreme moment had arrived. Toodles stopped at the doorway, his shoulders just a little squarer and his irrepressible chin just a trifle higher than ever before. Inside the door the Bear halted abruptly. His eyes focused on a burnished block of metal resting on hurdles in the center of the shop. He stared a moment without speaking.

"Allow me to present," said Toodles in the best manner of the polished salesman, "our four-cylinder racing motor—newest and latest type. I've been using my time, J. D."

"New-style racing motor, eh?" queried J. D. in a carefully neutral tone. "So you've caught the fever too, boy?"

He stepped closer to the polished motor, and slowly inspected it from fan to flywheel. Toodles proudly waited for the grunt of praise. It did not come. J. D. ended his inspection and stood off, feet apart, head thrust forward, whistling softly between his teeth and scowling hard. Presently a wrinkle as of puzzlement cleared from his forehead. He turned on Toodles.

"Where'd you get this motor? Who designed it? Who built it?"

"Why," Toodles proudly admitted, "I sort of worked out the idea myself, and the boys developed it. We had the parts cast in the East and assembled it ourselves. It's a daisy—a comer."

"Oh, you did, eh?" J. D. muttered. "Well, by thunder, it's almost a twin to that gol-durned Kamp contraption. I suppose it's got superignition, supercooling, superpower, superspeed and supereconomy? Bah! The one thing we need and can't get is superbrains."

Toodles failed to note the deep impatient tone in the Bear's growl. He was ignorant of the inside history of that irritating summer. Blithely he ran past the danger signal:

"We've tried it out, J. D. It's certainly a wonder for speed and endurance. I'm crazy to see it installed in the racing cars. Won't we run little circles round the Fargot and Kodick? I suppose," he ran on—"I suppose the old motor was all right in its day. Grand old motor for that era. But the times demand improvements. We couldn't stand still. Got to have new ideas, new ——"

He paused, sensing something wrong.

"Holy love of Mike!" roared J. D. in ire. "That's all I've heard all summer! So you're singing the same song! Whole world's gone crazy over freaks. Freak body designs, freak ignition systems, freak gear shifts! The worst freaks I've seen this summer were three drivers I fired." He walked close to the motor, glowering at the mass of rods and rocker arms grouped along the top of the cylinder block. "Looks like a kid's pushmobile," he growled. Slowly he counted the valves. "Fifteen—sixteen," he finished. "And in the head too. Now I know you're crazy! What's the bore and stroke?"

"Three and seven-eighths by six," Toodles explained proudly.

"Not power enough to pull your hat off!" J. D. exploded.

"Oh, yes, it has, J. D.," protested Toodles. "On the test we got twelve H. P. more than the old one. We're using a new almost frictionless bearing. You see, I was in a hurry ——"

"That's just what I want to know, young man," rumbled J. D., lifting his voice dangerously. "What were you in a hurry for? Now you got this pretty toy, what are you going to do with it?"

Toodles took a good grip on his courage. "I'm going to put it into a Darco chassis and—win the Vanderbilt."

Then even Toodles was surprised. Old J. D.'s battle-scarred face became flooded with angry purple. He caught Toodles' eye, opened his mouth to speak, caught sight of Dorothy peering breathlessly over the young man's shoulder, and compressing his lips turned squarely on his heel and climbed heavily upstairs to the Bear Den. Not a word did he utter.

A half hour later a depressed and serious Toodles slowly ascended the same stairway. Quietly he pushed open the door. J. D. sat massively in his chair, staring at a small engraved silver cup.

"Look, J. D.," stammered Toodles. "You misunderstood me, sir. I wasn't knocking the Darco motor. It's a wonderful old engine. This losing every race has sort of got to me, I guess. I wanted to pull out of it."

J. D. nodded. His wrath had departed.

"That's all right, sonny," he rumbled. With one huge paw he lifted the silver cup. "Do you know what that is?"

Toodles nodded. Here was something he had not realized.

"That is the cornerstone of the Darco Motor Company," said the older man with a soft note of reverence in his habitual growl. "The first cup the Darco ever won. I drove our first car; it was built in the back room of a garage. On the strength of that victory I borrowed twenty-five thousand dollars, incorporated, and built seven more cars. We sold them; we've sold since every car we could turn out. Why? Because the Darco has never gambled with its purchasers' patience or money. We've never been an experiment. And by thunder, I'm not going to start any freak business now!"

"Then give me a chance to prove my motor isn't a freak," Toodles argued. "I've intended all along to give it to the company. If I can't race it as a Darco let me build a chassis and race it under another name."

"Go to it," growled the Bear, barely hesitating. "You can play with that motor, but not with the Darco's reputation."

Toodles reached the door in one joyous leap. "All right, daddy," he grinned. "I hate like the devil to trim the old Darco, but I'll make it as painless as possible. But see here, J. D.," he returned to seriousness again. "Let's be frank. Drivers are scarce. You weren't—were you in any way looking for me to ——"

"Don't let that worry you, sonny," J. D. grunted violently. "Trot along and drive your little pushcart. It'll land you in hospital with a triple compound fracture of your bump of conceit. That Vanderbilt is going to be the most progressive speed meal you or Ritz or Oldham or Kerhoff or Compton ever tried to eat."

"Maybe so," assented Toodles, delighted. "But who's going to cook aforesaid meal?"

"Me, for one," the Bear thundered. "I'm going to be both cook and waiter. I'll serve it with sauce and style. I'm going to drive my own car!"

"What!" Toodles gasped. "You?"

(Continued on Page 110)

There Was a Sharp Explosion as a Left Front Tire Blew Out. The Darco Staggered, Then Plunged for the Crowd

THE GOOD OLD SHOE

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIGUÈRE

MARRIAGE is two people working together for a common ideal, sharing a common ambition."

"Marriage is mutual compromise."

"Marriage is an adjustment of property rights—a feminine freehold in fee simple for the husband, protection for the wife."

"Marriage is an old shoe."

"Marriage is what Sherman called war."

I am not offering the foregoing gems of philosophical conclusion as examples of abstruse or highly finished reasoning. They are merely the subconscious blotter-pad jottings of Mr. Jorian Merritt, in his first office hour on that auspicious morning in August when Marion Merritt, who had promised to love, honor and obey him some fifteen years earlier, had looked across the breakfast table and told him calmly that she considered him an old shoe. Which accounts for the introduction of the term in Definition Number Four—and may possibly account for Definition Number Five's seeming to indicate that it had had a precipitating effect on Mr. Merritt's mood, which beginning with a large impersonal scope had suddenly come to a critical and even acrid head under the accumulating force of his emotion.

"I Wanted to Tell You All About It on Carnival Night, But of Course I Didn't See You, So I'm Telling You Now"

For it was subconscious only. Consciously and on the surface he was dictating a business letter to Peter Cooper Dilley & Son, of Detroit, and had just repeated a word three times to his stenographer.

Then he had glanced at his blotter pad and found that in the intervals of composition he had penciled the potent, pregnant phrases we have noted. And all because Marion ——

He had known for a long time that things were not going well. Sometimes of late when he recalled the language of his proposal he felt that he must have been a little mad. Fifteen years ago he had told Marion West that she was his ideal woman; and to-day—this morning—as he conjured up Marion's image and general characteristics he realized that there wasn't a thing about her that embodied his ideal.

And probably the converse was true.

There was a time, Mr. Jorian Merritt reflected, when he had been the Alpha and Omega of happiness for Marion. His name had sent the color to her cheeks—he had had this on competent authority; she had considered him—he had had this on her own authority—the handsomest, cleverest, most wonderful man in the world.

And to-day she called him an old shoe!

It was incredible; it was preposterous; it was monstrous.

He had given up the best years of his life to her; he had sought in every way to smooth and soften her path. And she merely bit the hand that fed her. It seemed impossible that Marion was the same woman he had wooed and won in those early years—was the same woman he had honeymooned with, had adored.

For if ever an adoring lover and husband had existed it had been he. Any woman with a spark of appreciation, with any capacity for feeling, with any memory of the past —— It must be that insidious changes had taken place deep in Marion's nature, changes analogous to the physical ones he observed. Marion was not the woman he had wooed; Marion was not his ideal any longer.

It was just here that Mr. Jorian Merritt was compelled to fix his attention more minutely on his correspondence, to glance over, correct and sign the finished letters; but his subconscious self clung tenaciously to the matter, and when his stenographer withdrew for the present, he yielded himself to a half-hour's introspective reverie that afforded much bittersweet comfort.

You are not to quarrel if Mr. Jorian Merritt seem a trifle romantically inclined. He had it legally—from his mother, a lady who doted on mid-Victorian literature and who had indeed named her son out of The Cloister and the Hearth, where the stout medieval Flemish appellation had caught her eye.

But what romance lurked in Mr. Merritt was subcutaneous. To the casual eye he was the typical American business man—not tired as yet, it being but ten A. M.—and like as a pea to the dozen or fifteen others who commuted to and from Flora Vale.

He was about nine-and-thirty years of age, a trifle thin of hair about the brow, a trifle thick about the equator; wearing a heather-mixture tweed, a custom-made shirt, dark socks, quiet low-cut shoes, a good-looking tie, no jewelry and no scent. In short, Mr. Jorian Merritt was usual.

As he sat before his neat mahoganized desk—the desk of general manager for the important firm of Quiller, Lake & Anstey, Import and Export Freight Handlers—he was eminently, in his place, from the neat shell-rimmed pince-nez he wore to the firm, capable, nicely manicured, untemperamental hands with which he fingered his mail.

When he had disposed of his last letter he laid it down and, elbows on his desk, chin on hands, a little hunched forward, took up the subject again.

The old shoe—Marion! Marion was not the woman he had married. She was a matrimonial changeling. Physically alone ——

He is an audacious man who dares appraise his wife's physique and style with a dispassionate eye. It is more harrowing than to appraise oneself. For one's self is God-given—for the most part; wished upon one, and is no reflection on one's taste; but one has chosen one's life partner.

Mr. Jorian Merritt, however, was not only audacious this morning but bitterly disillusioned. He felt he dared take stock, indulge in any grim retrospective comparison he pleased.

He well recalled the first time he ever saw Marion. He had just been promoted as secretary to Mr. Quiller, and had been asked to the Quillers' for Sunday dinner. And Marion was there. He saw her in a knot of young people, and something just under the fountain pen in his vest pocket had given a quick jerk, and he was aware, beneath the polished and elegant phrases he was uttering to his hostess, of but one thought: Peach; peach; peach!

Not that it was love at first sight. Nothing so absurd. It was only that it was potential love, which is the most thrilling sensation and experience the human can feel. So delicate, so diaphanous of bloom, so easily rubbed away by a fatal bromide, by the wrong color, by a missing tooth, the wrong choice of poet or hero; a nasal voice, the misuse of an oyster fork. Any one of a hundred devilish nuances of taste or custom may destroy the lurking possibility. And romance, that paused to throw you a coy inviting glance, may spread its gossamer wings and fly away.

It had not been so with Marion and him. They had had a heavenly hour after dinner on the veranda discovering each other; and what champaign is so fair and alluring as that unexplored country of the mind—especially the mind of a girl you are about to fall in love with?

Everything he had discovered about Marion had been so satisfying. She had shared so many of his ideas, his ideals—that a man could go far if he stuck strictly to business; that a fellow who went through college just for athletics was not the well-balanced man, the well-balanced man being a chap who, as in his case, say, had got at least one *cum laude* in his classical studies; that life was serious and you shouldn't dance your way through it but you should hitch your wagon to a star, and so on; that you had to sacrifice a little here and there as you went; that nobody was ever perfectly happy; that as Emerson had said, and so on.

Oh, they had been very uplifted and highbrow, Jorian throwing in the Emerson squib himself, and getting rewarded by the awed admiration in Marion's eyes.

Of course, they had talked of other things—their common tastes in literature, recreation, even foods; not in the usual kidding style but with an underlying current of seriousness.

They had laughed together a great deal more than the subject had actually called for there in their polar isolation among that heedless gossiping idle crowd, and all the time Merritt's heart had been chanting: "The one girl—at last; the only girl—at last."

Not that he might have cared about any of these things if Marion had looked, say, like Miss Herter; who had a forehead like a full moon, and thick spectacles before her small pale eyes.

There was that in Marion's appearance that would have wrought havoc had her cerebration been that of a Fiji Islander. In fact with a girl of Marion's looks any kind of cerebration was just so much bonus—pure velvet thrown in.

She was so pretty—slender, not skinny but *fausse maigre*, to borrow another tongue; little but round and exquisitely put together. Her hair was a burnished mass of molten bronze, her eyes a deep soft gray, and when she laughed at you she had the prettiest way of crinkling her eyes till they nearly shut, and flashing her little white teeth at you.

She was as soft to touch as rose leaves. A midge or some such tiny animal had crept up the rosy white of her little arm, and Merritt had dared to pinch it off; he had had to smother the impulse to crush her to him and kiss her.

That was Marion at twenty-two—Marion, the uncrowned queen, the miracle.

When he thought of Marion, the wife—his miracle these fifteen years—it was preposterous. Marion on last Sunday

morning in her new taffeta suit! That peculiarly unbecoming blue she wore—that she had chosen in spite of his advice.

"I can't help it if you don't like it," she had said calmly; "it's the new shade this year. For that matter you will wear purple ties, Jorian; and I've told you a dozen times they don't suit your coloring."

It wasn't only the taffeta that ailed her. Marion was getting too heavy; she ate too much sweet, and had more than a hint of fullness under her chin. Oh, good-looking in her way, a thickish young-matronly way, but not—not in the way he had intended her to look. He liked 'em girlish, *svelte*.

There was Mrs. Raycroft, two years Marion's senior and lissom as a circus contortionist. When poor Marion walked across the room her foot was so heavy of late years; funny how it seemed to grow on her.

It wasn't only Marion's looks either, but the other things—little habits that were annoying, mannerisms. Her way of yawning; her way of saying "don't you know" so often; her way of checking up the stories he told, all his little repertoire, by a glance indicating "That old one again, Jorian? I'm sorry you can't find something new to tell"; her utter inability to comprehend the simplest mechanism, the painful and painstaking repetition of any slight principle of mechanics she required—and then getting it all wrong; her careless and aggravating habit of never putting the cap on a tube of tooth paste or unguent exactly; or of not quite shutting off the bathroom faucets. He could have multiplied all this twelvefold. There were times when Marion was absolutely the most irritating woman he had ever met in his life.

At twenty-two there had been none of this. Marion had been all charm, all thistledown—careful, he reflected bitterly.

What girl of twenty-two would yawn in her lover's face; would contradict him in an explanation of which she had not the faintest understanding; would vise his little jokes and censor his habits of speech—try to improve his mind? If they did any of these things there wouldn't be a married woman in the world. But they never did. They were the only original camouflage corps since time began.

He wondered bitterly if other men endured it. Was it true, as he had read somewhere, that no woman ever marries a man without the secret intent to alter him? Was it this that wore off the bloom? Or did it just wear off automatically? But there had been nothing humdrum then. They had corresponded ardently. Merritt recalled phrases out of his letters to her:

"I wish that you might be here to see ——" "I was thinking of you the other day"—and "all other days" if he had been truthful. "I'm wondering how you stand this hot weather." All the usual banal phrases—at first.

And then the evening at Boxley when he proposed to Marion! He had known he would do it—and so had she—for some weeks previously. In fact he had tried—and so had she—to get it over and done with on several occasions before. He had actually suffered at times under his agonizing urge, yet went muted by his own *gaucherie* and inexperience.

In the end it had done itself—more or less. Marion had dropped her fan and stooped to get it. He had stooped also, their hands had closed upon it simultaneously, and suddenly he was kissing Marion—saying trembling broken things to her.

Even here on this bright stupid mediocre morning, arrived as he was at the age of disillusionment and hair restorers, it melted Jorian Merritt—moved him profoundly—to think of the lad he had been, standing there holding his precious sweetheart in his arms during that sacred moment.

He felt like a father to that long-ago self of his, that nice, trusting, exalted, loving young ass who pinned his faith on divine womanhood, who actually trusted in the permanence of exalted emotional feeling.

Marion must have felt then much as he did. She had put her arm round him and cried uncontrollably; "just because I'm so happy," she sobbed.

Afterward they had sat on the little brown bench behind the hedge and held hands. It was so wonderful to know she was his—to dare to play with the little rings of soft hair at her temple, to brush her round cheek with the back of his hand, to snatch her to him suddenly and hold her to his heart.

"Do you think two people ever loved each other as we do?" Marion had asked.

"They couldn't!" he declared stoutly.

"When did you love me first? I mean when did you know you loved me?"

"The minute I saw you—standing there in that crowd—so pretty and sweet. Oh, Marion!"

"I loved you right away. I remember the way your eyes came back to me; and your hands. Oh, Jorian, it sounds silly, but I could have kissed your nice hands.

"We'll always love each other," she went on after an interval. "Oh, Jorian, I know we can never change to each other. Don't you think so?"

"I know it," he had agreed.

"Because we're different. There's nothing silly about our love for each other. It's the lasting kind—the kind that goes deep."

"Goes deep"—it went so deep it hurt!

"I don't care what happens in the years to come, we'll always feel the same, won't we, Jorian?"

"Of course! Oh, my darling, my darling!"

A groan broke from Mr. Jorian Merritt. He ought to have been killed. They both ought to have been killed. All young love should be killed—at its very heyday; at high tide, while love is fresh and idealistic and unspoiled, before life stales and sours things. Bally young idiots!

He remembered how he had gone away early in their engagement for a three days' trip to New York. And he had written her every day and sent two telegrams. And when he came back, on his first evening! They hadn't even been able to speak. They had clung to each other in a wordless rapture. You would have thought he was to be transported to Siberia the next instant; or that the Grim Destroyer had laid violent hands on his shoulder.

Now, after the interval of fifteen years, he reviewed his return last winter from a similar city trip.

He had got home late and he had had to use his night key after ringing two or three times. Marion had come downstairs yawning a little, looking sleepy and disturbed.

"I didn't know you were coming. If you'd sent me a line! It's Katy's night out, but I'll pick you up a lunch." She came up to him and gave him a cool little conjugal peck. "The house is so cold I went to bed early. One of the furnace pipes broke and we can't have any fire."

Fire! There wasn't a trace anywhere—neither coals of love nor of anthracite.

He had returned her kiss perfunctorily and patted her shoulder.

"Nice time?" she asked, and shivered a little.

"Fine," absently; then he grunted a bit, waived any supper and picked up his bag.

Afterward they had got a bit more sociable while Jorian unpacked upstairs. He threw out his dressing things; pulled off his coat and collar and relieved his soul by growling considerably over some business complications.

Marion had sat on the bed in her kimono and tried to pump him a little about styles, and Jorian found he'd left his safety razor in his New York hotel and swore a little about it, and Marion came over presently and rumpled his hair over the thin spot—which he particularly disliked—and said:

"Glad you're back, Jorry."

"Darn glad to get back," he had answered.

And at the time he had meant it too. It seemed rather good to be back in the place where he belonged; but this morning his soul cried out at himself. To be content with things like that was to live on the animal plane—no exaltations, no thrills.

What would it be like—once again to thrill to your woman's embrace? To be met on your return by arms that twined round you irresistibly, that pressed you close against a heart that loved—loved you with a big L?

And such capacities, Mr. Jorian Merritt felt, still lay within him—to respond to such emotion, to rise poetic, even magnificent. There was no callow young ass about him any more. If he loved now it would be with the force, the decision, the accumulated energy of maturity.

He did not, could not love Marion so!

It was bitter, but the truth. Let us not lie to ourselves. Let us look facts right in the eye. It was the crux of the whole situation that, though it hurt him to have Marion refer to him as a piece of pedal wearing apparel, it hurt him still more to realize that it didn't hurt so much as it should.

Marion had lost her power over him. There was a time when he would have committed suicide at so harsh a verdict from her lips; now it only goaded him to weigh and appraise.

And he faced the truth bravely. He no longer cared for Marion. She no longer interested him. She had never even understood him. Understood him! Heavens, what might he not have been with a woman who had sympathized with his dreams and ideals, who had been his astral self! Some men were lucky enough to mate that way, but he himself —— The barriers between himself and Marion; the gates that locked forever the hidden riches he might have poured at her feet.

"But now we know that she never could know and did not understand."

Suddenly he thought of matrimony as Juggernaut, a monster that crushed the bloom out of a man's life; or again as a great god Baal, before whom wistful and passionate man must make eternal sacrifice, immolate himself endlessly. His mind returned to the definitions on his blotter pad. He felt that if he had time he could enrich and embellish them endlessly.

To be misunderstood! To put out a hand longing for a soul comrade, and find it clasped by an utter stranger.

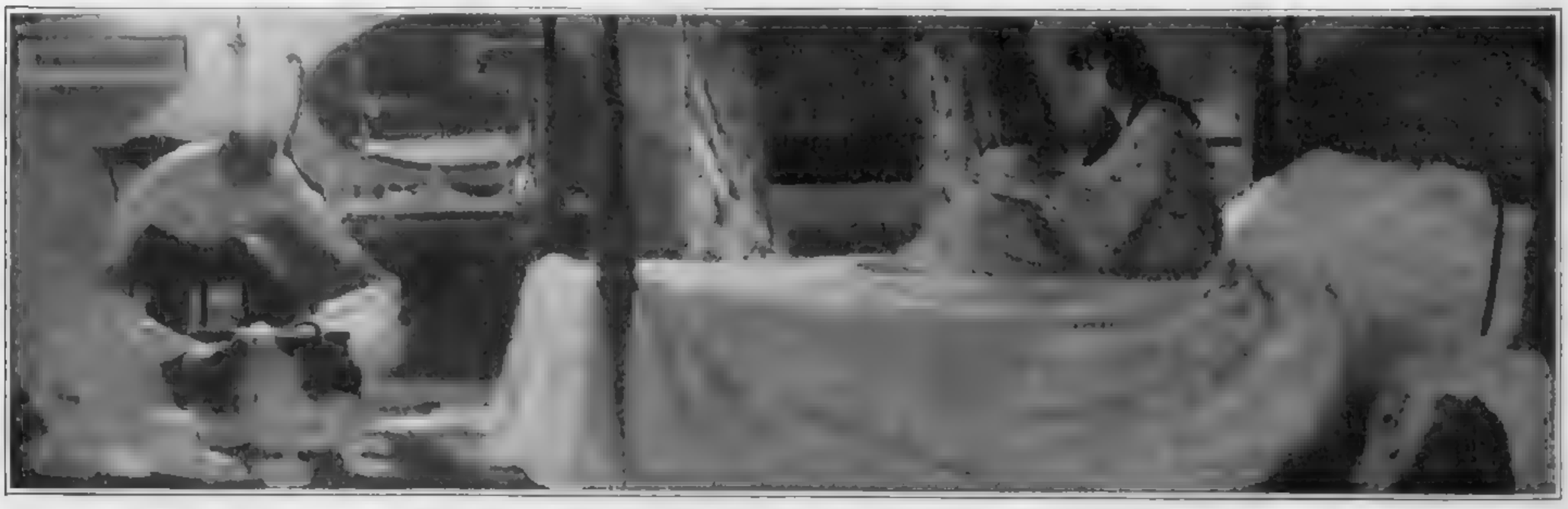
Mr. Jorian Merritt rose and began pacing his floor abstractedly. Why had life cheated him thus—denied the best gifts in its power to bestow? To be understood! To know the grand passion!

It was here that the telephone rang, and the train of Jorian Merritt's thought was interrupted. In fact the pressure of the day was such that he could not resume his musings to any extent until evening. It was not until he got to Flora Vale that he could take up the tale of his grievances again.

As he came up the narrow cinder path between the neatly clipped California privet hedges that formed the approach to his home, he felt, as always, the faint self-congratulatory warming of the cockles of his heart that the normal male experiences on looking at his home, bought and paid for, after the day's work.

This architectural creation—a *tour de force* of stucco, shingle and brick, with Elizabethan wings, a flying buttress and a rococo Italian entrance—was the peer of any house in Flora Vale. It possessed all those alluring qualities one reads of in the suburban promoter's catalogue

(Continued on Page 53)



Marion Had Sat on the Bed in Her Kimono and Tried to Pump Him a Little About Styles

"CONTACT!"—By Samuel G. Blythe

The skipper stood upon the bridge, and blood was in his eye;
Sez he: "We'll get that blinking Hun, or know the reason why."
So he threw her over, and off we went, hell bent on the starboard leg.
And when we made the slick of oil the Old Girl dropped an egg.
The Old Girl dropped an egg, my boys,
And then dropped several more;
And the Huns down in that submarine
Will never get to shore.
Will never get to shore, my boys,
It's good-by, Ger-ma-nee;
For every egg the Old Girl drops
Is filled with T N T.
—*Songs of the Hun Hunters.*

NOW, as is well known in our best submarine-strafing circles, it is the law of the game, as laid down by those stern old sea dogs who sit in judgment on the claims of the eager youngsters who go plunging back and forth from the Arctic Circle to below the Fastnet hunting the viperous Hun subs, that to get credit for destroying a hostile submarine you must bring the submarine in in a shawl strap and lay it on the table before the grim court. "Approximately" and "evidently" and "probably" do not go. Or perchance if the Hun sub sinks there must be a couple of the sailors from it—two are enough—as an evidence of good faith, and because in these days the aforesaid stern old sea dogs so far forget their massive augustness as to put their dignified tongues in their decorous cheeks over that plausible statement—"a large quantity of oil and considerable wreckage came to the surface."

It was evident that the skipper of one destroyer knew this and was taking no chances, for he brought in thirty prisoners; and if he doesn't get the certainty of a "Known" in the records he'll be out of luck. It so happened that I was going from a certain place to a certain other place, on British waters, and started down a companionway on some trivial errand of my own. A sentry rose before me with a large and disconcerting bayonet.

"Gangway!" says I.

Boys—But Butchers

"NOTHIN' doin'!" says he, which, among other things, shows that the true American language is coming into its own in these war-worn parts, for the bayonet, the gun and the wielder thereof were all British.

"Sorry," says I.

"Don't mention it," says he; "and get to hell back on deck."

Wherefore I did two things—I got back on deck, and I moused round a bit to find what it was all about.

"Germans off a submarine," a man told me. "Got 'em down on the lower deck and bringing them across."

The only Germans off a submarine I had ever seen were the chaps who came into Baltimore some years ago with the Deutschland, and I went to have a look at these. When we reached the pier they held us all back, and marched them off—thirty of them, all young chaps in dark-blue uniforms, many without shoes, and mostly without caps. One had his head bandaged, but the rest of them looked fit enough.

The order of the parade was as follows: Squad of British soldiers with fixed bayonets, and sergeant in charge; German prisoner, soldier right behind him with bayonet a few inches from his back; German prisoner, soldier, and so on. The last one out was an officer—a tall, thin chap, very pale, very erect, who had evidently put on his best clothes before he abandoned ship. He wore a long blue coat that reached to his knees, and was quite haughty. The others were palpably afraid. They looked from side to side and seemed to fear the crowd on the pier, standing grim and silent under the flare of the electric lights.

It was between one and two o'clock in the morning. I don't know whether these people knew the prisoners were coming or not. Anyhow, there was a big crowd there, and there wasn't a word said. There wasn't a sound while the prisoners walked down the gangplank and were marshaled off in the darkness toward the train. But what was looked is another story. There was real, undying hate, loathing and disgust in that aggregate look at these torpedoers of hospital ships and shellers of defenseless lifeboats and drowners of sailors. No wonder they were apprehensive. They were mostly boys, those prisoners, or young men. I do not think that one of them was more than twenty-five. Boys—but butchers.

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

This Coveted Star on a Torpedo Boat Funnel Signifies That the Boat Has Actually Sunk a German Submarine

But to turn to pleasanter things—if such there be in the story of the submarine hunters—they never tell how many German submarines are put down, destroyed, wrecked, captured or otherwise forcibly relieved from the pleasures of murdering people on the high seas—that is, they never tell you for publication. They know, and there is no guessing about it. And the number is large compared to the number Germany has built.

When a destroyer, or a trawler, or a drifter, or a submarine chaser, or what the British call the M.L.'s—motor launches—or any other war craft gets in contact with a German submarine and maltreats that submarine, either by gunfire or depth charges or by ramming, or in any other manner that may be feasible and effective, the commander of the ship in contact makes a report about it, and gives all the evidence he has to support his claim that he has ruined the German submarine.

As I have said, two prisoners make proof. Also, the hulk of the submarine is proof. But in many instances the submarine sinks, or the commander of the attack hopes it has sunk, and it is up to him to produce tangible proof to establish the fact that the submarine sank because she was injured and not because she filled her tanks.

This evidence comes before the proper authorities in the British Admiralty and is considered. If proof is conclusive the claim of the man who makes the report is indorsed "Known." That means he has a submarine to his credit. If the proof does not exactly show destruction the indorsement is "Probably severely damaged." If it isn't conclusive the attacker gets a "Possibly slightly damaged"; and if the claim is merely a claim he gets nothing. Meantime, tabs are kept on all German submarines, and processes of elimination supply proof many times when reports do not entirely substantiate.

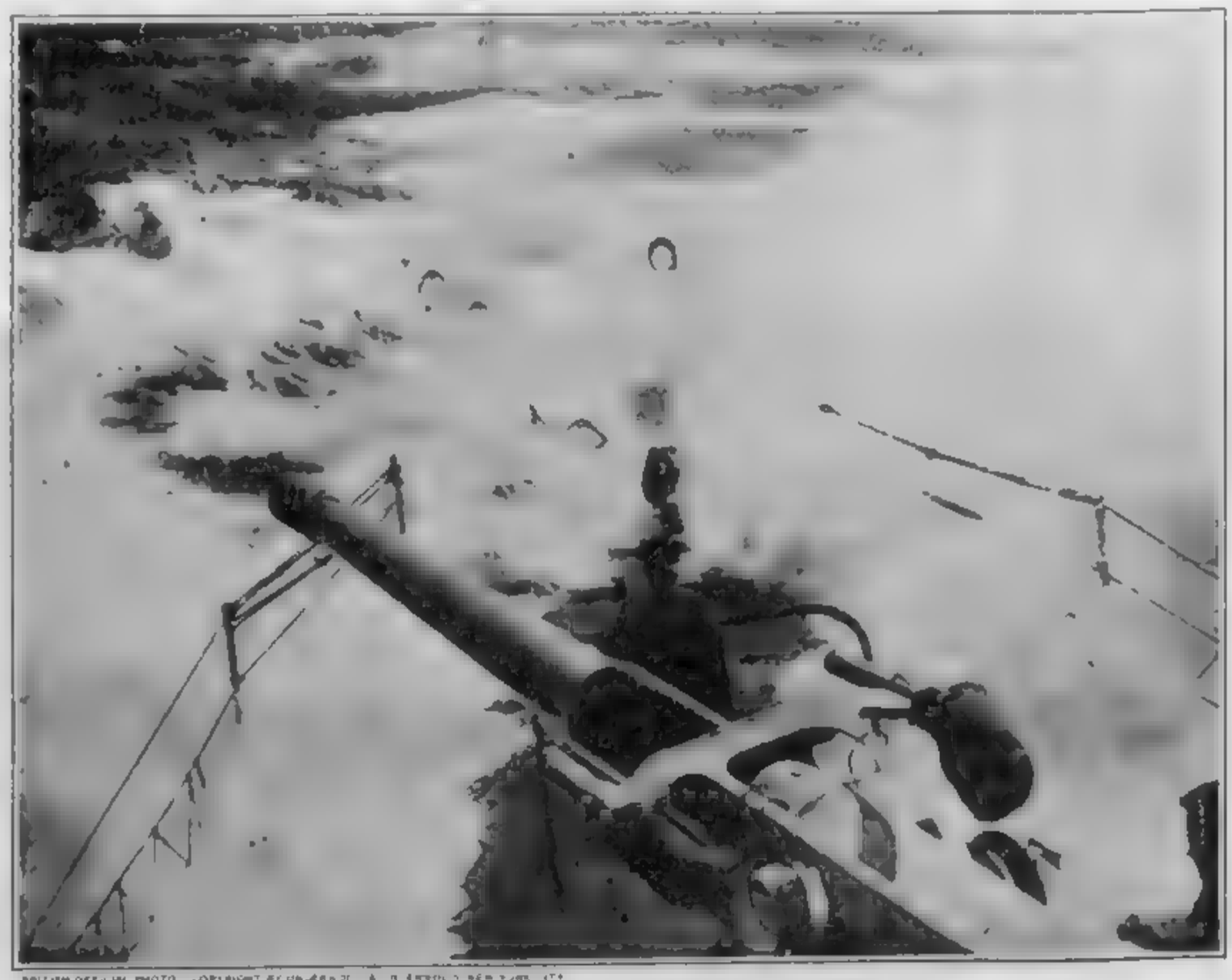
Long Waits and High Scores

THE hope of the days and nights of every man who goes to sea hunting submarines is "Contact." That in their lives is the beginning of all things, whether they are rasping over the water in the big high-powered destroyers or darting about in the tiny launches, whether they plug along in trawlers and drifters or whether they seek in the great grim ships of war. Contact! They all live in hope. They may go out and buffet the seas for days and nights without seeming end, and see nothing, never even the feather in the water left by a periscope, or a slick of oil, but hope never dies. Next time! The chance is always there. Next time they'll have some luck. Next time they will get a Hun. There never was in this world a more potent illustration of the optimism of youth than the eager certainty of these Hun hunters that next time they will have contact, for submarine hunting is a young man's game. No others could stand the rigors of it, the discomforts of it, the hardships of it. None but youth could face the terrors of the sea in the cockleshells they do with such superb disregard.

Through all the fleet from north to south is known the story of the English captain who went for eleven months, day after day and night after night, fighting the storms, the cold, the winds, scouring the waters ceaselessly, pounded by the seas, coming in coated with ice, battered, bent, bruised, and never saw even a periscope sticking up through the water. Eleven months! And he felt it was no good. He was out of luck. Others were getting subs, but not even a slick of oil or a chance to drop a depth charge came his way. But he stuck. And before the end of twelve months "Known" was written on his reports three times, and twice more soon after. And he had the Victoria Cross and all the rest of it in due time.

That is the glorious chance of it. You never know your luck. Next time you may get one; so go to it, bullies, and forget the long, storm-tossed days and nights when nothing happens; when all there is to do is to wish that one's bunk wouldn't always be at an angle of fifty-five degrees; that the fog would lift; that the dod-gasted sea would quiet down a bit; that they could get a fire in the galley, and wonder whether the lights are burning on Broadway.

Forget it all, and remember the story of the young American captain who had plunged and plowed about for weeks and weeks, and never anything doing save the routine of taking ships in and taking ships out, and patrolling—ceaselessly patrolling. Then one morning things began to happen. He saved a mail ship from a submarine. He was called to assist a French merchantman that had been torpedoed. He had a go with another submarine, and on his way back he saved the survivors of another vessel that had been torpedoed, and whose



A Rough Sea Breaking Over the Stern of a Destroyer

lifeboat had been shelled by the Germans who did the torpedoing. It may be your turn next. The original and authentic habitat of the hope that springs eternal is in the aggregate breasts of the young men who go to sea hunting German submarines.

There was the early morning, for example, when the U. S. Destroyer —— was droning along on escort duty. Oddly enough the sea was calm, and the men on the bridge were contemplating the face of the waters, where the reflection of the stars appeared in dancing pinheads of gold. Also, incidentally, they and others in position were keeping a sharp lookout for whatever might appear. They didn't expect anything, but you never know your luck.

One of the United States Destroyers Operating in Foreign Waters

Coffee had just been served, and day began to break. Not that there was any connection between the two events, but that they occurred at approximately the same moment. Also, the calm of things was disturbed quite rudely by the crash of a gun off the port bow. The U. S. Destroyer —— came to life with a whoop, and a minute later there were two more gun crashes astern. With the men at quarters the ship on which they had been drinking coffee and hoping something would happen was progressing across that starlit sea at thirty knots an hour, and then some. There was a flare, and then another, and the —— cut some dizzy circles trying to find what it was all about. She circled, zigzagged and crisscrossed, but observed nothing and turned to rejoin the convoy.

"Light on the port quarter," yelled a lookout; and then a rocket dripped some white stars.

"Something doing," was the sage conclusion of the young American in charge, and he headed for the light, and announced his intended arrival by firing a star bomb himself. Presently there showed in the darkness dots and dashes of light—a blinker. They were slowly and carefully made, those dots and dashes, as if the man sending them was not familiar with the words he was using:

"P-l-e-a-s-e p-i-c-k u-s u-p."

"Sure thing," said the man on the bridge; "but who are you? This is no time of night to be afloat in these waters."

Score One "Known"

THE destroyer proceeded warily. Then came several flares of light, and after those silence and dark on the face of the sea. A few minutes later a big object was sighted, not more than two hundred yards away, off to the starboard. The searchlight sent a great beam of light quivering across, and every man on the destroyer said the same thing: "Well, I'll be damned!"

The dark object was a German submarine pointing directly at the destroyer. Submarines carry torpedoes in the bows; oftentimes elsewhere, but always in the bows. Wherefore it was apparent in the wag of the tail of a stormy petrel that there was nothing to it if the Hun let her torpedoes go. Information as to whether the lights were still burning brightly on Broadway would never reach a lot of the Americans on that destroyer.

Things happened on the bridge, and that destroyer got out of the way with the utmost celerity, fetching up off to one side, and within fifty or a hundred yards. Then it was seen that the German sub was making heavy weather of it. She was under way, but going very slowly, and her stern was sinking. She came along, just about moving, her bows rising and her stern settling. The deck of the submarine, amidships, was thickly populated with Germans, who were milling about and shouting: "Please—Kamerad! Please—Kamerad!" Two floats were dropped by the destroyer, and preparations made to lower a boat. The submarine still kept under way, but she was sinking, for the water washed farther up from the stern, and the Germans crowded together farther and farther forward.

Then suddenly she disappeared—sank without trace or warning, as the Germans themselves might put it—*spurlos versenkt*. The crew went into the water, making all sorts of guttural noises the while. The lifeboat picked up a few of them, and some grabbed the floats, but the most of them swam desperately for the destroyer, puffing and blowing prodigiously and churning the quiet sea into foam. The crew was at the rail and hauled them up, using anything that resembled a line for the purpose. The deck hose saved three of them. One member of the crew, who used to be a cowboy before he became a sailor, lassoed an officer neatly about the neck and they pulled that person aboard in that most undignified but effective manner, where he arrived quite safely; which proved that he was not born to be hanged, albeit he should be, no doubt. Thus they brought them in and were credited with a "Known." As I was saying, the particular place where one never knows his luck is on a destroyer hunting submarines. You get them or you do not get them. Either way, it is a great game; and as I write, late in July, our American destroyers have been playing it for fourteen months.

The Wake of a Torpedo Fired From This Ship at a Distant Target

New Destroyers That Destroy

THEY have had their successes and they have had their failures, but they have never slackened in the go-get-'em spirit, have never dulled or grown indifferent at the chase. They were green at it when they first came, but they have learned much and are learning more every day. And many of the improved appliances are American, and much of the improved method is American. Also, our newer types of destroyers are now rapidly coming into service, and this phase of our contribution to the naval end of the war has been valuable and effective.

A destroyer is a long, lean, rapierlike ship that is rightly named. Its one purpose of existence is to destroy, albeit it also performs excellently in preventing destruction. First torpedo boats were built, and then torpedo-boat destroyers—ships of the present destroyer type with greater speed than the torpedo boats—to run down these and sink them. The old torpedo boat is now obsolete, but the destroyer name clings, though some of the newer and larger types are in reality light unarmored cruisers. They all have torpedo tubes, and some of them are heavily armed. The great requisites are speed and ease of maneuvering, and it has come in the development of naval warfare in this war that the destroyer is used both offensively and defensively. It is the chosen instrument for hunting down submarines, and it is used in preventing attack on merchant and other ships by placing it in escort of convoys or individual ships.

We name our destroyers after our own naval heroes, and we man them with younger officers of proved ability. A man much over forty is too old for a destroyer. The life is too hard. Men between thirty and forty are the better commanders, and under them the younger ranks, the youth who can stand up to it day and night, which is what they have to do, including Sundays and holidays. The crews are more or less picked men, and no sailor is retained in a destroyer who is not fitted for the life. If he doesn't fit in he is transferred elsewhere. Officers, too, soon show whether they are made of destroyer stuff or no; and if they are not, billets for them are found elsewhere. It takes a fighting person, a hardy person, a quick-witted person, and most of all a courageous person, to run a destroyer; and his associates and crew must be just like him in their various

(Continued on Page 86)

JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Sweeping Slowly Inside Peach's Point Was the Tall Ship, With Her Canvas Towering Gold Against the Sea and Sky

III

THE evening was surprisingly warm and still, with an intermittent falling of rain, and the windows were open in the room where Rhoda Ammidon sat regarding, half dismayed, her reflection in the mirror of a dressing table. A few minutes before she had discovered her first gray hair. It was not only a mere assault upon her vanity, but, too, a realization far deeper—here was the stamp of time, the mark of a considerable progress toward the end itself. Her emotions were various; but curiously enough almost the first had been a wave of passionate tenderness for William and her little girls. The shock of finding that arresting sign was now giving place to a purely feminine reaction. She considered for a moment the purchase of a bottle of hair coloring, then with a disdainful gesture dismissed such a temporary and troublesome measure.

She kept an undiminishing pride in her appearance and a relentless care and choice in the details of her dress, pleased by the knowledge that the attention men paid her showed no indication yet of growing perfunctory. She had been much admired both in Boston and in London through her youth; and she recalled her early doubts at the prospect of life in Salem; but she realized now that as her years and children multiplied she was by imperceptible degrees returning to a traditional New England heritage.

She was glad, however, that William's wide connections lifted him above a purely local view; William was really a splendid husband. Rhoda was conscious of this, together with a clear recognition of his faults, and quite aside from both existed her unreasoning affection. The latter vividly dominated her, shut out, on any occasion of stress, all else; but for the most part she held him in an attitude of mildly amused comprehension.

Gerrit Ammidon she hadn't seen until after her engagement to William, and she sometimes thought of the former in connection with marriage. Gerrit, she admitted to herself, was a far more romantic figure than William; not handsomer—William Ammidon was very good looking—but more arresting, with his hair swinging about his ears, and his intense blue gaze. An exciting man, she decided again, for whom one would eternally put on the loveliest clothes possible; a man to make you almost as ravishingly happy as miserable, and therefore disturbing as a husband.

At this her mind returned to her gray hair and the fact that the metal backlog of the kitchen fire, which supplied the house with hot water, had been leaking over the hearth. A feeling of melancholy possessed her at the turning of younger visions into commonplace necessities, but she dismissed it with the shadow of a smile—it was absurd for a woman of her age to dwell on such frivolous things. Yet she still lingered to wonder if men, too, kept intact among their memories the radiant image of their youth, if they ever thought of it with tenderness and extenuation. She decided in the negative, convinced that men, even at the end of many years, never definitely lost connection with their early selves; there was always a trace of hopefulness, of jaunty vanity—sometimes winning and sometimes merely ridiculous—attached to their decline.

Rhoda stirred and moved to a window, gazing vaguely out into the moist blue obscurity. Sidsall, she realized, was maturing with a disconcerting rapidity. Depths were opening in the girl's being at which she, her mother, could only guess. It was exactly as if a crystal through and through which she had gazed had suddenly been veiled by rosy clouds. Sidsall had a charming nature, direct and unsuspicious and generously courageous.

There was a sound at the door, and William entered, patently ruffled. It was clear that he had had another disagreement with his father.

"It's shameful how you disturb him," she declared.

"Look here, Rhoda," he replied vigorously, "I won't continually be put in the wrong. It seems as if I had no affection for the old gentleman. I always have the difficult thing to do, and he has been slightly contemptuous ever since I was a boy because I didn't go to sea. The truth is—while I wouldn't think of letting him know—he's a tremendous nuisance pottering about the countingrooms with his stories of antediluvian trading voyages. And worse is to come—these new clipper ships and passages have knocked the wind out of the old slow full-bottomed vessels. We have about determined to reorganize our fleet entirely, and are in treaty with Donald McKay for an extreme clipper type of twelve hundred tons.

"Of course he's my parent; but I wonder at Saltonstone's patience. Father won't hear of the opium trade, and it's turning over thousand per cent profits. We are privately operating two fast topsail schooners in India now, but it's both inconvenient and a risk. They ought to be put right under our house flag for credit alone. It is all bound to come up, and then he'll go off like a cannon."

"Couldn't you wait till he's dead, William?" she asked. "It won't be a great while now. I can see that he has failed dreadfully from this worry about Gerrit."

"Five years will make all the difference. We are losing tea cargoes every month to these ships making sensational runs. I don't talk much, Rhoda, about—well, my family; but I am as upset over Gerrit as anyone else. Except for a tendency to carry too much sail there's not a better shipmaster out of New England. Not only that; he's my brother. It's easy to like Gerrit; his opinions are a little wild, and an exaggerated sense of justice gets him into absurd situations; yet his motives are the purest possible. Perhaps that word 'pure' describes him better than any other, however people who didn't know might smile. As a man, Rhoda, I can assert that he is surprisingly clean-hearted."

"That's a wonderful quality," she agreed. "Why anyone should smile is beyond me. William, would you know that my hair is turning gray? Do I look a lot older than I did five years ago?"

He studied her complacently. "You've hardly changed since I married you," he asserted; "a great deal prettier than these young cramped figgers I see about. The girls, too, are just like you—good armfuls, all of them."

The next day was flawlessly sunny, the slightly stirring air reminiscent of the sea, and the lilacs everywhere were masses of purple and white bloom. Stepping down from her carriage on the morning round of shopping Rhoda encountered Nettie Vollar leaving one of the stores of Cheapside.

"Why, Nettie," she exclaimed kindly, "it's been the longest time since I've seen you! It is just no use asking you to the house; and it seems, with nothing to do, I never have a minute for the visits I'd like to make."

Nettie, she thought, was a striking girl—no, woman—with her stack of black hair, dark sparkling eyes and red spot on either cheek. More fetching in profile than full face, her nose had a pert angle and her cleft chin was enticingly rounded. Later she would be too fat, but now her body was ripely perfect.

"I don't go anywhere much," she responded in a voice faintly and instinctively antagonistic. "I don't like kindness in people; but I suppose I ought to be contented—that's all I'll probably ever get from anybody who is a thing in the world. Mrs. Ammidon"—she hesitated, then continued more rapidly, her gaze lowered—"have you had any word about Captain Ammidon yet? Have they given up hope of the Nautilus?"

"We've had no news," Rhoda told her; and then she added her conviction that Gerrit would return safely.

"He was better than kind," Nettie Vollar said. "I'm sure he liked me, Mrs. Ammidon, or he would have if everything hadn't been spoiled by grandfather. He thinks I'm a dreadful sin, you know—a punishment on mother. But inside of me I don't feel different from others. Sometimes I—I wonder that I don't actually go sinful. I've had opportunities, and being good hasn't offered me much, has it?"

"You are naturally a good girl, Nettie," Rhoda answered simply; "but you must be braver than ordinary. If we think differently from Salem, still it is in Salem we must live; I keep many of my beliefs secret, just as you must control most of your feelings."

The other responded with a hard little laugh. "Thank you, though. You are more like Gerrit, Captain Ammidon, than Mrs. Saltonstone, his own sister. I hate her," she declared. "I hate all the Salem women, so superior and condescending and Christian. They always have a silly look of wonder at their charity in speaking to me—when they do. They act as if it's just a privilege for me to be in their church. I'd rather go to a cotillon at Hamilton Hall any day."

"Of course you would," Rhoda agreed. There seemed to be so little for her to offer or say that she was relieved when they parted.

The afternoon grew really sultry, but when the shadows had lengthened she encountered Jeremy Ammidon wandering aimlessly about the hall and, his fine palmetto hat and wanghee in her hand, she urged him out to the East India Marine Society.

"It's much too beautiful a day for the house," she insisted.

"There's nothing remarkable about it," he returned; "wind's too light and variable, hardly enough to hold way on a ship."

There were the stirring strains of a quickstep without; at the door they saw the Salem Cadets, preceded by Flag's Band, marching in columns of fours into Washington Square. The white breeches with scarlet coats and brass buttons made a gay showing on the green Common, the sunlight glittered on silver braid and tassels, gilt and pompons, scaled chin straps and varnished leather.

The old man's face grew dark at the brilliant line drawn up for inspection, and he muttered a period about cursed young Whigs.

"Wouldn't have one of the scoundrels in my house if I could help it. Don't understand William; he's too damned mild for my idea of a good citizen! Why, it's only reasonable that a country's got to be run like a ship, from the quarter-deck. How far do you suppose a vessel would get if the crew hung about aft and chose representatives from the port and starboard watches and galley for a body to lay the course and make sail?"

"Please, father," she protested, laughing. "Do go along into the sun."

She gently pushed him toward the door. Rhoda realized the fact that William was more than half Whig already. That threatened still another point of difference, of departure from all that his father held to be sacred necessities. Jeremy, like most of the older shipmasters, was a bitter Federalist, an upholder of a strongly centralized autocratic government. He left, grumbling, and the staccato commands of the military evolutions on the Common rang through the slumberous afternoon.

Rhoda lingered in the doorway and Laurel appeared, jigging with excitement. "Can't I get nearer?" she begged. "There's nothing to see from here."

Her mother replied, "Ask Camilla to take you over to the Square."

Camilla appeared indifferently. "I don't know why anyone should be flustered," she observed; "it isn't like the Fourth of July, with a concert and fireworks."

As they were going Sidsall came out in a white tarlatan dress worked with sprays of yellow barley, her face glowing with color, and sat on the steps.

"Positively," her mother said, looking down on the mass of bright chestnut hair in a chenille net, "we'll soon have to have you up in braids."

"I wish I might," she responded. "And Hodie is too silly—I can't get her to lace me tightly enough. She says such things are engines of the devil."

"It's still a little soon for that ——"

Rhoda broke off as a slight erect man at the verge of middle age turned in from Pleasant Street upon them.

"Roger!" she said cordially as he came quickly up the steps.

He greeted her lightly and bent over Sidsall with an extended hand: "The apple blossoms, I see, are here."

Rhoda wondered what nonsense Roger Brevard was repeating; Sidsall's face was hidden from view. But then Roger was always like that; his manner was never at a loss for the appropriate gesture. He had a great many points in common with her, she thought; neither had been born in Salem, and his rightful setting was in the best metropolitan drawing-rooms. He had been here for a dozen years now, in charge of the local affairs of the Mongolian Marine Insurance Company; and she often wondered why, a member of a family socially notable in New York, he continued in a city, a position, of comparative unimportance.

She was, she said, going back to the lawn; the glare of Pleasant Street was fatiguing; and she proceeded through the house with the surety of his following. But on the close-cut emerald sod there was no sign of him, and she found a seat in a basket chair by the willow tree beyond. She waited for Roger with a small but growing impatience; he must be done immediately with whatever he might say to Sidsall; and she wished to discuss the possibilities of a rumor that President Polk intended to visit Salem. There would be a collation, perhaps a military ball, to arrange. Franklin Hall would be the better place for the latter; She heard a faint silvery echo of laughter—Sidsall. It was extremely nice of course in Roger Brevard to entertain her daughter, though she didn't care to have the latter give the effect of receiving men yet.

It was finally Sidsall who appeared, unaccompanied, in the drawing-room window. She came forward to where Rhoda sat, her face still stirred with amusement.

"Mr. Brevard went on," she said in response to her mother's look of inquiry.

"That's rather odd," the latter commented almost sharply.

"He had only a few minutes," the girl explained.

She sank into a seat and mood of abstraction. Rhoda studied her with a veiled glance. Here were exceptional children, they had given her scarcely an hour's concern; and she must see that in the unsettling period which Sidsall was now entering she was not spoiled.

Perhaps Laurel entertained her more than the others. She was a very normal little girl, not thoughtful like Janet, and without Camilla's exaggerated poise; but she had a picturesque imagination; and her companionship with her grandfather was delightful. The latter addressed her quite as if she were a fellow shipmaster; and she had acquired some remarkable sea expressions—some deplorable and others enigmatic. Only to-day, questioned about the order of her room, she had said that it was "all square by the lifts and braces." For this her grandfather had given her a gold piece.

There was, Mrs. Ammidon knew, an excellent school for older girls at Lausanne; and, revolving the possibility of obtaining for Sidsall some of the European advantages she, Rhoda, had enjoyed, the following afternoon she drove to the Cliffords' on Marlboro Street for a consultation with Madra, who had spent a number of seasons on Lake Leman.

In a cool parlor with yellow Tibet rugs and maroon hangings she had tea while Madra Clifford, thin and imperious, with a settled ill health like white powder, and a priceless Risajii shawl, conversed in a shrill key.

"Caroline has been in bed for a week. That vulgar Doctor Fisk, with his elbow in her bosom, tried five times to extract her tooth, and then broke it to the roots. I hear there is a galvanic ring for rheumatism. The pain in my joints is excruciating; I have an idea my bones are changing into chalk; the right knee will hardly bend."

The darkly colored shawl with its border of cypress intensified her sunken blue-traced temples and the pallid lips. She developed the subject of her indisposition, sparing no detail; while Rhoda Ammidon, from her superabundance of well-being, half pitied the other and was half revolted at the mind, touched, too, by bodily ill. The fortune accumulated by the hardy Clifford men, flogged out of crews and stained by the blood of primitive and dull savages—the Cliffords were notorious for their brutal driving—now served only to support Madra's debility and a horde of unscrupulous panderers to her obsession.

"Edward Dunsack is in Salem," she continued; "and I've heard he has the most peculiar appearance. Very probably the result of the unmentionable practices of the Orient. Father liked the Chinese, though; so many of our shipmasters have, and not always the merchants. . . . What was I saying? Oh, yes, Edward Dunsack. I understand you had a distinct alarm in that quarter, about the girl and Gerrit Ammidon. But I forgot to say how glad I am about Gerrit. You must have been horribly worried ——"

"What do you mean?" Rhoda demanded.

"Why, haven't you heard? The Nautilus was sighted. News came from Boston. She ought to be in to-day, I believe. I suppose William has been too concerned to get you word at home."

Rhoda Ammidon rose immediately, surprised at the force of the emotion that blurred her eyes with tears. Gerrit was safe! Possibly they had been told at Java Head now, but she must be there with Jeremy Ammidon; surprises, even as joyful as this, were a great strain on him. Neglecting the object of her visit she returned at once to Pleasant Street, urging the coachman to an undignified haste and keeping the carriage at the door.

Her father-in-law was at his secretary in the library, and it was evident that he had heard nothing of his son's return. "Well, Rhoda," he said, swinging about; "what a bright cheek you have—like Laurel's."

"I feel bright, father," she replied with a nod and smile. "After this none of you will be able to laugh at my predictions. You see, a woman's feeling is more often correct than masculine judgment." His momentary bewilderment gave place to a painfully strained interrogation. "Yes," she told him, "but we are none of us surprised—Gerrit is almost in Salem Harbor." She moved near him and with a veiled anxiety laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"A splendid sailor," he muttered.

It seemed as if Rhoda could almost hear the dull rising pounding of his shaken heart. But his excitement subsided, gave way to a normal concern, a flood of vain questions and preparation to go down to the wharf. In the midst of this a message came from the countinghouse of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone that the Nautilus would dock within an hour.

A small crowd had already gathered on Derby Wharf when Rhoda and her companion made their way past the warehouses built at intervals along the wharf to the place where the Nautilus would be warped in. The wharfinger saluted them, William Ammidon joined his wife, and beyond she could see James Saltonstone conversing with the surveyor of the port.

The afternoon was serene, a faint air drew in from the sea; and with it, sweeping slowly inside Peach's Point, was the tall ship with her canvas towering gold in the western sun against the distance of sea and sky. As Rhoda watched she saw their house flag—a white field checkered in blue—fluttering from the main royal truck.

Jeremy Ammidon exclaimed: "The royals come in! He is lowering his topgallant yards and hauling up the courses!" He gripped Rhoda's arm. "My dear," he cried, "there's nothing else on God's earth as fine as a ship!"

The Nautilus slipped along surprisingly fast. Rhoda could now see the crew moving about and coiling the gear.

"Look, father! There's Gerrit on the quarter-deck!"

The shipmaster, shorter than common, with broad assertive shoulders, in formal black, was easily recognizable. A woman with a worn flushed face pressed by Jeremy.

"I Hate All the Salem Women, So Superior and Condescending and Christian"

"Andrew's there too!" she told them. "Mr. Broadrick, the mate."

The ship moved more slowly, under her topsails and jibs, in a soundless progress, with the ripples falling away in water like an undulating expanse of rosy gauze. She was now but a short distance from the end of the wharf. Mr. Broadrick was forward between the knightheads, with the crew ranged to the starboard and at the braces, while Gerrit Ammidon stood with one hand on the quarter-deck railing and the other holding a brass speaking trumpet to his lips.

"Let go your port fore and after braces, Mr. Broadrick; brace the fore and mizzen yards sharp up, leave the main braces fast, and lay the main topsail to the mast. As she comes to the wind let the jibs run down." He turned to the man at the wheel: "Helm hard a starboard."

"Hard a starboard, sir."

The ship answered quickly and rounded to while her weather fore and mizzen yard flew forward until they touched the starboard backstays and the men hauled in the slack of the braces. With the main yard square to check her way the jibs drooped down along the stays.

"Mr. Broadrick, you may let go the starboard anchor and furl sails."

The mate grasped a top maul and struck the trigger of the ring stopper a single clean blow; the anchor splashed into the water with a rumbling cable, and the Nautilus was home.

Gerrit Ammidon walked hurriedly to the companionway and went below, while the mate continued: "Stand by to let go your topsail halyards and man the gear. Sharper with the mizzen sheets and unbend those clew lines and garnets . . . stow the clews in a harbor furl."

At a rhythmic shout the bunts of the three topsails came up together.

The wind had died away and the flags hung listlessly from the main truck and spanker gaff. The water of the harbor was unstirred except for the swirls at the oar blades of an incoming quarter boat and the warp paying out at her stern. The voice of the mate, the chantey of the crew heaving at the capstan bars came to Rhoda subdued:

"The times are hard and wages low,
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her.
I guess it's time for us to go,
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her.
I thought I heard the old man say,
Oh, leave her, Johnny, leave her.
To-morrow we will get our pay,
. . . . . leave her."

Rhoda Ammidon discovered herself leaning forward tensely, her hands shut in excitement and emotion; and she relaxed with a happy laugh as the Nautilus, with her yards exactly square and rigging taut, her sides and figurehead and ports bright with newly laid on paint, moved to the wharf.

It seemed to her that Gerrit, descending a short stage from the deck, looked markedly older than when he had last sailed. Yet he had a surprisingly youthful air still; partly, she thought, from the manner in which he wore his hair, falling in a waving thick line about his cheeks. His mouth was at once fresh and severe, his face clean shaven, and his eyes—if possible—more directly blue than ever.

"I'll take the ship's manifest to the Collector," he said, greeting them and impatiently waving aside the venders after the cook's slush, the excited women and runners and human miscellany crowding forward. "Then Java Head." He paused, speaking over his shoulder: "I'd be thankful if you would send the barouche down in an hour or so."

Driving back, her hand on Jeremy Ammidon's knee, Rhoda wondered at Gerrit's request. It was entirely unlike him to ride in the barouche; rather he had always derided it in the terms of his calling. However, unable to find a solution for her surprise, she listened to the other's comments and speculations.

"I suppose William's first question will be about the cargo, and of course I hope the ship has done well. But I'm just glad to have Gerrit back; I am for a fact, Rhoda."

"We all are," she assured him; "and William as happy as any. You mustn't be misled by his manner, father. I hope the supper will be good and please you."

"Gerrit will be satisfied with anything," he chuckled. "Probably he's been out of beans even, for a month. Did you notice that fore-royal mast and yard? They were rigged at sea; Gerrit carried them away. It hurts him to take in a sail. Some day I tell him he'll drag the spars out of his ship. His confounded pride will founder him."

He made these charges lightly, with a palpable underlying pride; and, Rhoda knew, would permit no one else to criticize his son.

She found her daughters in a state of gala excitement on the front steps. "Uncle Gerrit in the Nautilus," Laurel chanted. It was evident that even Camilla was thrilled. They all went up to put on holiday dress.

Rhoda turned to the coachman: "Have the barouche at the head of Derby Wharf in an hour."

Gerrit's unusual demand again puzzled her. A fantastic possibility lodged in her brain—perhaps he was not alone. She pulled the bell rope for her maid, changed into black moiré with cut-steel bretelles, and selected a Peritaus shawl colored like a peacock. She found her husband with his father in the library.

"I understand it's a splendid cargo," William remarked.

Jeremy nodded triumphantly at her, and she expressed a half-humorous resentment at this mercenary display.

"He ought to be here," the younger man declared, consulting his watch.

As he spoke Rhoda saw the barouche draw up before the house. She had a glimpse of a figure in extravagantly brilliant satins at Gerrit Ammidon's side. There was a sibilant whisper of rich materials in the hall, and the master entered the library with a pale set face.

"Father," he said, "Rhoda and William, allow me—my wife, Taou Yuen."

Rhoda Ammidon gave an uncontrollable gasp as the Chinese woman sank in a fluttering prostration of color at Jeremy's feet. He ejaculated "God bless me!" and started back. William's face was inscrutable; unguessed lines appeared about his severe mouth. Rhoda's own sensation was one of incredulity touched with mounting anger and feeling of outrage. The woman rose, but only to sink again before William; she was on her knees, and, supported by her hands, bent forward and touched her forehead to the floor three times. Gerrit laughed shortly.

"She was to shake your hands; we went over and over it on shipboard. But anything less than the *K'o t'on* was too casual for her."

She was now erect, with a freer murmur of greeting to Rhoda. The latter was instantly aware of one certainty—Chinese she might be, she was, but no less absolutely aristocratic. Her face, oval and slightly flat, was plastered with paint on paint, but her gesture, the calm scrutiny of enigmatic black eyes under delicately arched brows, exquisite quiet hands, were all under the most admirable instinctive control.

Rhoda said: "I see that I am to welcome you for Gerrit's family."

The other in slow lisping English replied: "Thank you greatly. I am humbled to the earth before your goodness."

"You will want to go to your room," Rhoda continued mechanically. "It was only prepared for one, but I'll send a servant up at once."

She was enraged at the silent stupidity of the three men, and she flashed a swift command at her husband.

"This is a decided surprise," the latter at last addressed his brother; "nor can I pretend that it is pleasant."

Jeremy Ammidon's gaze wandered blankly from Gerrit to the woman, then back to his son.

Never before had Rhoda seen such lovely clothes: A long gown with wide sleeves of blue-black satin embroidered in peach-colored flower petals and innumerable minute sapphire and orange butterflies, a short sleeveless jacket of sage green caught with looped red jade buttons and threaded with silver, and high-soled slippers crusted and tasseled with pearls. Her hair rose from the back in a smooth burnished loop. There were long pins of pink jade carved into blossoms, a quivering decoration of paper-thin gold leaves with moonstones in glistening drops, and a band of coral lotus buds. Pierced-stone bracelets hung about her delicate wrists, fretted crystal balls swung from the lobes of her ears; and clasped on the ends of several fingers were long pointed filigrees of ivory.

"Taou Yuen," Gerrit repeated shortly with his challenging bright gaze. "That means Peach Garden. My wife is a Manchu," he asserted in a more biting tone; "a Manchu, and the daughter of a noble. Thank you, Rhoda, particularly. But I have always counted on you. Will you go up with her? That is, if—if my father has a room, a place for us."

"This will always be your home, Gerrit," Jeremy said slowly with the long breath of a diver in deep waters.

IV

IN THE room that had been his since early maturity Gerrit Ammidon gave an involuntary sigh of relief. Taou Yuen, his wife, was standing in the middle of the floor, gazing about with a faint and polite smile. Her eyes rested on a yellow camphor chest, one of the set brought home by his father; on a severe high range of drawers made of sycamore with six legs; on her brilliant reflection in the eagle-crowned mirror above the mantel; and the sleigh bed with low heavily curved ends.

The situation below, however brief and, on the whole, reasonably conducted, had been surprisingly difficult. At the same time that he had felt no necessity to apologize for his marriage he had known that Taou Yuen must surprise—yes, shock his family. She was Chinese, to them a heathen; they would be unable to comprehend any mitigating dignity of rank. Where they'd actually suffer, he realized, would be in the attitude of Salem—the stupid gabble, the censure and cold pity caused by his wife.

Personally he regarded these with the contempt he felt for so many of the qualities that on shore bound the interests of everyone into a single common concern. It gave him pleasure to assault the authority and importance of such public prejudice and self-opinion; but unavoidably implicating his family, at once a part of himself and of Salem, he was conscious of the fact that he had laid them all open to disagreeable moments. He was sorry for this, and his regret, principally materialized by his father's hurt

(Continued on Page 41)

"I See That I am to Welcome You for Gerrit's Family," Said Rhoda

KIDNAPING CUPID

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

WHEN Capt. Woodes Rogers set sail from Hull, England, in 1708, on that memorable privateering expedition to the South Seas in the course of which he rescued Alexander Selkirk from his desert isle and thus gave Robinson Crusoe to fiction and to fame, his first outward-bound stop was made at an Irish port to careen his ships, to tallow their bottoms and to attend to certain other slight refittings. After continuing on his journey that observing navigator noted in his diary the "strange behavior of our men there, that they were continually marrying whilst we staid there."

Two hundred and ten years later a commander of an American destroyer flotilla has had occasion to base his ships at a port in this same land, and he, too, has remarked a strange flowering of the conjugal spirit. His men display a penchant for marrying. This fact has occasioned the commander some annoyance, and has been prolific of anxiety, embarrassment and regret to fathers and mothers on both sides of the Atlantic. In consequence, advisers of many sorts and degrees—spiritual, official, diplomatic and personal-friend advisers—have intervened or sought to intervene when symptoms of an outbreak of matrimonial contagion manifested themselves in any particular individual.

Ma Leaped Nimbly Over the Bar and Escaped Into the Little Square in Front

When rumor had it that Little Benny Riley, first-class yeoman on the United States Destroyer Judson, was about to perpetrate one of these international entanglements, his shipmates, Bilge Kennedy and Ma Ford, both set out to erect barbed wire across the pathway to connubial bliss.

"We just naturally got to save Benny from himself," averred Bilge, looking up from tinkering the engine of the motor dory.

"Benny is a trustin', confidin' little lamb of a yeoman that any schemin' damsel could pull the wool over his eyes without half tryin'," agreed Ma, who leaned against the gunwale where the dory swung upon the davits ready to be lowered to the placid waters of the bay the moment Bilge should pronounce her fit.

"'Course," considered Bilge, feeling for the monkey wrench upon the thwart, "she might be in love with him, you know. Benny's got those soft brown eyes, and a smooth face with rosy cheeks. Benny's kind of like a girl himself, and he's the kind you'd think a girl might fall in love with."

"Nope!" dissented Ma, from heights of wisdom and experience represented by his twenty-seven years, most of which had been spent upon the plains of his native Texas. "Nope! When a gal falls in love she don't pick her own sort. She's more'n likely to pin her buddin' affections to some red-headed, toggle-jointed mistake like you, Bilge."

"Or some moth-eaten old piece of human camouflage like you!" retorted Bilge a trifle heatedly.

"Women have fell in love with me," boasted Ma laconically, and though the straight lips sealed themselves tight the patient gray eyes were fixed on distance with a reminiscent light as suggesting that his mind went back in doting memory to conquests that his heart had made in those happy days when the world was not at war and he was not boson's mate on a destroyer, with his placidity of temperament and benignity of expression earning for him the ridiculous feminine monaker of Ma.

"But, no, Bilge, le's don't git to quarrelin' with one 'nother now," he resumed presently. "We ain't got time. Benny's just his mother's little boy, and when she give him to the Navy she's got a right to have him pertected from these here sirens that infests this port. I'm a-goin' ashore and talk to this girl."

"You?"

"I'm a-goin' to reason with her. I'll say, 'Now look yere, little lady. This boy Benny's a nice boy. He's got a pa and a ma at home and they're comfortable. They got a hundred thousand dollars; that's enough for Benny to marry some nice little Brooklyn stenographer and be happy ever after. What you want to go buttin' in and spile it all for?'"

"For the hundred thousand dollars, you mutt!" derided Bilge. "No, that's not the way to talk to her. Tell her Benny is poor—that this stuff about him havin' a hundred thousand dollars is just plain American bull. Tell her Benny is no good. Say he's just naturally the slickest thing about calico since King Solomon drove the snakes out of Ireland. Tell her Benny's got a wife in Liverpool and two in Brest."

"Looka yere, Bilge!"—and Ma's eyes blazed with a light of reproach and reproof—"I won't do no such a thing! You're nothin' but just a plain low-down character assassin's what you are."

"Tell you, Ma," said Bilge, enthusiasm undashed by such rebuke, and growing more enamored of his own ideas every moment, "you go ashore and talk to her mother. I'll reason with the girl. Between us we'll protect Benny. If worst seems about to come to worst, we can kidnap him."

Ma deliberated.

"I ain't never done myse'f much good, so fur as I can remember, a-messin' in other folks' affairs," he reflected. "As for talkin' to her mother, I ain't got no idea of doin' such. You talk to her mother and I'll palaver with the girl."

Upon this point Ma remained entirely obdurate, and when the "Old Girl," as his shipmates lovingly called him, had finally and definitely set his foot down one might as well cease, desist and quit, thereby saving breath. It was while Bilge still contemplated in a baffled sort of way this unreasoning stubbornness of the boson's mate's resolution that Jimmie Jurgenson came breezing up from C. P. O. quarters below—in which, by the way, he did not belong—bursting with a choice piece of deep-water scandal.

"You know Benny?" he inquired breathlessly; also idiotically, since every man on the ship knew the little yeoman and knew him well and favorably.

"Know him?" The habitually phlegmatic Ma bored Jimmie through with a glance of censure. "What's distressin' you, Jimmie? Bark it out. Relieve yo'se'f, as it were!"

"He's goin' to be married to-night," whispered Jimmie excitedly.

"Married? Who tuh?" It was Bilge who put the question, with a deceptive carelessness in his tone.

"Minnie O'Mahony!" answered Jimmie.

To get the full tonal value of this very common name as it is pronounced in the Irish ports one puts the accent on the second syllable instead of the third, and makes this "a" sound exceeding short, as short for instance as the "a" in "mash," thus: O'-Ma'-ho-ny. So accentuated it falls from the native lips in a thrilling concatenation of consonants, with negligible nuances of voweling in between—"Minnie O'Mahony!" pronounced trippingly upon the tongue.

"So that's the girl," the eyes of Ma and Bilge said to each other.

"Sounds like a right Irish kind of name," observed Ma to Jimmie.

"Irish?" giggled the ship's chatterbox. "What'd you think she was—a Polak?"

"What kind of a girl?" inquired Bilge, now with a grave air.

"Some peacherino!" averred Jimmie, grinning extravagantly.

"How's her teeth?" Ma wanted to know.

That question was inevitable. The water does something to the teeth over here. In numbers of mouths on this coast teeth are only a tradition. They have begun to go almost before womanhood blooms. The stock retort of Jackie to twittings about his girl's teeth is "Perfect! Both of 'em!"

"Beautiful!" insisted Jimmie recklessly.

"Then they're false," deduced Bilge.

"They are," admitted Jimmie. "Benny gave 'em to her." And with a grimace he flitted on to peddle from end to end of the Judson the shocking news of Benny's impending nuptials.

"What do you know about that?" demanded Ma with a curl of his thin lip. "Givin' your sweetheart a set of teeth for a weddin' present!"

"She's probably old," decided Bilge. "Ma, we got to get busy. Curfew must not ring to-night for Little Benny Riley. Curfew absitively must not ring!"

"What must be did must be did quick," declared Ma with rocklike firmness of purpose, and hurried below to shift from dungarees to his natty sailor blues, and to apply a razor to his face. When he came on deck half an hour later Ma was quite an attractive-looking person.

"I'll go ashore and see the girl," he observed with rare self-satisfaction to Bilge, who was compelled by duty to stay aboard till four.

"Wait an hour, Ma, and I'll be with you," the machinist's mate pleaded coaxingly.

"I'll have it all fixed up in an hour," boasted Ma.

"You'll likely have it all messed up in an hour so's Benny will marry the girl, and you and me will have to marry her sisters or her aunts or grandmothers or something to square it, is about what you'll do," retorted Bilge in discouraged tones.

But Ma smiled confidently, and with his flat navy hat listed jauntily to port he joined the liberty party in the motor sailer and in due time was planted "on the beach," where certain misgivings promptly overtook the boson's mate. For one thing he was alone. Ma generally had Bilge with him for comfort and support. For another thing he was about to interview, upon a most delicate errand, a young lady personally unknown to him but of whose charms and wit he had heard extravagantly from one who should have been the best informed person in the world upon the subject, namely, First-Class Yeoman Benjamin Riley. The mere interview, therefore, promised difficulties for Ma, who though endowed with all the native gallantry of the true Texan and with certain memories of certain conquests behind him, to which reference has already been made, was nevertheless a trifle gun-shy where the other sex was concerned.

To be able to exchange frothy persiflage with a barmaid and feel at ease during the process was about as far as Ma's social achievements had extended in this port. And speaking of barmaids, yonder was the New York Bar now, with, standing at the door invitingly, Phyllis Ryan, just the sweetest barmaid of them all—with rosy cheeks, with witching eyes and most alluring smile. There was, moreover, something attractive and restful about Phyllis' place. Phyllis' place! That was one big advantage the trade in tempestuous liquors here had over the same trade at home. At home it was "Joe's place" or "Nick's place." Here it could be "Phyllis' place"; and hers was such a nice, clean, quiet little nook, on a tiny square off the main current of the beach thoroughfare!

The bar was plain deal but scoured until it shone like grained mahogany, and there behind it would be Phyllis with her cheeks scrubbed until they shone like an Idaho apple, while round at the end of the bar was a sort of window seat with a table in front of it, and when trade was dull Phyllis used to serve Ma there and in neighborly curious fashion sit beside him and ask questions about America. And Ma had an idea that at such times he might have put a comradely arm round Phyllis while he sipped his grape juice, only his maidenly diffidence had always kept him back from finding out.

Now, therefore, it was hardly strange that Ma should point first for the New York Bar and his favorite window seat.

"Miss Phyllis, do you-all know this here Minnie O'Mahony?" he inquired when the half-emptied glass before him seemed to betoken that the time had come for gossip and mayhap for confidence.

"I do that!" said Phyllis enthusiastically.

"Where's she live?" This question was calculatedly put with dulled eye and simulations of casual indifference.

"Up the hill halfway of the block, two turns in on the court and one door beyant Mrs. Connelly's tobacco shop," answered Phyllis with the habitual glibness of her sex and race.

"She's schemin' to marry Little Benny Riley," observed Ma tentatively.

"And there's never a sweeter girl in all Ireland; nor one that would make a better wife!"

The heartiness of this assurance was slightly disconcerting to Ma.

"Is that all the comfort you got to give me?" he asked reproachfully.

"Comfort, is it?" laughed Phyllis.

"She's got false teeth," accused Ma.

"'Tis a lie!" Phyllis was direct to a fault.

"Little Benny gave 'em to her."

"The good God gave them to her," affirmed Phyllis, crossing herself. "Sure, they're as sound as my own." And she exhibited to Ma at dazzling closeness of range a pair of teeth that were notoriously among the prettiest and most perfect survivals anywhere on the beach.

"You got me bluffed, Phyllis," said Ma, backing off. "I ain't even got the nerve to press them ruby lips of yours to mine."

Bilge and Dyckman, Who Had Paused to Make Their Prisoner Secure by the Tying of His Hands, Came Down the Stairs and Crowded Into the Little Room

Phyllis laughed and tossed her head gayly. These Yankee sailors were such jokers, all.

"Faith," she declared, "and if ever ye'd try it once 'twould be a holy box on the ear ye'd get that would still be ringin' when ye got home to America."

There was something in the firm tone of Phyllis' utterance and in the snap she gave her chin that caused Ma to congratulate himself that he never had tried it.

"Don't le's quarrel, Miss Phyllis," he pleaded. "I ain't got the heart for it. I come to you, Miss Phyllis, for advice. I'm a committee of one to keep this here schemin' Minnie O'Mahony from committin' matrimony upon the person of one helpless American sailorman, to wit, Little Benny Riley; and I need help!"

Phyllis threw back her head and laughed hilariously. "Mrs. O'Mahony!" she screamed. "Mrs. O'Mahony!"

Ma looked disturbed. It seemed as if the girl were bent on calling Mrs. O'Mahony down from her house halfway up the hill, two turns in on the court, and the door beyond Mrs. Connelly's tobacco shop. The sailorman was more disturbed to find that Mrs. O'Mahony kept the tiny victualer's shop next door—the other side of the room, in fact—for it had a common entrance with the New York Bar.

"Sure and what's devourin' ye now, Phyllis?" demanded an acrid female voice, and immediately a huge giantess of a woman, putty-nosed but fierce of eye, came shuffling up to the line of the bar and peering sidewise into the recess of the window seat insisted upon her first query: "What's devourin' ye now, I say?"

"This is Minnie's mother," explained Phyllis to Ma.

Never too brave where women were concerned, as has been already intimated, Ma watched with misgivings and alarm this Amazonian woman's features take on an added ungraciousness as she made out his figure beside Phyllis, and fain would the boson's mate have filtered out through the window if the window had been open.

"This young man is of the same mind with ye," chuckled Phyllis mischievously. "He wants your Minnie to refrain from marryin' his shipmate."

"Refrain, is it?" challenged the large woman. "Sure and it's mesilf will refrain her, I will that!" Mrs. O'Mahony set herself with arms akimbo and chin thrust out defiantly. "Take yerself aboard ship, young man," she rumbled on, making a noise like a steam pipe in distress, "and tell that young snip of a Riley that there's never come disgrace on the O'Mahonys since the days of Mahon that was king and foully murdered on his way to the house of Donovan, but venged by Brian Boru. The O'Mahonys may be poor but they're iver that proud ——"

Ma's Texan spirit grew restless and resentful under the implications of this to him unnecessary flood of oratory.

"Disgrace!" broke in the sailor, reddening; "I don't allow as it's any dis——"

"No disgrace?" sneered Mrs. O'Mahony. "Wid him teasin' and walkin' out wid her every bleesed night his ship is in port? And buyin' her presents and the like? Ye should see the presents he give her—the shoes, and the stockin's, and the gloves, and the ribbons and lawnjeree—real Carrickmacross and Limerick lace, till it's fair a scandal. The neighbors are that scandilized ——"

"Pardon me, ma'am," persisted Ma; "but I ain't seen yet where it's a disgrace to give presents to a lady. Back in my country you can give her a calf or a cotton crop if you want to, and it ain't no disgrace if you want to give it and she wants to take it."

"But he belongs to the navee!" she snorted.

"In my country that ain't figured to be nothin' disreputable," said Ma quickly, and now a little stiffly.

"He's a common American sailor!"

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Ma, now all dignity and standing very straight. "No man ain't common when he gits that uniform on. He just naturally cain't be."

This new manner of Ma's held Mrs. O'Mahony for a moment, and she seemed less satisfied with herself. "He's that slick," she began with a fresh breath and a new air as if feeling that now she got on firmer ground—"he's that slick at gettin' round her that he's won her silly heart into yearnin' to marry him."

"That ain't no crime neither, the way we figure it," persisted Ma, all his stubbornness roused and his eyes blazing indignantly. "Why, shucks, woman! Your daughter couldn't git a better husband than Little Benny Riley."

"The deceitful, snoopin', snippin' gossoon!" raged Mrs. O'Mahony.

"You-all sure are a-slanderin' a mighty nice boy," declared Ma with frowning displeasure. "However, that's what I come to talk to you about. I cain't stand by and see his fine young character assassinated, but they ain't really no use arguin'. You-all mustn't let your daughter marry this yere young man. He's got a father and a mother and they're comfortable. You can see how they'd feel with him marryin' a—a ——"

Ma was conscientiously feeling for the diplomatic word, while a new expression was coming over the face of Mrs. O'Mahony.

"The O'Mahonys are as good as the Rileys any day!" she flung into the breach.

"'Course they are, Mis' O'Mahony!" Ma hastened suavely to aver. "'Course they are! Ever' bit! But you see, you parents not knowin' each other, and these two young people kind of thoughtlesslike—why—so we-all just talked it over, me and some of the boys, and we 'lowed we'd come over and ask you not to let 'em."

Mrs. O'Mahony's countenance had changed again. Over the pallor of surprise rage had mounted once more—a mightier rage, and one that revealed the blackness of its venom in the gnashing of the two or three of the lady's surviving front teeth. Mrs. O'Mahony could hardly be said now to speak. She became a volcano and erupted streams of molten language.

"Of-all-the-interferin', insultin' character-destroyin' impydence-that-ever-I-heard-in-all-the-days-of-me-life! . . ."

She wound her passion higher with the utterance of every word.

"Calm yo'se'f, ma'am," urged Ma. "You-all are a-goin' to blow up a condenser or somethin' and injure yo'se'f permanent. There ain't nobody a-goin' to do you no harm. I just come along over here this afternoon peaceablelike to prevent a friend of mine from doin' harm to hisself."

But Mrs. O'Mahony had passed the possibility of calming. Words too had lost the power of relieving her; yet she resented supremely this final maternal air of Ma, so to speak, and her excited eye falling upon the sticky bar mop she seized it and started toward the sailorman as with intent to do him bodily harm or extravagant personal indignity. Perceiving this intent Ma debated momentarily whether it were more honorable to do battle with a woman or to fly ingloriously from her assaults.

He decided upon the latter and moved with strategical deliberation till he had enticed the threatening person of Mrs. O'Mahony past the table, when he neatly dodged

round the other end, avoided the cluttering figure of Phyllis, who was quite convulsed with mirth, leaped nimbly over the bar and escaped into the little square in front, whence he heard Mrs. O'Mahony's futile ragings and Phyllis' squawks of joyous laughter both pursuing him. Each was alike offensive to the proud spirit of Ma, who glanced about quickly to make sure that no derisive sailor eye had marked his hasty and undignified exit from the New York Bar. No bluejackets being visible, the young man, deaf to the shouted pleadings of Phyllis to return; luffed and weathered the corner and paused to collect himself and excogitate upon the situation.

"The old lady zigzags some in her mind, but she shore is dead agin Minnie leadin' little Benny to the halter," was his first deduction. "She ain't heard nothin' at all about this here weddin' bein' set for to-night though, an' that leaves the whole thing up to me," was his second.

Ma sighed. His feelings were somewhat ruffled, his pride hurt, his dignity assailed. It was, all things considered, an unpleasant business upon which he had engaged himself. Still Ma was not easily dissuaded from his purposes. He had undertaken a mission on behalf of his friend, and he would carry on though the end be bitter.

"That there Bilge person will be on the beach directly!" he reflected by way of spurring himself along. "I got to get busy or he'll be in here and have the whole thing jazzed up. I shore would love to be round though when he has his talk with the old lady. Maybe I can git back and git hid behind Phyllis' bar in time."

Nourished by this comfortable hope Ma hurried up the hill. He found following Phyllis' directions impossible, as such directions so readily given by the loquacious folk of this tight little isle always are impossible; but by repeated inquiries he got himself directed at last to the O'Mahony door, which appeared to be but one entrance of many to a hivelike heap of stone and plaster that bulked its ugly shape on the hillside and probably sheltered one way and another half a dozen families and mayhap some of their enterprises as well.

The sailor knew the type well enough—rookeries of most unexpected relation and attachment, with halls connected that had not been meant to be connected, with passages closed up or whole rooms or series of rooms blocked off and unused, given over to bats and spiders because of some old superstition as to haunt or ill luck; while at the same time doors might have been chiseled through stone walls to afford access to other houses or areaways or to add other apartments like architectural warts and wens to the main structure—a form of house admirably adapted to the needs of people who wish to live complex evasive lives, but to the simple honest folk who did inhabit them a mere thriftless accommodation to the most rudimentary needs of civilized life.

Because Ma did know the type, he approached this particular entrance to the pile with no particular hope that he was entering the immediate purlieus of the O'Mahony home. One glance convinced him that he had been mistaken in this, however, and he stood with sinking heart and utter loss of self-confidence before the picture it afforded. There were animate things in this picture, and inanimate. Since the inanimate furnished the necessary setting for the animate they had best be apprehended first.

The door itself, after a fashion of Irish doors, was cut in half at the waistline. The lower half was closed, but the upper half swung hospitably inward, inviting to a view of the interior—an interior that was cluttered up with furniture of various vintages and many kinds suggesting that the single room was used for the entire daily round of at least one family's life. There was a bed with posts of wood that age and the incidents of domestic usage had rendered varnishless, and in reach of this was a kitchen table that obviously served also as a dining table. Age, too, had had its way with the thick deal top of this table, for it was worn into waves by the rubbing of generations of elbows and of sliding dishes, while at the corners it was hacked into gutters by the careless but emphatic descent of thousands of blades of knives as they sawed the ends from loaves or pared the cheese or sliced the ham.

Other furniture in the room was of a like degree of antiquity; the dressing shelf was ancient, all save its mirror; the chests of drawers were time-scarred. The visitor was assured, however, that he was still in his own world by the presence of certain anachronisms and incongruities. A stove, quite modern and quite rusty, was set in a very venerable fireplace, which had been in part bricked up in consequence; and there was a modern lamp on the archaic mantel, while a luridly lithographed calendar and a brilliant poster of the Cork horse fair were in evidence as savoring particularly of the now, so that the humble ambassador from the great new republic was not abashed by all this antiquity, but merely reminded how venerable was this stone-pile scramble of human habitation into which fraternal duty led him.

Yet the bald truth is that all of this inanimate got no more than a passing glance from Ma. With the tail of an eye he swept it up into the background of consciousness and forgot it, standing transfixed by the animate—a very modern-looking Irish girl in a decrepit old upholstered chair, knitting merrily while a kitten lifted a playful paw toward her yarn. She was a plump little thing—the girl—who bent over her work with an air of happy industry. Her skirts were short, her shoes were low, her stockings were smooth and shiny silk—a gift from Benny, no doubt—and her hair was braided and coiled at the back in a fashion that Ma decided instantly was the only becoming way for a girl to do her hair.

The significance of the picture crept cunningly round the impressionable heart of Ma—the kitten, the happy-faced girl, the tune she was humming—Over There—and the sweater in navy gray!

"A sweater for Benny, by gum!" admitted Ma, with delight and pain mingling in his bosom.

But it was when he knocked that Ma's loyalty to his purpose in the coming interview was first actually threatened, for the knitter looked up at him with a most destructive smile. The girl's features were not exactly regular; her forehead was low, her nose turned up perceptibly, and her mouth was possibly a little large; yet she smiled on Ma wholesomely, winsomely, and with a light of fine good feeling in her eyes as she recognized the uniform of the Navy and seemed to approve it as her own. It occasioned Ma a stabbing sense of guilt and remorse to think that he had conspired so recklessly against the peace and happiness of eyes like these, lips like these.

The girl rose and came quickly to the door. The sailor's face was unfamiliar to her but he was a sailor; he came to ask a question, perhaps to seek direction.

"I am from the Judson," said Ma, doffing his flat hat quickly.

Minnie's face lighted freshly with such an expression of faith and camaraderie as indicated that all men from the Judson were cousins to her heart.

"You come from Benny?" she asked with doting emphasis on the proper name, a sort of freighting of it with the sweetness of honey and the tenderness of great love.

"Yessum," said Ma; "that is, not exactly. Ford's my name. You see Benny's an awful good friend of mine and we ——"

A puzzled network wrinkled the girl's brow.

"Ford? Ford?" she murmured, trying to be polite but frankly wondering. "I don't seem to remember. Bilge and Ma are the ones he talks most about."

"I'm Ma," confessed her visitor with an embarrassed blush, as if feeling that his absurd feminine nickname had placed him at a disadvantage by thus preceding him into this most appealing child-woman's presence.

(Continued on Page 69)

"Mother Can That," Declared Minnie. "She Can Help Being Nice to Anybody That She Doesn't Like"

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BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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Backing Them

BY THIS time, undoubtedly, you have talked with a good many of these young chaps in khaki or in navy blue. You must have been abnormally situated if you have not. They sit beside you in the street car, in the train; they are turning up everywhere.

They are bursting with interest in this strange life of a training camp. They never felt so well physically in their lives. But the discipline is something fierce. You get bawled out if you bat an eyelash, and your liberties taken away for any real fault. Excuses do not go. You have to do what you are told, when you are told. But they certainly feed a fellow well and take good care of him.

So they talk—and always with a looking forward to over there. You feel them fresh, ready, eager, with their lives in their hands for the country. And unless you are a particularly lumpy-souled citizen you feel that, with the utmost you can do, yours is the snug, lazy, easy rôle. The most you can do is poor enough compared with their everyday job of cleaning out machine-gun nests

Look them over. Consider their rôle and your rôle. Then dig up for this Liberty Loan until you start the roots.

Cotton

EXCEPT human suffering all this colossal affair of war might—theoretically, at least—be reduced to exact arithmetical terms and expressed in percentages. If that were done we should probably be rather surprised to see in what a comparatively small degree the world at war differed economically from the world at peace.

Upon hardly any world staple has war operated more violently than upon cotton. There has long been dire famine of the raw material in Germany, formerly the greatest consumer on the Continent. The flourishing textile industry of Belgium has been practically destroyed by war; and almost destroyed in France, for the best cotton-manufacturing districts have been in the enemy's hands. In England for a year cotton has been so scarce, due to the pinch in shipping, that mills working on American cotton have been restricted to fifty per cent of their capacity, and have run for only forty hours a week instead of the standard fifty-five hours.

But a trade review of the cotton year just ended—probably as complete and accurate as could be compiled under present conditions—puts the world's consumption of cotton in that year at seventeen and a half million bales, against slightly less than twenty millions in the year before the war. The actual difference is less than thirteen per cent. Incidentally, the British report concludes that in spite of scant supplies of materials and government regulations the year was the most profitable for cotton manufacturers that they have ever known.

The business of feeding and clothing the world and furnishing it with tools and diversions goes on, in the mass, pretty much as before.

The Decision

DAMAGE suits were brought against the Cunard Line on the ground that the loss of life which attended the sinking of the Lusitania was chargeable to culpable or unwarranted acts on the part of the company. The suits were on trial a considerable time. Voluminous evidence, covering every phase of the case, was taken. Recently the United States District Court gave its decision.

The Lusitania was not armed. It was not a munitions ship. It carried some leather infantry fittings, some empty shells, some safety cartridges, most of which could not be exploded without further treatment, none of which could be exploded by mere impact. It was a passenger ship carrying a legitimate cargo.

The company was not culpable in ignoring Germany's proclamation of a war zone round the British Isles or in sailing despite the warning which the German Embassy published in the newspapers. It relied upon well-settled international law and custom. It supposed it had to do with a civilized enemy. At that time the bloody barbarity of the German Government was not understood. That an unarmed passenger boat, filled with noncombatants, including many women and children, would be sunk at sight without warning and without regard to the lives of those on board, was not to be expected.

The court holds the company not liable, and its careful, dispassionate review writes down—conclusively and inexpugnably—the verdict of murder against the German Government.

War Taxes

THE country can stand an eight-billion-dollar Federal tax bill this year because the Government this year is spending twenty-four billion dollars for American goods and labor, and paying about double the prices and wages of 1914.

It can stand the tax bill because wheat is selling at two dollars and twenty cents a bushel, iron ore at five and a half dollars a ton, copper at twenty-six cents a pound, and the demand for all staple articles is unlimited; because the normal problems of capital supply for extensions of plant and for current credit are adjourned for the period of the war. Broadly, the Government takes the goods and supplies whatever capital industry requires.

With Federal, state and local taxes the total bill this year will come to ten billion dollars. That is about one-third the total amount of wealth turned out in the country in 1914—or the gross value of all goods of every sort that were produced and of all services rendered. That Government could have made anything like such a levy on the nation's income in 1914 without paralyzing industry is out of the question.

The Federal taxes are levied mostly on surpluses—on surplus of individual income above reasonable living expenses and on surplus of corporation income above a modest return on the capital invested. But except for war's effects on industry there would be no such surpluses; and surplus—the excess over present necessary consumption—is exactly what industry grows on in normal times. It is out of the surplus, necessarily, that every improvement and extension is made. Cut off the surplus over present consumption and growth stops.

Some facile philosophers talk of this tax bill as a sign of what might have been done in the past or what can readily be done in the future. The tax bill is as much a war product as this feverish activity in building ships and airplanes.

Cost of Living

MOST of us fall easily into the mistake of taking the relative price of commodities as a relative measure of the cost of living. In offhand dealing with the subject that is pretty nearly inevitable. Yet it is a mistake even as to wage earners' families, that are the common subject of cost-of-living discussions.

For example, from July, 1914, to June, 1918, commodity prices in the United States, taken as a whole, rose about a hundred per cent. But a recent report concludes that cost of living for an average wage-earning family increased fifty-five per cent in the same time. Rent, which takes about a fifth of the average wage earner's income, rose only fifteen per cent. Fuel and light rose only forty-five per cent. In every family above actual poverty there are sundries, consisting of reading matter, movies, street-car fares, doctor's bills—which, generally speaking, have increased but little.

Every family above the actual bread line has a much greater command over its income than offhand cost-of-living statements commonly assume. Even in the leading item, food, a less expensive article, equally nourishing and palatable, can often be substituted for a more expensive one. It is only in very poor families that cost of living necessarily keeps in close correspondence with commodity prices.

Cost-of-living studies generally assume that the whole income is spent. Wherever there was a surplus the family must, as a rule, have lived in such a way that many retrenchments were practicable. There are many families whose cost of living now need not be any higher than it was in 1914. There are millions of families that can readily offset higher commodity prices to a great extent.

Hiring and Keeping Labor

THE stupidest thing about American business—or any other country's business—the least efficient and most wasteful thing, has been in relation to labor. There has been a reason for that—the same reason that there was for our long-continued shocking waste of timber through bad logging methods, preventable fires, and so on. We wasted timber because it seemed to the purblind vision of those days there was an unlimited supply of it. We wasted labor through unintelligent handling of it, preventable strikes, no systematized employment agencies, and so on, because there seemed to be plenty of labor.

There is a dire lack of labor now and we are trying hard to catch up on what we ought to have done before to conserve labor force.

Among other expedients the War Industries Board is arranging for courses of scientific instruction in "employment management." A number of universities and technical schools are already coöperating. The object is to train men intensively in the hiring and keeping of labor, so that finally a manufacturer will be devoting as much pains and trained skill to selling his employees their jobs as he now devotes to selling his customers auto trucks or paint or clothing or whatever else he makes. The employment manager is coming in as a new staff officer, and if he rises to his opportunities he will rank with the sales manager.

In this pinch for steel you could not imagine thirty per cent of the supply of ingots in a given district drifting about from plant to plant, so the mill manager who went to bed with a well-stocked yard might wake up to find half his supply trundling off to some other mill. Just that happened with labor over and over, and it was as unprofitable to labor as to the employer. It was a sign of gross inefficiency in handling labor—thrown into high relief by the war. Imperative war conditions are pointing the ways to correct it.

Nip and Tuck

WAR industries need another million hands at this moment. This is no facile generalization, but an official statement based on a careful survey of the situation, detail by detail. At various points the program is lagging because of lack of labor. The new draft will increase the pinch.

Experts do not know where the Government is to find the twenty-odd million tons of steel that its plans require in the second half of this calendar year. In the current fiscal year we've got to raise double the amount of money we raised last year.

When Foch turned the corner in the military contest and opened up a fair broad prospect of victory—that was just about the time when we started uphill, with an ever-increasing grade. Up to then—once we got ourselves pulled together and fairly at work—the going had been very good. We could do it with comparative ease. We have struck the upgrade now. Only the hardest pushing will keep the load going; and there has never been another moment in this war that called more imperatively for the hardest pushing by all hands. We can plainly see the way out; but if we do not keep going at top speed we may lose it again.

Now, the labor is here. When a man is actually drafted his employer does not shut up shop. He finds at once that a woman, a youth or a man above forty-five can take the conscript's place and keep the business going. A broader adjustment on that line must be made. Practically all of us, in things we buy and things we hire done, use labor that might be turned to more vitally necessary work. We must individually consider everything we do with reference to the needs of the war. The money is here, but we have got to dig it up by real digging.

It is nip and tuck now—for the victory that is plainly within sight. The moment cries "No let-down, but push harder!"

FOOD AND FUEL—By Floyd W. Parsons

A Shop Where Discarded Shoes are Repaired for Further Use

Soldiers' Uniforms are Salvaged and Every Possible Inch of Cloth is Saved

AS THE Southern darky would say, "Cussin' de weather is mighty po' farmin'," and this bit of negro philosophy is a splendid precept for the wise man to-day. Though it is quite the vogue now to swear at everybody and everything on the slightest provocation it is well to remember that curses are like circus parades—they always return whence they came. It is likewise true that no curse ever struck out an eye unless the fist went with it.

The present moment is a time that calls for three things—action, more action and always action. If we meet a situation we cannot take by the head let us take it by the tail. We must use our hands, not our tongues; words may come first in time, but action ranks first in force. The most liberal professions of patriotism are very far from being the surest marks of it. We must give our country a proof of deeds, for an acre of performance is worth a whole land of promise.

We must establish a wide atmosphere of self-sacrifice and then those of us who breathe it must get above self-glorification and self-seeking. If we must boast let it be about our ability to get up ready for the fight each time we are knocked down. Let us measure our worth by what we do in spite of circumstances rather than because of them. We must remember it is easier to criticize than to be correct. Thousands of real Americans in the present crisis are giving the nation the best that is in them, not for applause but for the self-consciousness of duty performed.

We hear a great deal about "Conservation will win the war." Let us change the expression and say "Conservation will pay for the war"

In discussing conservation we are dealing with the chief factor of national success both in war and in peace. It is the permanent cause of any people's wealth, and what we are doing to conserve our resources for war to-day will carry on into the days of peace and be the one beneficial inheritance of the present cruel and unholy conflict.

New Energy

OUR Government in its emergency is preaching a stern gospel, but measures less severe would give only temporary relief and in the end lead to softness, degeneration and defeat. No man can make an auger hole with a gimlet, so we must be content to work with the facilities that are at hand. We shall accomplish no mean or insufficient results if we get one hundred per cent out of our possibilities. Great Britain has mobilized one-third of all her available hands, and yet the production of goods in that country is greater to-day than ever before. Here in the United States we have taken more than three million men out of our industrial life, and we likewise are producing more goods than we did in past years. This means but one thing—we have substantially increased our national energy. Nothing else can explain our ability to spend and consume more and still have tens of billions to lay out on war.

If there is anyone who doubts the vital necessity of practicing increased efficiency and utmost economy let him recall that the seven leading belligerents during the past four years have spent $134,000,000,000 for purely war purposes. This sum is beyond all comprehension and can be grasped only by comparison with other wars. It is greater than the total expenditures for all other wars since the beginning of recorded history. The total cost of all wars since the American Revolution was $23,000,000,000, or only a little more than one-sixth the cost of the present conflict up to date. The combined average cost of the present struggle for four years has been $3,824,200 each hour of the day. It took the warring nations one hundred years to accumulate a debt of $23,000,000,000, and only four years to increase this liability nearly sixfold.

The destruction of machinery, buildings, crops, livestock, roads, railways and bridges in France and Belgium is estimated to be $3,735,000,000. In the eastern theater of the war there have been correspondingly large losses. The total destruction of ships up to August 1, 1918, is placed at 15,000,000 tons, or nearly one-third of the world's pre-war shipping. The cost of the lost tonnage is estimated at $1,050,000,000, basing the figures on values prevailing in 1914. Even here in the United States, located as we are, distant from the field of hostilities, our fire losses due to enemy incendiarism last year amounted to nearly $45,000,000. In the matter of human losses, basing our estimate on the figures of a celebrated actuary, the nations have been impoverished through the death and permanent disability of a part of their productive man power to the extent of $45,000,000,000. This loss is measured in terms of the capital value of the workers withdrawn from industry, and is slightly offset by the enhancement in the capital value of the remaining producers, and by the industrial gain resulting from the women drawn into industries.

Eating Habits Changed

IT IS not necessary that one be an architect in order to live in a house. Nor is it essential that a person shall be a statistician or economist to understand from the foregoing figures that the nations of the earth have never before faced such a catastrophe as has been brought on us by these Hun birds of the devil's hatching. We must ignore the chatter of tongues that talk about the war's cost being borne by succeeding generations. We are paying the bill to-day and shall go on paying until the debt is squared. All efforts toward evasion of our plain obligations will prove bitter by repentance. We must save and sacrifice and strive as we never have before. Let me discuss briefly some of the things we have done and other things we should do.

No story of the war is more remarkable than America's effort in food conservation. What has been accomplished far surpasses early hopes. We are informed that the people of the United States have so far saved more food voluntarily than any other country has done under compulsion. Mr. Hoover and his associates have changed the eating habits of an entire nation. Until we entered the war white bread was looked upon as the staff of life. To-day the person whose diet includes white bread is viewed with suspicion, and such a one is not a welcome guest in real American homes.

Furthermore, our necessity has taught us many things. Take corn, for instance. It used to be eaten mostly in the South. And the South, too, was the

Handling Garbage From a United States Cantonment

only part of the country that had been troubled with pellagra. The South ate corn bread and the South had pellagra; the deduction was simple—corn meal causes pellagra. But fortunately there were a few people who had to be shown, and an investigation was started. The result developed the astounding fact that any cereal if it is bolted and a large part of the nutritive elements of the outer coat are removed will cause pellagra when eaten to the exclusion of other cereals.

Another interesting investigation concerned barley in its relation to wheat. In the past barley was raised chiefly for manufacture into liquor. It was the mainstay of the brewers. Last fall, when Congress was considering a price of $2.50 a bushel for wheat, some of our political wiseacres in Washington declared that, unless a higher price than the existing $2.20 was promised, the farmers would cease to raise wheat and would plant their acres with barley. This possibility was looked upon as an impending catastrophe which should be avoided at all costs. The Food Administration, however, viewed the matter in a different light. "Go from wheat to barley, if you want to, with our blessing," the farmers were told. "An acre planted to barley will produce four times the nutritional value of an acre of wheat."

As the food situation has become more serious here and abroad, nations are being fed not so much on particular types of foods as on nutritional values. This is shown by the fact that our export programs are worked out on the basis of calories, with a constant ratio between the comparative amounts of proteins and carbohydrates. The chief reason why the bulk of our exports have been in the form of meat and wheat is that they combine comparative durability with high nutritive value, enabling us to maintain these export programs with a minimum amount of shipping space. Of course, personal preferences must be borne in mind, but the very fact that in this country we have been able to maintain a cereal program that has changed the bread-eating habits of almost 100,000,000 people shows that personal preferences can in a very large measure be subordinated.

Record Exports

SHORTAGE of ocean shipping has put the Food Administration up against many difficult situations, inasmuch as conditions have varied to such a great extent almost from day to day. This has necessitated changes in the export and conservation programs almost overnight. Take the demands that were precipitated upon this country when the big German offensive was started on March twenty-first of the present year. Every available ship had to be transformed immediately into a troopship—and incidentally the food-export program had to be revamped.

Dozens of vessels were drawn from the Indian and Australian trade and sent from our ports with troops. Most of these were refrigerator ships. They could not be used for the transportation of grain. But to allow the refrigerators to remain empty while they carried men across the water would have been a great waste of vital resources. Consequently, it was necessary to make demands upon our meat supplies, and beef began to cross the ocean in a steady stream. It is not hard to realize that this meant a severe strain upon our domestic stocks when it is considered that before the war we exported only 21,000,000 pounds of beef a year, while last April alone we sent over more than 73,303,000 pounds. In one month we exported more than three times as much as we shipped under normal conditions in an entire year. Our internal transportation has offered another problem of no small moment. Last winter, when our railroad terminals were blocked and invaluable ocean tonnage was tied up at our Atlantic ports, several rapid changes in the food program were necessitated. At the height of the congestion Europe sent a frenzied appeal for cereals. Wheat could not be moved from the farms, and the supplies at country terminals and in mills and elevators were practically exhausted. Corn had backed up on the farms, and because of an early fall and the consequent large stocks of "soft corn" in the country the farmers were facing heavy losses.

The Food and Railroad Administrations, realizing the gravity of the foreign situation, bent every effort to discover a remedy—and it was found. Other demands upon the railroads were sidetracked and lines between the seaboard and the centers of heavy corn production were cleared. Ten million bushels of corn were moved from the farms and loaded into transatlantic steamers in ten days. Solid trainloads were kept moving on express schedule, rushing one million bushels a day to our Atlantic ports.

The Food Administration has, largely by a campaign of education, added greatly to the car efficiency of the railroad systems by securing heavier loading and more expeditious movement of perishables. It has prescribed minimum carload weights for many commodities and has taught the farmer the desirability of pooling resources with his neighbors in order to have every car that leaves the country station loaded to capacity.

Thousands of Tons of High-Grade Metal are Recovered From the Battlefields

Manufacturing Sausages From the Meat of Horses Killed on the Battlefield

Not a Scrap of Leather is Wasted. Every Shoe That Can be Made Fit Goes Back to Do Further Service

Brought to Book

OF COURSE, not all of the work of the Food Administration has been of an educational or persuasive nature. More than one food merchant has found to his sorrow that Mr. Hoover's organization was cloaked with authority to back up its "requests." Many merchants attempted to profit through the rules and regulations laid down when the wholesale dealers in the country were first placed under license. Knowing that before almost any other consideration the Food Administration wished to prevent waste and loss several wily commission merchants saw in the new governmental agency a means to further their ends.

Last fall a dealer in the East refused to accept a consignment of onions and potatoes shipped him by a Western wholesale-produce firm. The Western firm appealed to the Food Administration, asking that he be forced to pay the penalty for his refusal and the consequent loss of the goods, and demanding that he meet the draft attached to bill of lading. The Food Administration investigated, and the Western firm was deprived of its license and forced to discontinue business. It appeared that this house had been making a practice of shipping goods that had begun to deteriorate. It is only fair to state, however, that there have been very few such cases of profiteering and willful waste of foodstuffs.

Another interesting little sidelight on the license regulations was seen last fall, in the height of the sugar shortage, in a New Jersey city. The manager of a vaudeville theater there advertised that with each of 375 tickets bearing lucky numbers a pound of sugar would be given away. The Food Administrator forced the man who had sold sugar in such unreasonable quantities to the manager of the theater to suspend business for a month.

As to just how satisfactory and effective the work of the Food Administration has been up to date I need only point out that in its first year, ending June 30, 1918, the voluntary reductions in wheat alone saved 125,000,000 bushels

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You Can Be Sure Of The Republic

Most car owners realize that it pays, nowadays, to keep close watch of tire performance.

Whenever this watchfulness is applied to Republic Tires, it tends to make yet another constant Republic user.

Nothing else is needed to give a man proof positive that Republic Tires do last longer.

Today, as nearly as we can tell, more than 100,000 car owners are practicing a very real war economy by continually using Republic Tires in preference to all others.

They have noted how much more slowly the tires wear down—how very little they are cut and chipped in rough service, due to the rubber-toughening Prōdium Process.

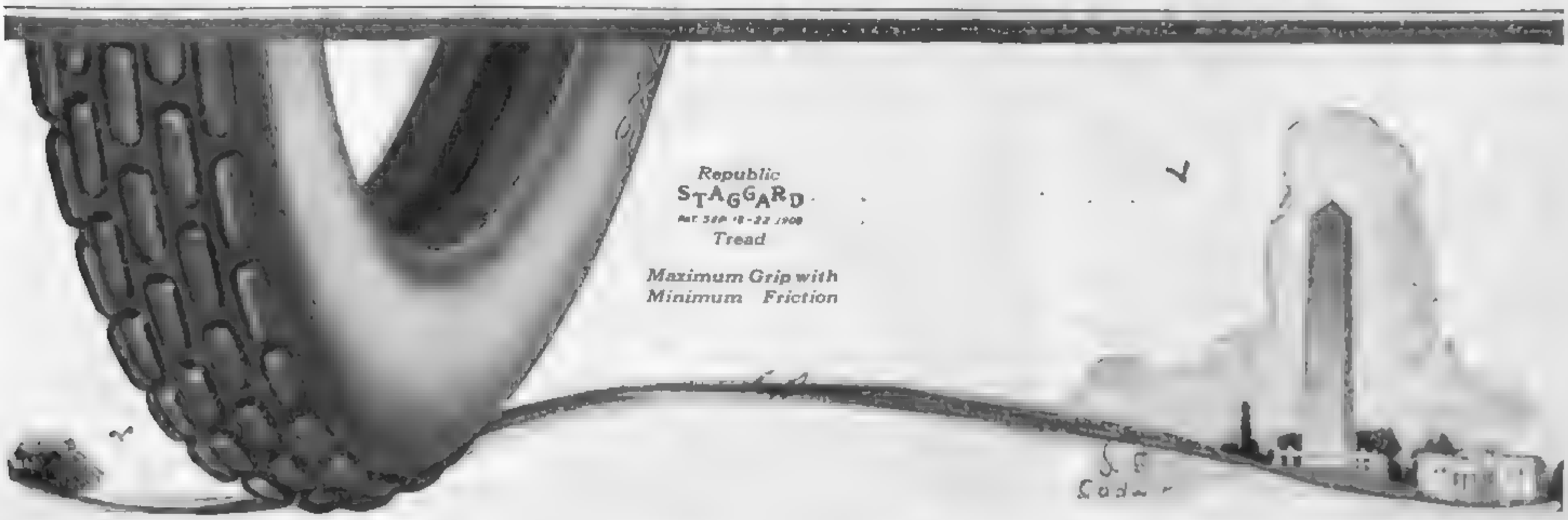
You can confidently expect a definite reduction in car up-keep, dating from the day you begin using Republic Tires.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES



WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

IX

By Frances Wilson Huard

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

BEFORE the war it used to be Aunt Rose's victoria that met us at the station; a victoria drawn by a shiny span and driven by pompous old Joseph, the coachman, clad in a dark green, gold-buttoned livery and wearing a cockade on his hat. Aunt Rose's coachman and the Swiss at Notre Dame were classed among the curiosities of the city, as could be attested by the numerous persons who hastened to their doorsteps to see the brilliant equipage pass by.

But this time we found the victoria relegated beside the old *berline* which Aunt Rose's great-grandmother had used to make a journey to Italy; the horses had been sent out to the farm, where they were needed, and Joseph, fallen from the glory of his box, attired in a striped alpaca waistcoat and wearing a straw hat, half civilian, half servant, seemed a decidedly puffy old man, much aged since our last visit.

"Monsieur and madame will be obliged to take the omnibus. Will monsieur kindly give me the baggage check?"

Then as I fumbled in my purse: "Monsieur and madame will find many changes, I fear."

But in spite of his prophecy to us there seemed little difference. The rickety old omnibus rattled and bumped noisily over the pointed cobble pavements, the tiny city merely seemed asleep behind its drawn blinds and its closed shutters. At the corner of the square in front of the château the old vegetable vender still sold her products, seated beneath her patched red cotton parasol; the Great Dane watchdog lay in exactly the same place on the tinker's doorstep. Round the high church tower the crows circled and cawed as usual, while the bell of its clock was echoed by the distant hills with the same familiar sound.

The omnibus deposited us at the entrance to the big roomy edifice which Aunt Rose calls home. The broad façade, evenly pierced by its eighteen long French windows, had a genial, inviting appearance, while the soft rose color of the bricks, the white stone trimming, the iron balconies, mingled here and there with bas-reliefs and sculptures, were in perfect harmony with the tall, slanting slate roof and majestic chimneys; the whole forming one of those delightful ensembles constructed by local architects during the seventeenth century for the pleasure and comfort of a large French bourgeois family.

Aunt Rose herself, leaning upon an ivory-headed cane, but bright-eyed and alert as ever, awaited us at the top of the steps. From her we soon learned that we had missed our friends the M's by but a day, and that little André, son of our cousins in Flers, had announced his visit for the following Monday.

At this point Friquet, her old Pomeranian favorite, crept down from his cushion and approached us.

"He doesn't bark any more, so you know he must be getting old," smiled Aunt Rose, caressing her pet.

"My poor Victoire is getting on, too, I fear. Her nephew is stone-blind since the Battle of the Marne. Joseph has lost two of his grandsons; of course he didn't tell you—he doesn't want anyone to speak of it—but he's very much upset by it. Nicolas and Armandine do nothing but worry about their poor little Pierre, who hasn't given sign of life for three months now—so I fear you will have to be very patient and very indulgent guests."

The delightful old lady led us to our room—the "Psyche Room," we, the "youngsters," used to call it on account of the charming grisaille wall paper, dating from the end of the Empire period, and representing in somewhat stiff but none the less enchanting manner the amorous adventures of that goddess.

I have always had a secret feeling that many a time, urged by her confessor, Madame de C. had been upon the point of obliterating or removing those extreme chaste nude images. But at the last moment rose up the horror of voluntarily changing anything in the homestead, transforming a whole room that she always had known thus; and perhaps the unavowed fear of our ridicule and reproach had made her renounce her project.

"Brush up quickly, and come right down to tea. We've got so many things to talk over. You've so much to tell me!"

So a quarter of an hour later, teacup in hand, we must needs go into the details of our trips, inform her of our hopes and fears, tell of all the different things we had seen—what America was going to do—what it had already accomplished. And with her marvelously quick understanding, her vivacious intelligence, the old lady classified the facts and the anecdotes, asked us to repeat dates and numbers, that she might the better retain them in her splendid memory.

All through dinner and the long evening she plied us with questions, kept the conversation running along the same lines, returning now and then to a certain theme or certain figures, and asking us to go into even more detail.

"I know I'm an abominable old egoist," she at length apologized, "but you'd forgive me if only you realized how much happiness your stories will bring, and to how many people. I imagine that you haven't had much time for correspondence with our family—but that's all an old woman like myself is good for these days."

"Our family" consisted in relationship to the *n*th degree of all the H's, de C's, B's and F's that were then in existence—some of them such distant cousins that good Aunt Rose herself would never have recognized them had they met. And besides these people there were her friends, her servants, her farmers—possibly a group of three hundred persons with whom the good soul corresponded, giving news of the ones to the others, announcing misfortunes or joys—a living link between us all. Left a widow when still quite young, Aunt Rose had lived with and respected the memory of her husband. Though she had had many an offer, she had never cared to remarry. But unable to stand the damp climate of Normandy she had returned to her family homestead in this little city of the Bourbonnais, in whose suburbs she possessed quite a fortune in farm lands.

Alone in the world, with no immediate family, she had devoted herself not only to her own but to her husband's relatives. Her home had always been the *havre de grâce*, known and respected by them all; and meeting place for reconciliation between persons whose self-control had escaped them; the shelter for prodigal and repentant sons who awaited the forgiveness of their justly wrathful sires; the comforting haven that seemed to assuage the pangs of departure and bereavement. But above all it was the one spot for properly celebrating family anniversaries, announcing engagements and spending joyous vacations.

The war had been the cause of a great deal of hard work in this respect.

"Why, I receive more letters than a state functionary," Aunt Rose informed me when I came upon her early the next morning, already installed behind her huge flat-topped desk, her tortoise-shell spectacles tipped down toward the end of her very prominent nose.

"For nearly four years I've been writing on an average of twenty letters a day, and I never seem to catch up with my correspondence. Why, I need a secretary just to sort out and classify it. You haven't an idea the different places that I hear from. See, here are your letters from the United States. Léon is in the Indo-Chinese Bank in Oceanica. Albert is mobilized at Laos, Quentin in Morocco. Jean-Paul and Marcel are fighting at Saloniki; Emilien in Italy. Marie is Mother Superior in a convent at Madrid; Madeline, Sister of Charity at Cairo. You see I've a world-wide correspondence.

"Look!" she continued, opening a deep drawer in one side of her desk. "Here are the letters from my poilus; and of course these are only the answered ones. The dear boys just love to write, and not one of them misses a week without doing so. I'm going to keep them all. Their children may love to have them some day."

Then she opened a smaller drawer, and my eye fell upon a dozen or fifteen packages, all different in size and each one enveloped in white tissue paper, carefully tied about with gray silk ribbon.

"These were written by our dear departed," she said.

In an instant they passed before my eyes—those "dear departed." Big tall William, so gay and so childish, he who used to play the ogre or the horse or anything one wished; a person so absolutely indispensable to their games that all the little folk used to gather beneath his window early in the morning, crying in chorus: "Uncle William! Uncle William! Do wake up and come down and play!"

Jean-François, the engineer; Philippe, the architect; Honoré, whom we dubbed "Déshonoré," because he used always to return empty-handed when we went hunting together. Gone, gone forever!

Aunt Rose picked up one of the smaller packages.

"These were from little Jacques." And two bright tears trembled on her lashes. "You remember him, of course, my

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Styleplus make both sides of your dollar count

Good resolutions for every man to make in these war-times are:

"I will buy only the clothes that I *need*.

"I will pay the price that brings genuine quality—*and not one cent more*."

Every dollar you spend should count. Count for you and country.

You will be stylish and thrifty *both* if you buy Styleplus Clothes.

You get reliable quality and style at a nationally known price—*a sensible, medium price*.

By making only a few grades in big volume we reduce costs and produce clothing values justly famous with well dressed and economical men.

Correct style. Careful tailoring. Finished workmanship. Faithful wear. Known price.

Two grades in Styleplus suits: $25 and $30.

Three grades in Styleplus overcoats: $25, $30 and $35.

Each grade one price the nation over. Each grade is an exceptional value at the price.

See for yourself at the Styleplus Store—today!

Sold by one leading clothing merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"Each grade one price the nation over"

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

Trade Mark Registered

(Continued from Page 24)

dear. He was an orphan; he never knew his mother. I always supposed that is what made him so distant and reserved. Jean, his guardian, who is very severe, used to treat him as he did his own children—scolding him often about his indolence, his lack of application to his studies.

"I used to have him here with me during his vacations. He loved this old house—and I knew it. Sometimes when you would all start out for some excursion I'd see him coming back toward the gate.

"'You're not going with them then, Jacques?'

"'No, thank you, Aunt Rose; it's so nice in your drawing-room.'

"When he was just a little baby I often wanted to take him onto my lap and laugh and play with him. But he was so cold and distant! A funny little mite, even with boys his own age. Nobody seemed to understand him exactly; certain people even thought that he was a surly nature.

"He spent his last furlough here, and I found quite a change in him. He was more robust and tanned. A splendid-looking fellow, and I was so proud of him.

"'Aunt Rose,' he asked even before we embraced, 'is there anyone else stopping with you?'

"'Why, no, child; and I'm afraid you'll find the house very empty. If only I'd known you were coming I most certainly should have invited your cousins!'

"'Oh, I'm so glad you didn't! I much prefer being alone with you.'

"He came and went in the house, but never could be persuaded to go outside the yard. I should have loved to take him with me and show his War Cross to some of my old friends. But he wouldn't hear of it.

"'Pooh!' he would laugh when I would suggest such a thing. 'If ever they come near me I'll tell them I've got "trench pest"—and then you'll see them clear out.'

"He went down in the kitchen and I'd hear him pottering round. I never knew him so gay and happy.

"'Tante Rose, I'm going to sing you La Madelon and the Refrain de la Mitraille. It was Planchet, the tinsmith, who composed it.'

"He'd sit for hours in that big blue armchair, blinking at the fire, and then suddenly he'd come to earth and exclaim: 'Aunt Rose, what a pleasure to be here!'

"When finally he had to go back he caught me and whispered in my ear as I kissed him: 'Next time, Tante, you promise me not to invite anyone, won't you?'

"Poor child, he will never come back; and his friend Planchet, the tinsmith, saw him fall with a bullet through his heart. It was he who wrote me the sad news.

"Well, my dear, what mystery the soul hides within itself! In one of the cupboards of the room he occupied I found two notebooks, and a diary filled with verses he had never shown to anyone, never admitted having written. How little we guessed what he was about when we scolded him for his indolence and inattention. If you only knew what accents, what harmonious phrases he found to depict the shades of our trees, the rippling of the river, the perfume of the flowers and his love for us all.

"There is a whole chapter devoted to the old homestead. He seemed to feel everything, divine everything—explain everything. None of us understood him. There is no use pretending we did. Not one among us would ever have guessed that so splendid and delicate a master of the pen lived and moved among us!"

Aunt Rose looked straight out on the sunlit court, the great tears rolling unheeded down her cheeks.

For a long time neither of us said a word.

Like its mistress, Aunt Rose's home lives to serve the war. The culinary realm is always busily engaged preparing *pâtés* and *galantines*, *rillettes* and sausages. "For our boys," is the answer almost before the question is put. "They're so glad to get homemade dainties, and are always clamoring for more—no matter how much you send!

"Since they must eat preserved food we might as well send them something we make ourselves; then we're sure it's the best. Why, I'd be ashamed to go out and buy something and send it off without knowing who had handled it!" This was the cook's idea of patriotism, which I shared most heartily, having at one time had nothing but bully beef and dried beans as constant diet for nearly a fortnight.

The coachman and inside man sealed the crocks and tins, prepared and forwarded the packages.

"Oh, there's one for everybody—even for the boys of the city who haven't a family to look after them. They must be mighty glad madame's alive. We put in one or two post cards, views of the town. That cheers them up and makes them feel they're not forgotten here."

One afternoon on descending into the kitchen we beheld two sturdy-looking fellows seated at table and eating with ravenous appetites. One was an artilleryman who had but a single arm, the other a chasseur whose much bandaged leg was reposing upon a stool.

"They are wounded men on convalescent leave," explained Armandine. "The poor fellows need a little humoring so that they'll build up the quicker, and an extra meal surely can't hurt!"

This was certainly the opinion of the two invalids, who had just disposed of a most generous bacon omelet, and were about to dig into a jar of *pâté*.

Armandine and Nicholas watched them eat with evident admiration, fairly drinking up their words when between mouthfuls they would stop for breath and deign to speak.

Their rustic eloquence was like magic balm poured on a constantly burning sore.

"Your son? Why, of course he'll turn up!" the artilleryman assured them.

"But he hasn't written a line!"

"That's nothing. Now just suppose that correspondence is forbidden in his sector for the time being?"

"I know, but it's three months since we heard from him. We've written everywhere, to all the authorities, and never get any returns—except now and then a card saying that they're giving the matter their attention! That's an awfully bad sign, isn't it?"

"Not at all; not at all!" chimed in the chasseur. "Why, some of the missing have been found in other regiments, or even in the depots, and nobody knows how they got there.

"Three months? Why, that's not long. After the Battle of the Marne my poor old mother had them say heaven knows how many masses for the repose of my soul; for four months and three days she never heard a thing of me, and I'd written her regularly every week. Yes, and what are you going to do if the letter carrier gets killed or the

Monsieur J., With His Gas Mask

boche locates the mail wagon on the road every other delivery? Nobody's going to inform you of the accident."

"And that does happen often?"

"Almost every day."

"Quite a common occurrence. There's nothing for you to worry about yet, really now."

So "hope springs eternal" in the breasts of the bereaved parents, whose smile gradually broadens out into a laugh when the artilleryman recounts some grotesque tale and gives his joyous nature free rein.

The convalescents who came to this particular city must have recuperated in the minimum of time, if *régime* had anything to do with the reëstablishment. In every house the cloth was always on the table, the door open in sign of welcome. "Come in and have a bite with us," people would call to them as they passed by.

Certain among them were being treated for severe cases and had been in the city a long time. The townspeople were proud of their progress and their cure, almost as proud as of their notary, who on leaving for the Front was only a second lieutenant, but now had command of a battalion of chasseurs.

Nor must one forget Monsieur de P.'s son, cited for bravery among the aces; and least of all ignore Monsieur Dubois, who, having lost both sons, shut up his house, settled his business and without telling anyone went off and enlisted as a simple private at sixty-two years of age!

In coming to this distant little city I had sought to find repose for my somewhat shattered nerves; dared hope for complete rest beneath this hospitable sympathetic roof. But the war is everywhere. Yes, yes, far from the sound of the guns one's eyes are spared the spectacles of horror and desolation, but there is not a soul who for a single instant really escapes the gigantic shiver that has crept over all the world. Out here, far removed from the seat of events, life necessarily becomes serious and mournful. The seemingly interminable hours lend themselves most propitiously to reflections, foster misgivings, and one therefore feels all the more keenly the absence of the dear ones.

There are but two moments when real excitement ripples the apparent calm of the little city—one in the morning when the paper boy, announcing his approach by blowing his brass horn, runs from door to door distributing the dailies, while people rush forth and wait their turns impatiently. The evening communiqué arrives at eight P. M. An old white-haired postman pastes it upon the bulletin board outside the post office. Long before the hour one can hear steps echoing on the pavement as men, women and children, old people on crutches, cripples leaning on their nurses' arms hasten in the same direction, moved by the same anxious curiosity. When the weather is inclement one turns up his trousers or removes her best skirt. It is no uncommon sight to see women in woolen petticoats with a handkerchief knotted about their heads standing, their umbrellas in hand, patiently awaiting the news. A line forms and each one passes in front of the little square piece of paper, whose portent may be so exhilarating or so tragic. Then someone clears his throat, and to save time reads the bulletin for the benefit of the assembled group.

Here again the strategists are in evidence. Monsieur Paquet, the jeweler, having served his three years some three decades ago at Rheims, has a wonderfully lucid way of explaining all the operations that may be made in that region, while Monsieur Morin, the grocer, whose wife comes from Amiens, yields the palm to no one when that sector is mentioned.

Each gentleman has a special view on the subject—each favors a special mode of combat, and each of course has his following among the townspeople. But the masses give them little heed.

Monsieur Paquet's persistent optimism or Monsieur Morin's equally systematic pessimism does not touch them in the least. The French soul has long since known how to resist emotions. Sinister rumors shake it no more than do insane hopes and desires.

"All we know is that there's a war," exclaimed a sturdy housewife, summing up her impressions. "And we've got to have victory so it will stop!"

"Amen!" laughed an impudent street gamin.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, and presently when the gathering was considerably diminished a group stepped forward, pressed round the bulletin board and commented on the communiqué in an incomprehensible tongue.

By their round, open faces, their blond hair and that unspeakable air of honesty and calm resolution, one instantly recognized the Belgians. Yes, the Belgians, come here in 1914—the Belgians who have taken up their abode, working anywhere and everywhere, with an incomparable good will and energy. But they have never taken root, patiently waiting for the day when once again they may pull out their heavy drays that brought them down here, whose axles they have never ceased to grease, just as they have always kept their magnificent horses shod and ready to harness, that at a moment's notice old women and children may be hoisted into the straw and the whole caravan thread its way northward toward the native village—that village of which they have never ceased to talk.

"Ah, madame," exclaimed one poor old soul in a phrase that might have seemed comic if it hadn't been so infinitely profound and touching—"ah, madame, even if there isn't anything left it will be our village just the same!"

Alas! I know but too well the fate of such villages at the Front. Occupied by the enemy or crushed beneath his iron heel, subjected to his gunfire!

■

IT WAS Aunt Rose's custom to spend one week out of every four at her country seat. With the war had come the shortage of labor, and now that her head man had been mobilized it was necessary for someone to take direct control, superintend and manage these valuable farmlands which must do their share toward national support. It needed no urging to persuade us to accompany her.

"My farmers haven't the time to make the trip to town individually, so I get a list of their wants, and my coming

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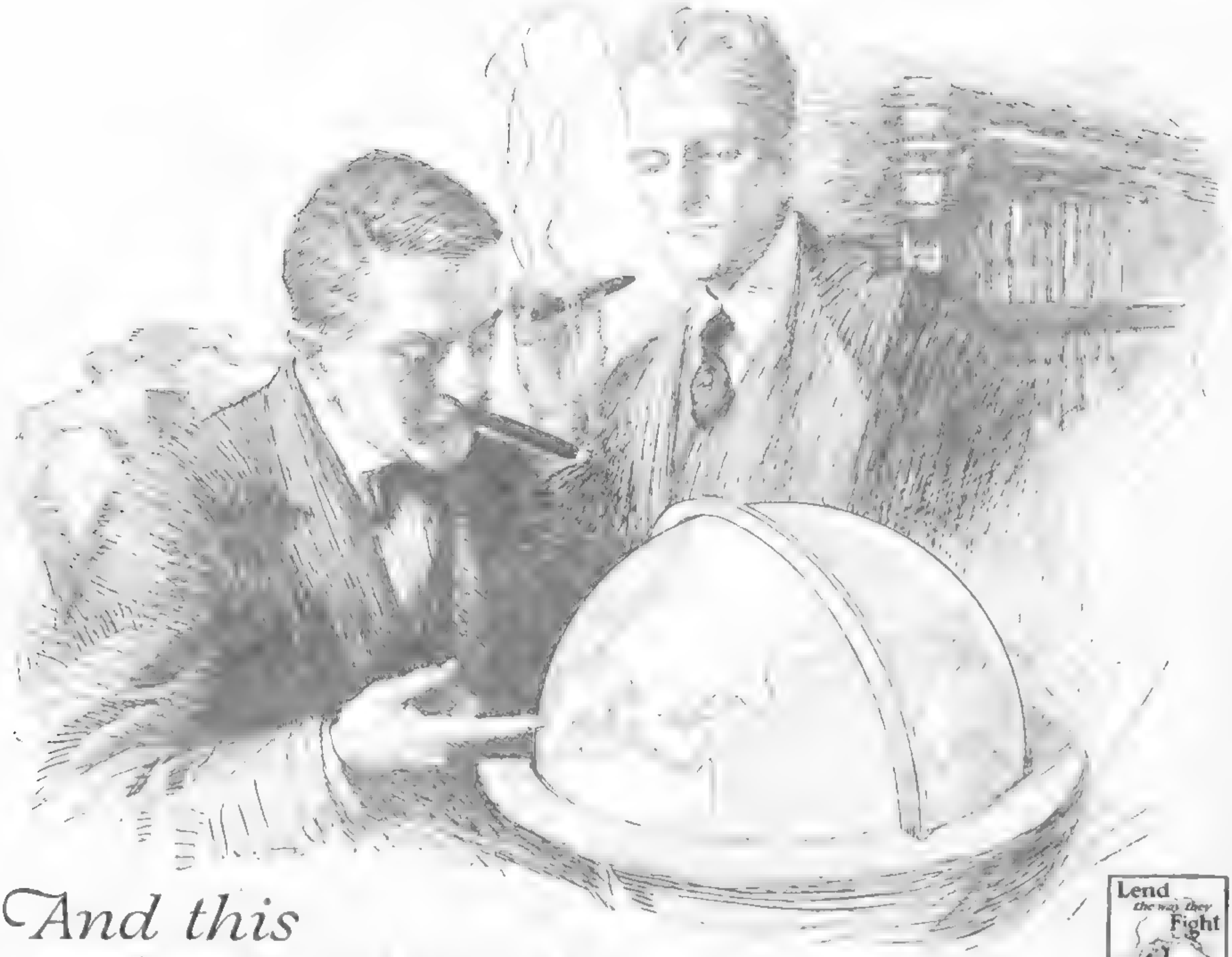


And this is what I told his Mother:

"WHEN you and I went through these French towns on our honeymoon, we little thought that a boy of ours would go back there some day to fight for Liberty.

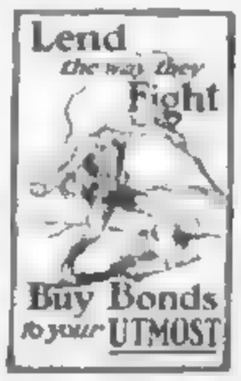
"But he's gone, and with as much eagerness as you and I went to France twenty years ago.

"Think how we've planned to send him there some day to make himself a scholar, and now he's gone there to make himself a *man*.

"Dear, there's nothing you and I won't do for him and he knows it. He knows that we will put what money we've got into this thing. Notice that he never asks if we buy Liberty Bonds. He knows it without asking. When the big guns roll up to the front, and the ammunition wagons, and the soup kitchens, and—and—the ambulances, dear, our boy knows that our money helps make his job possible and bearable and that we'll back him up with every cent we've got, if necessary."

That's what I told her, John, and all she said was:

"Why, of course"—God bless her!



Rob't Burns

A MILD CIGAR

4th LIBERTY LOAN

An obligation, yes, but a wonderful privilege.

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC. 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 26

saves them so much trouble." So early one morning a big break was driven up to the door, and in less than five minutes it was so full of bundles and packages that I had my doubts as to our all fitting in, not to mention the word "comfortably." And when finally we did jog away it took every effort of the broad-backed dray horse, which had been sent from the farm, to pull us up the long sunny hills so frequent in this region.

The village that would be our ultimate destination was twelve miles from any station, and the nearest railway a funny little two-foot-gauge road, whose locomotives were comic to behold, their vociferous attempts at whistling not even frightening the baby calves that stood and stared at them indifferently as they passed. Furthermore, the line was no longer in public service, save on market days at Le Donjon.

Our route lay through an admirable, undulating country which seemed to be totally deserted, for not even a stray dog crossed our path. Far in the distance, however, from time to time one might hear the throb of a motor.

"They are winnowing almost everywhere to-day," explained Aunt Rose. "Taking advantage of the good weather. We shall doubtless find everyone very busy at Neuilly."

The winnowing machine had been set up on the public square, and all along the last mile before entering the village we met great loads of wheat and oats, drawn by huge white oxen, which in turn were led by what seemed to me to be very small boys. The latter, stick in hand, walked in front of their beasts and, swelling their youthful voices, would intone a kind of litany which the animals apparently understood and obeyed.

The brilliant noonday sun shone down and bathed everything in gold. In the shadow of the little church the engine, attended by two white-bearded men, churned along, from time to time sending forth a shrill whistle. Women with bandanna handkerchiefs tied down closely about their heads unloaded the carts and, lifting the heavy sheaves in their brawny arms, would carry them to the machine, where others, relieving them, would spread them out and guide them into the aperture.

Two handsome girls who might have served as models for goddesses stood, pitchforks in hand, removing the chaff. The breeze blowing through it would catch the wisps and send them dancing in the air, while the great generous streams of golden grain flowing from the machine seemed like rivers of molten metal.

The children and tiny babies lay tucked away in the straw, sound asleep beneath a giant elm that shaded one corner of the square. Now and again a woman would leave her companions and, wiping the perspiration from her brow, approach this humble cradle, lift her infant in her arms and, seeking a secluded spot, give it suckle.

I cannot tell how long I stood watching this wonderful rustic spectacle, so rich in tone and coloring, so magnificent in its simplicity, so harmonious in movement. There was no undue noise—every motion seemed regulated, the work accomplished without haste but with an impressive thoroughness. Here, then, was the very source of the country's vitality. Elsewhere the war might crush and destroy lives, cities and possessions, but this was the bubbling springhead whence gushed forth, unrestrained, the generative forces. Stronger than war, stronger than death—life defiantly persistent. And I was seized with an immense pride, an unlimited admiration for these noble, simple women of France who had had the courage to set forth such a challenge!

For it is the women who have done it; of that there can be no doubt.

The census indicates that in 1914 the total number of inhabitants within this little village was seven hundred and fifty. Of these, one hundred and forty men were mobilized, and forty-five have already been killed. The masculine element, therefore, has been reduced to a minimum.

Thevenet, the carpenter, groceryman and choir leader, gifted with a strong voice and a shock of curly black hair, but lame in both legs, is certainly, when seated behind his counter, the noblest specimen of the stronger sex that the village possesses.

His pupil, disciple and companion, called Criquet, is, as his pseudonym indicates, extremely small of stature, and though he regularly presents himself before the draft boards he has invariably been refused as far too small to serve his country in the ranks.

Of course, there are quite a number of sturdy old men, who have had ample occasion to do their bit by helping their daughters or their sons' wives on their farms. So in the village itself there remains hardly anyone.

Old Man Magnier is so bent with rheumatism that each movement is accompanied by an alarming cracking of his bones, and one is tempted to ask him not to stir for fear of suddenly seeing him drop to pieces, as would an antiquated overdry grandfather's clock on being removed from a long stay in the garret.

Monsiau, the innkeeper, is ready and willing to do almost anything, but he is so terribly stout that the slightest physical effort causes him to turn purple and gasp for breath. He therefore remains seated, nodding like a big Buddha, half dozing over the harangues of his friend Chavignon, the tailor, whose first name, by the way, is Pacifique. But in order to belie this little warlike appellation Chavignon spends most of the time he owes to the trade dreaming of impossible plans and preparing ghastly tortures to which the Kaiser shall be submitted when once we have caught him.

Bonnet, the hardware dealer, in spite of his seventy-eight years, comes and goes at a lively pace—coughing, grumbling, mumbling—always in a hurry, though he never has anything special to attend to.

And finally there is Laigut; Laigut whom one consults when at his wit's end, simply because he knows everything in general and nothing in particular, his knowledge covering all the arts and sciences as résuméed in the Grand Epcyclopedia. He is a little man with spectacles and a short gray beard, costumed winter and summer alike in the same suit of worn brown velvet, a rabbit-skin cap on his head, his feet shoved into wooden sabots.

His reputation before the war was not what one would call spotless. His passion for fowl—other people's, on principle—had led to his being heavily suspected. He was a poacher as well, always ready to bring you the hare or the pike you needed, at a fixed date and hour, more especially when the shooting and fishing seasons were closed.

His was one of those hidden geniuses which the war had revealed. Otherwise we should never on earth have suspected him of being so capable. But be it requested that he repair a sewing machine, a bicycle or a watch; sharpen a pair of scissors, put in a pane of glass, make over mattresses, shear a horse, a dog or a human, paint a sign, cover an umbrella, kill a pig or treat a sprain—Laigut never hesitates; Laigut is always found competent. Add to this his commerce in seeds and herbs, his talent for destroying snakes and trapping moles, the fact that he is municipal bell ringer and choir boy, and you will have but a feeble idea of the activities of this man whose field seems so unlimited.

In a little old shed behind his house he carefully stores the innumerable and diverse objects which are confided to his care, and contrary to what one might suppose he bears no malice for the lack of esteem bestowed upon him in times gone by. Not at all—his breadth of character is equaled only by the diversity of his gifts. From time to time a fowl may still disappear, but none save Maître Renard is now accused. In these days there are so many foxes about!

If I may seem to have gone deep into detail concerning these people it is only because I am anxious to make better understood what life means in a village without men—that is to say, without valid men who care for the cattle, steer the plow, keep the furrows of equal depth and straight as a die; rake, hoe and sow; reap, harvest and carry the heavy burdens; in fact, perform all the hard, fatiguing labor that the upkeep of the soil requires.

And yet in spite of their absence not a foot of ground has been neglected. The cattle are robust and well cared for, the harvests reaped and brought to cover, the taxes and the rents have been paid, and down under the piles of linen in those big oak cupboards lie many blue bank notes or several bonds of the National Defense. And France has crossed the threshold of her fifth year of war.

To whom is this due? The women.

There were no training schools to teach them how to sow or reap—no kindly advisers to take the husbands' places and tell them what animals to keep and feed, at what time to sell or at what price! They had to learn from hard experience, taxing their intuition and great common sense to the utmost. And with it all they are so shy and modest; at heart a little bit ashamed when you speak to them in terms of admiration for what they have done.

"We didn't really know what to do at the end of the first year when we found there wasn't anyone to take care of the ground," explained Anna Julie Laisné, who lives just behind Aunt Rose.

"I would have tried to plow. Been glad to do it, but I was afraid the others would make fun of me," said Anna Trousclere.

"That's just the way I felt about it," exclaimed Julie. "I nearly went crazy when I knew time was flying, winter coming, and no wheat in! I've no doubt it was the same with all the others. Then one day the news ran round like lightning that Anna was out plowing her fields, with her kid and her grandfather to help her. Nobody took the time to go and see if it was true. Each one got out her plow. Of course, the first furrows were not very straight, but soon we got used to it, and, Lord, how we laughed over my first attempts when my husband came home next year on furlough!"

I wish that some great master of the pen might paint in words as simple as the Golden Legend, in stanzas as pure as the Litanies of the Holy Virgin, the picture of this little Julie, up and about with the first rays of dawn, always hard at work, and whom when night has closed in I have often come upon bending over beneath her tallow candle, writing to the dear one at the Front. To this task as to all the others she concentrates her every effort and attention, anxious that no news be forgotten—news which is as fresh and naïve as the events and the nature that inspire it. "The sow has had twelve little pigs, the donkey has a nail in its hoof, little Michel has a cold, and butter now sells for forty-three sous the pound."

Her farm is too small and brings in too little for her to dream of taking on someone to help. But she keeps three cows and three calves, a dozen or two pigs, a donkey, and all the chickens she can afford to feed. Forty acres is quite a responsibility for so small a person, and it requires lots of courage to replace the missing muscle to till the soil, care for the kitchen garden and the animals, and send three small children off to school on time, all of them washed and combed, without a hole in their stockings or a spot on their aprons.

It needs something more than courage to be able to sing and dissimulate one's anxieties, to hide in one corner of that envelope that will be opened by him out there a little favorite flower, tenderly cared for, nursed to maturity.

"Bah!" she laughs as I sympathize. "It might be bad if one were all alone in his troubles. But we're all in the same boat down here!"

Yes, all of them have done their duty—more than their duty, the impossible. In other villages it is just the same—in other provinces.

From one end to the other of France such marvels have been accomplished that the government decided that so much devotion merited recompense. So one fine morning a motor was seen to stop in front of the Café Lacroix. A gentleman in uniform—some say it was the *préfet*—accompanied by two other men got down and walked over to the town hall, which is near the church.

A few moments later Criquet was dispatched on bicycle to Anna Trussière's and Claudine Charpin's, with orders to bring them back with him.

He soon returned accompanied by the two frightened creatures, who, fearing ill news, had not unrolled their sleeves or removed the handkerchiefs from their heads, but jumped on their bicycles and hastened to the town hall.

Then suddenly the gentleman in uniform appeared on the steps, made them a little speech and, stepping down, pinned a medal on their heaving breasts. He thrust a diploma which bore their names into their trembling fingers, shook hands with them most cordially and, mounting in his car, drove away in a cloud of dust.

Everyone, much excited, gathered round the two women. The medals were handed about, commented upon.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Criquet, who is something of a wag. "I think they're made of bronze. Too bad they're not chocolate so you might give us all some."

"Claudine," said Anna Trussière, "it's time we went home if we don't want to be teased to death. Goodness, if only we'd known we might have brushed up a bit!"

But the incident did not end there. The government, anxious to show its gratitude, offered to send them help in the shape of war prisoners. The proposition was tempting. A bourgeois who had several big farms said he would accept four. This almost caused a revolution. The four Germans were quartered in a shed, and an old territorial mounted guard over them.

"They were good fellows," Julie explained when she told me the story. "Hard workers too. Very kind to the animals and understanding everything about a farm. I don't know—I used to have a funny feeling when I saw them. But, poor souls, I don't suppose they wanted the war; they'd probably have much rather been home, and yet they were as obliging as could be. Always ready to lend a hand when there was a hard job to be tackled.

"They made rather a good impression, and two or three of our women farmers had almost decided to send for some. Well, this lasted until the next Sunday. As they were all Catholics, of course they came to church, and were seated on the first bench, with their sentinel at the end. Everything went finely until the curate got up to preach, first reading the announcements for the week. When he asked that prayers be said for Jules Lefoulon and Paul Dupont, both from our parish and both killed on the field of honor, and we looked up we could see the four boches sitting calmly in front of us. I can't tell you what it meant! Everyone was weeping. Of course, we didn't let them feel it. They saluted everyone most politely—you could almost see that they weren't bad men—but everyone said: 'No; none of their help needed. We've got on without them up till now. I fancy we can see it through.'"

Even Madame Fusil, the baker, who was in most urgent need of assistance, resolved to be equal to her task alone. It is her little daughter who delivers the bread to all the numerous patrons, quite a complicated undertaking for so young a child, who must drive her poor old nag and his load down many a bumpy side path. One can hear her little voice all over the countryside: "Here, Jupiter! Get up, I say."

I met her one morning in the Chemin du Moulin, whip in hand, pulling old Jupiter by the bridle. But Jupiter had decided to take a rest. Nothing could make him budge—nothing, neither cries nor complaints, sweetmeats nor menaces. Jupiter was as determined as he was obstinate. The unfortunate child was red with indignation, almost on the verge of tears.

(Concluded on Page 30)

I Am Public Opinion

All men fear me!

I declare that Uncle Sam shall not go to his knees to beg you to buy his bonds. That is no position for a fighting man. But if you have the money to buy, and do not buy, I will make this No Man's Land for you!

I will judge you not by an allegiance expressed in mere words.

I will judge you not by your mad cheers as our boys march away to whatever Fate may have in store for them.

I will judge you not by the warmth of the tears you shed over the lists of the dead and the injured that come to us from time to time.

I will judge you not by your uncovered head and solemn mien as our maimed in battle return to our shores for loving care.

But, as wise as I am just, I will judge you by the material aid you give to the fighting men who are facing death that you may live and move and have your being in a world made safe.

I warn you—don't talk patriotism over here, unless your money is talking victory Over There.

I am Public Opinion!

As I judge, all men stand or fall!

Buy U. S. Gov't Bonds Fourth Liberty Loan

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Seven Hundred Jewelers Enable You to Buy at Lower Prices

All of them *leading* jewelers—one only in a city—doing a total annual business of $30,000,000.

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Use Hallmark Silver Polish

The United Jewelers, Inc.
54 Maiden Lane, New York City

(Concluded from Page 28)

"*Oui, oui,*" she fairly sobbed. "He just ought to be sent to the Front. That would teach him a lesson. He does it on purpose, I do believe. He knows well enough I'll be late to school! It's already half past seven. I've got three more deliveries to make, and must take him home and unharness him!"

"What time did you start out, child?"

"Why, four o'clock as usual, madame. But I'm sure to be late this morning."

I promised that as I was going by the school I would step in and tell Madame Dumont, the head mistress, the reason for her being late. She felt much better after that, and presently our combined efforts got Jupiter to move.

True to my word I sought out Madame Dumont, and found the good woman already extremely busy at this early hour.

A peasant mother and her three children, all arrayed in their Sunday best, were grouped together at one end of the garden, smiling blandly into the lens of a camera which the schoolmistress set up.

"There—that's it—smile! Click! It's all over. Now then, Magloire, climb up on a chair. Hold yourself quite straight, dear, so your papa will see how much you've grown."

Magloire was photographed with her nose in the air, her mouth wide open, her other features registering the most complete lunacy. Joseph, her brother, at whom they fairly shrieked in order to make him smile, produced the most singular contortion of the mouth that I have ever seen, which denoted an extreme gift for mimicry, rare in so young a child.

Little Marie was taken on her mother's lap, and I thought of the ecstasy of the brave fellow to whom one day the postman would bring the envelope containing the glorious proofs. With what pride he will show them to his companions, how he will gloat over his Magloire and his Joseph, his petite Marie and his *bonne femme!* Then drawing away from the others he will study them again, each one in turn. Nights when on duty, those cold nights of vigil, way out there in Saloniki, when fatigue and homesickness will assail him, he will slip his hand down into his pocket and his rough fingers will touch the grease-stained envelope that contains the cherished faces of his dear ones.

It all recalled other powder-blackened hands clenched forever about soiled remnants of envelopes from which protruded the edge of a precious photograph. A shiver ran down my spine as the brave mother and her three little ones passed by me on their way to change their clothes—assume their humble dress.

"*Merci, Madame Dumont. Merci bien!*"

"At your service, Madame Lecourt," and Madame Dumont turned to examine her mail. Rather voluminous in size, but with the mayor, his substitute and her husband at the Front, she had become town clerk; and the quantity of paper and printed matter a village like this daily receives is quite unbelievable. Quickly the little schoolmistress ran through the envelopes, finally breathing a deep sigh of relief.

"Ah, nothing this mail, thank heaven!"

"Why, what were you expecting?"

"Oh, I wasn't expecting anything, but I live in terror of finding that fatal official bulletin announcing the death of some man in our community. Each time I leave the house the eyes of every living soul are fairly glued to me. The women here love me, I know, and yet I feel that I frighten them.

"If on going out I start up the road those who live below here breathe again, relieved. You cannot imagine the tricks I must resort to in order not to rouse false suspicions. Then as soon as I open their doors they know the reason of my coming, and what poor miserable creatures I often take in my arms and try vainly to console."

"Ah, madame, the wives you can cope with—say things to—put their babies in their arms. But the mothers, madame, the mothers!"

"And no one complains?"

"No one, madame. They all know that we've got to win this last war."

All along the road home I walked slowly, lost in reverie. But I had no time for musing after my arrival, for Aunt Rose met me at the doorstep, a small boy by her side.

"Listen, my dear," she cooed, "I've a great favor to ask you. Would you mind walking round to the farms and telling them that Maxence will be here to-morrow morning? His little boy has just come over to tell me."

The coming of Maxence produced an indescribable enthusiasm wherever I announced the news. Maxence is the only blacksmith in Neuilly. Of course, he's serving in the artillery, but during his quarterly ten-day *permissions* he tries to cover all the work that is absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the community. He arrived, much sunburned and tanned, accompanied by two other chaps who were not expected, having traveled two days and two nights without stopping.

They seated themselves before a succulent repast prepared by Madame Maxence, and in the meantime the crowd began gathering in the shop.

"Get in line! Get in line!" he called to them joyfully. "Give me time to swallow my coffee and I'll be with you."

Abandoning his uniform he put on his old clothes, his sabots and his leather apron, and for ten long days the hammer beat incessantly upon the anvil.

Sometimes between strokes he would look up and smile, calling out: "Why, they won't even give me time to catch a mess of fish or go to see my grandmother at Paray!"

There is always some tool to be repaired, a last horse to be shod. "What do you know about this for a furlough? And every time it's the same old story."

The others, all those whom I have seen return from the Front, do exactly as did Maxence.

Pushing open the gate they embrace their pale and trembling wives, cuddle the children in their arms, and then five minutes later one can see Jean or Pierre, clothed in his working suit, sharpening his scythe or draining water from the well, almost immediately seized by and subjected to the laws of his tradition.

Sunday, though, the whole family must go to mass. The careful housewife has brushed and cleaned the faded uniform, burnished the helmet, put new laces in the great thick-soled shoes. The children cling to their father, proud of his warlike appearance. Then afterward of course there are many hands to be shaken, but no extraordinary effusions are manifested.

"Ah, home at last, old man!"

"You're looking splendid. When did you get here?"

"Did you come across Lucien, and Bataille's son?"

They hardly mention the war. They talk of the weather, the crops, the price of cattle; but never of battle. I have even found a certain extraordinary dislike of discussion on the subject. Or when they can be persuaded to speak they laugh and tell some weird jest.

"There are those who make the shells, those who shoot them and those who receive them! We're the ones who are receiving them just at present. There doesn't seem to be much choice!"

They return just as they came, without noise, without tears.

"Gigot's son's gone back this morning."

"Is that so? How quickly time flies!"

They take the road with a steady step, loaded down beneath their bundles. But they never turn their heads for a last good-by.

"Aren't you going to mend my pickax, Maxence?" queried an old neighbor.

"Sorry, mother, but I've got to leave."

"Well, then, it'll be for next time."

"If next time there is!"

There is that terrible conditional "if" in all such village conversations, just the same as in every conversation all over France.

Two years ago still another "if" hung on every lip. The hope that it entertained seemed so vastly distant that no one dared give it open utterance. But each in his secret soul nurtured and cherished the idea, until at length those whispered longings swelled in a mighty national desire. "If only the Americans ——"

They have not hoped in vain. The Americans have come!

(THE END)

For Junior America!
The Scholar

YOUTHS, who have just stepped out of their early teens into their first long trousers, as well as Young Men of the high-school and preparatory college age—The "Scholar" is an Autumn Suit, coupling highbred dignity and thoroughbred quality with that spruce smartness characteristic of Tailors' Row on world-famous Fifth Avenue, New York.

Expressly designed to fit and flatter the sinewy figure of the American Boy from ages 15 to 20; gracefully modeled waistline; slash breast pocket; glove-soft in feel from lines to linings

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Simplicity of design—the elimination of a thousand parts—gives the "ROYAL" a *flexibility* that makes it a time saver alike for correspondence, billing, form and card work.

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Government demands for Royal Typewriters are so heavily taxing our facilities that in the event of our inability to meet your immediate requirements we know you will patiently accept this condition.

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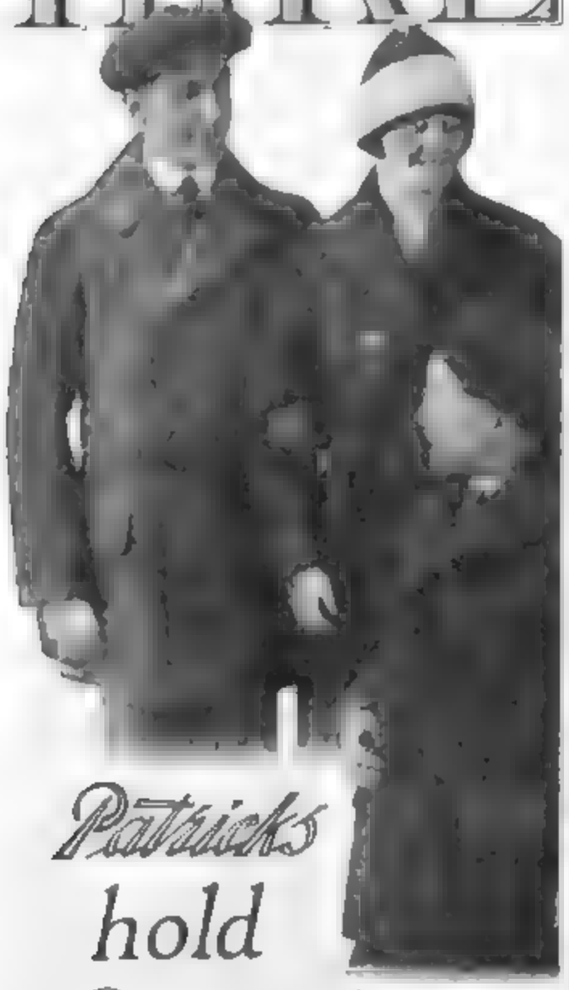

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While we are producing a large supply of goods for the Government, we have been permitted to manufacture a limited quantity for our dealers. This supply is all in our dealers' hands now.

This Patrick Label, whether on Mackinaw, Great Coat, Sweater, Cap, Stocking, Robe, or Blanket, means that it is made of all pure wool. Write for the new catalog. We will direct you to some high-grade dealer.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills

211 Commerce Street Duluth, Minnesota

BILLY BRAD, CONVICT

By Ellis Parker Butler

IN THIS case the convict did not come forth from prison with a pallid face and close-cropped hair, dragging one foot in memory of the chain gang, his life thenceforth a worthless husk. There was no less vividness in the rosiness of his cheeks now than when he went into the darkness half an hour earlier. His hair was still a tumble of gold. If one foot dragged behind the other it was because he always came downstairs that way, holding tight to the rail. The long and dire incarceration seemed, if anything, to have left him more joyous than ever. He was ready for a fresh career of crime. As he came down the stairs, his forgiving eyes beaming on his mother and the Martin twins at the foot, he put a finger of his free hand to his mouth.

"Billy Brad! Stop it! Stop eating your finger nails!" his mother commanded, and the hand dropped to his side. He smiled cheerfully.

"Billy Brad," said his mother, "I don't know what I am going to do with you if you don't stop eating your finger nails! Half an hour in that dark closet, and the first thing you do when you come out is to begin eating them again! I'm ashamed of you! And right before the Martin twins! You don't eat your finger nails, do you, girls?"

"Yes'm," said the twins in unison.

"And—and—Joey eats them, and—and Eddie eats them, and—and everybody eats them!" said Billy Brad cheerfully; and then added the awful truth: "And papa eats them."

"Well, your father will just have to stop it. If I have to ——"

"But—but the nangels in heaven, they don't not eat them," said Billy Brad with pious awe. "But – but—mamma?"

"What?"

"Maybe– maybe they eat the fevvers off from their wings."

Mrs. Bradley had something important in the oven and she was in no mood to discuss whether the angels in heaven ate the feathers off their wings. She knew better than to begin such a discussion at such a time, for Billy Brad had a delightful and all-embracing imagination.

"Well," said Mrs. Bradley, "don't you let me catch you eating your finger nails again, that's all. Now go out and play with the twins."

Pray do not imagine that I am holding Mrs. Bradley up as a model mother or approving her methods of control. With that I have nothing to do. My own children are such model children that methods of control have never entered into the consciousness of our lives until quite recently. Of course, when one has a daughter in the high school one expects her to be a little severe now and then, but we try to bear it meekly, and though our taste in clothes and our manner of behavior in company and at the table often fail to meet with her approval, she has never shut us in a dark closet or taken a strap to us. At the most there have been a few words of kindly reproof. Though she cannot ignore our faults entirely, she deals gently with them, knowing that though we are far from perfection we are not viciously bad. I am sure she feels that in a general way we mean well and that in time she may make something of us.

"Angels don't either eat their feathers," said the Mabel May twin.

"So you don't know everything, Mister Smarty!" said the Dorothy Ann twin.

"Don't they?" asked Billy Brad as if deeply surprised. "What—what do nangels eat?"

"Ice cream," said Dorothy Ann.

"Well—well, nangels could make ice cream out of fevvers," said Billy Brad. "Fevvers and—and—some more fevvers. Soft fevvers off from where their wishbones is!"

"They couldn't either," said Mabel May. "'Cause they don't have any ice-cream freezers, Mister Smarty!"

"If—if the nangels had ice-cream freezers," said Billy Brad enthusiastically, "and the old ice-cream freezers falled out of heaven they would fall down and—and bust us on the head, wouldn't they? But you bet they wouldn't bust me on the head! I'd run away. I—I'd run down into my papa's cellar and—and ——"

He stopped short.

"How do nangels make ice cream if they don't have any ice-cream freezers, Mabel May?" he asked.

"They don't make it, they just have it," said Mabel May.

"It's the tops of the ice-cream clouds," said Dorothy Ann.

"Oo!" exclaimed Billy Brad, remembering the vast heaped-up clouds that did look like ice cream. He rested his cheek against his hand and looked upward, like a dear little cherub in a picture of cherubim and seraphim. Heaven must indeed be a blessed place and the angels a happy folk!

The twins, although they did not have cloud mountains of ice cream, were like two little angels themselves. They were perfectly dear children and everyone admitted it. You knew as soon as you saw them that they were innocent of guile and free from naughtiness. Their thoughts were thoughts of goodness and obedience, and their big blue eyes were mirrors of trustworthiness and truth. "Such innocent eyes," was often said of them. I believe their mother could have put a freshly laundered white lawn dress on each, with pale-pink hair bows and white stockings, and if she told them "Twins, you may sit on the front steps, but please keep clean until mother gets back," they would have kept clean. She might have gone to New York, enlisted in the Red Cross, gone to France, served through the war, returned by way of China and San Francisco—and the twins would have been found on the front steps to greet her on her return, with not a wrinkle or a smudge. They would not have moved. At the most they would have said, every few months, "Oh, dear! I wish mamma would come home!"

And yet at the very moment when they sat beside Billy Brad talking of angels they were criminals in the eyes of the law.

As soon as Miss Orton learned that America had entered the war her very select kindergarten became a Child's Garden, putting off the only German-language word it had ever possessed, and Miss Orton took the plaster plaque of Fröbel from the wall and put it in the furnace, first breaking it into small pieces. Immediately, too, the paper mats of gay colors, the folded rabbits and the evidences of years of eager child endeavor disappeared from the walls of the Child's Garden, and in their place blossomed flags—the flag of our own dear country and those of its brave allies.

In her speech, in school and out, those particular adjectives and nouns were always coupled by Miss Orton—"dear country" and "brave allies"—and most often as "our own dear country" and "our brave allies," and thus, as Miss Orton spoke a little rapidly, it was not unnatural that there developed in the school a vast and patriotic enthusiasm for two rather vague places spoken of by the children as "arrondeer country" and "arbory valleys." In the mind of Billy Brad "arrondeer country" was pictured as something like the Catskill farm where he had spent the last summer and where he had once had the great treat of seeing a really truly deer in the lettuce patch. He did not doubt that the deer he had seen then was a genuine specimen of the "arrondeer" to which Miss Orton referred so often, and he was quite ready to grow up and fight and die—as Miss Orton said all boys should—for the "arrondeer country" or any other part of the Catskills. Regarding the location of the "arbory valleys" he was somewhat less sure, but he knew it was in France, because Miss Orton often spoke of "arbory valleys in France."

(Concluded on Page 35)

MASTER CLEANER SERVICE

The United States Government has commandeered the Country's supply of wool, and is now reclaiming every available piece of woolen in the army through the Master Cleaning Process.

Every wardrobe, every clothes closet in the land contains woolen garments to which the Master Cleaner can add months of useful service.

It is surely a patriotic duty to save every one of these garments.

Send your woolen garments to the nearest Master Cleaner. Let him make them ready for your use this Fall and Winter.

Look for this Emblem, it is your guarantee of Master Service.

If you do not know the Master Cleaners of your vicinity, write

National Association of Dyers and Cleaners
Fullerton Building Saint Louis

Lifting the Railroad's Load

Night and day—on long haul and short haul—thousands of cars and trucks are lifting the over-load from the railroads.

To help relieve the overburdened railroad facilities, the Council of National Defense urges use of motor transportation.

Every motor vehicle in America has a vitally important work to do.

Prepare your car—passenger or commercial—to give the limit of service.

Equip it with good tires—tires that will enable it to go farthest at least cost and with least trouble.

United States Tires are good tires.

The goodness that recommended them to hundreds of thousands in peace-time is especially worth while in time of war.

If ever you needed utmost tire economy you need it now.

You will find it in United States Tires. Five different types for passenger cars—two for trucks.

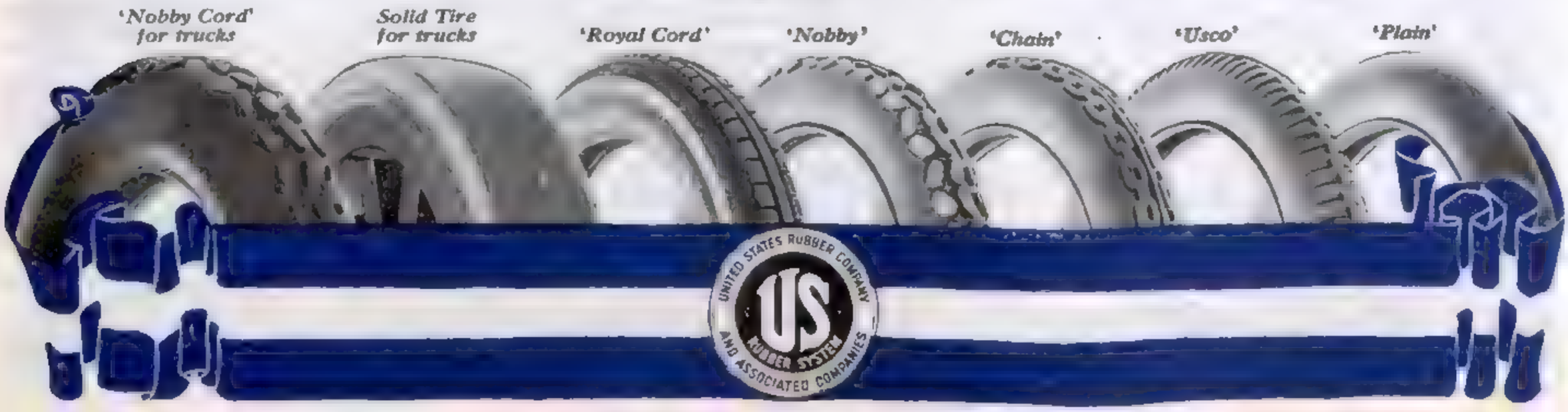
Among them are exactly the tires to meet your individual needs.

Our nearest Sales and Service Depot dealer will gladly assist you in selecting the right ones for your use.

For passenger cars: 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles, Airplanes and Solid tires for trucks.

United States Tires are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.



(Concluded from Page 32)

None the less the patriotic fervor for "arrondeer country" and "arbory valleys" as typified by the Stars and Stripes and the row of pretty silk flags beside it was genuine and lasting in Miss Orton's Child's Garden and it found an outlet in two practical works—Thrift Stamps and tin foil. It was Miss Orton's ambition to have the Child's Garden excel any other school, private or public, in the number of Thrift Stamps sold and in the amount of tin foil collected. The tin foil was to be given to the Red Cross, to be sold for money to buy bandages. And Miss Orton's Child's Garden did lead. Now and then some other school in Westcote, or room in the public schools, stood at the top of the list in Thrift Stamp sales for one week, but the Child's Garden always regained the lead. In the matter of tin foil the same was true. It only needed a little talk by Miss Orton, beginning "Now, children," and including "arrondeer country" and "arbory valleys," to bring a small flood of quarters for Thrift Stamps, and ounce after ounce of tin foil.

Old John, who ran the small shop on the corner, said one day: "I can't make head ner tail out of the way this here Hudley's Own smokin' terbacker has took to sellin' all of a sudden. Used t' be the durn stuff laid on my shelf year in, year out, and all to once she started goin' and nobody hardly smokes nothin' else. Must be there is some sort of opium dope into it that folks gets the habit of."

He was far, far from the truth. Tender babes begged their fathers to smoke Hudley's Own. Each ounce and a half of it was done up in an ounce and a half of thick, luscious tin foil. Fathers that gagged on Hudley's Own smoked it for patriotism and peace—peace at home, that is.

Dear guileless little ones! It was Tessie Dalrymple who discovered that "bad marks" on the blackboard could be canceled with tin foil—but Tessie was always bright. It was Tessie who, alone of all the school, shot up her hand when Miss Orton asked who knew the motto of the United States.

"Yes, Tessie? What is the motto of the United States?" Miss Orton asked.

"Food will win the war," Tessie answered.

"No. Doesn't anyone know?"

"Frif' Stamps will win the war," said Billy Brad boldly.

"No, Billy Brad. Doesn't anyone here know?"

"Tim foil will win the war," said both Martin twins in eager unison.

"No, children," said Miss Orton; "the motto of arrondeer country is E Pluribus Unum. It means many in one, because there are many states in our union, just as—just as there are many pieces of tin foil in a pound. One wee little piece of tin foil cannot do much, but when all the little pieces are put together they make a pound, and so saving even the little pieces helps arrondeer country ——"

"And—and it helps arbory valleys too!" said Billy Brad.

"Yes, it helps our brave allies too," said Miss Orton.

"And—and it cancels the bad marks off from onto the blackboard too!" said Billy Brad, and then added piously: "And—and I'm going to get a whole lot of tim foil and cancel all, all, all my bad marks off!"

"I am sure that would be very desirable," said Miss Orton.

Now the reason the Martin twins were criminals had to do with their innocence and patriotism. Mabel May had three beautiful big War Savings Stamps and four Thrift Stamps over, and Dorothy Ann had three beautiful big War Savings Stamps and four Thrift Stamps over. This very morning they had bought four more Thrift Stamps each, and Miss Orton had smiled as she took the pennies and gave the twins the stamps.

"You are dear little twinnies!" she said, and the twinnies felt a glow of honest satisfaction. It was a proper enough transaction and all right—except for one thing: That morning there being a hand-organ man with a monkey they had gone round the block on their way to school. Being good children they did not wait in the neighborhood of the organ and monkey until the tardy bell tolled. They went ahead.

Thus it was that when they passed the news stand on the corner Mabel May stopped and cried breathlessly: "Oo! What luck!"

And no wonder! There on the news stand was a whole heap of pennies—dozens of pennies, handfuls!

"Oo!" echoed Dorothy Ann.

They gathered all the pennies into their plump little hands and hurried away with them. Dear little things, they did not know any better! It was clearly treasure-trove, like tin foil found in the gutter. Anyway, pennies were made for Thrift Stamps.

So now as Billy Brad and the twins discussed the angels and their food Mabel May said: "I got to buy some candy. Miss Orton, she said so."

"And I got to buy some candy too," said Dorothy Ann.

"Because we had too many pennies, didn't we, Dorothy Ann?" said Mabel May. "We had so many pennies there was some left over. So Miss Orton said 'I guess you better buy some candy, because you bought so many Frift Stamps, and—and you better buy some candy, for because you bought so many Frift Stamps,' didn't she, Dorothy Ann?"

"Yes, because we had—oo!—lots of pennies!" said Dorothy Ann.

"Oo-oo, yes!" cried Mabel May enthusiastically. "Hamfuls. And we found all of 'em, didn't we Dorothy Ann?"

"Oo-oo, yes!" cried Dorothy Ann.

Billy Brad moved uneasily in his tight little breeches. From some long-past dream or from the vasty pictures his imagination could conjure up at need he drew inspiration.

"And—and once I founded a whole lot of pennies, I did!" he declared.

"Billy Brad! You did not!"

"I did too! And—and I tooked the old pennies, and—and I boughted Frif' Stamps, I did. And—and I helpted arrondeer country, I did. And—and I founded some more whole big lot of pennies, I did. And—and I boughted Frif' Stamps, I did. And I helpted arbory valleys."

"Why, Billy Brad!" exclaimed Mabel May. "You never found any pennies!"

"I did so!" said Billy Brad.

"Well, anyway," said Dorothy Ann, "you never found any this morning! You didn't find any round on the other street on a big red box!"

"I did so!" said Billy Brad.

Now this was pure imagination. There was no excuse for it. Had he been given a chance Billy Brad might have developed the tale to such heights of impossibility that no one would have believed him, such as declaring that he rode to the red box on the back of a chicken, or flew through the air in an airplane, or found so many pennies that he had to get the steam road roller to pull them. But Tessie Dalrymple intervened.

She came skipping up to the trio, chanting "I—got—a—pen-ny! I—got—a—pen-ny!" just in time to hear Billy Brad's "I did so!"

"What did you did so, Billy Brad?" she asked.

"I—I founded a whole lots of pennies on a red box, and I boughted a whole lot of Frif' Stamps, I did!"

"Not hamfuls!" said Dorothy Ann.

"Oo!" said Tessie Dalrymple. "Oo! That's stealing! They can put you in jail for that, Billy Brad. If you found a whole lot of pennies on a red box they belonged to the news man, and they were his, and you stole them, so you'd better look out or a policeman will come and put you in jail."

Billy Brad thinking of this dismal possibility looked sad. It did not occur to him for an instant to deny that he had stolen the pennies. The important point was how he was to get out of jail if a policeman put him in jail.

"Well—well," he said, "if a nold pleeceman puts me in jail my papa will come and kick the old jail all down, he will! And—and he'll shoot the old pleeceman, he will! And—and I'll take a cannon and I'll shoot the old jail all down too."

"Well, you'd better not steal any more pennies!" said Miss Dalrymple; and she went hippety-hopping on her way to Old John's shop.

The twins looked at each other, white of face and frightened. They moved away from Billy Brad as if in some way he were responsible for the crime for which they might be called upon to suffer.

"Twinnies!" called their mother.

"Yes, mamma!" they answered.

"All right, don't go far away!"

"No, mamma!"

Mabel May looked at Dorothy Ann.

"Old John's ain't far away," she said.

"No; it ain't far at all. Mamma always lets us go to Old John's when we want to."

"So we can go now if we want to," argued Mabel May. "Because Miss Orton told us to buy some candy."

"Yes, and she's our teacher, she is," agreed Dorothy Ann.

Hand in hand they went toward Old John's little shop, passing Tessie Darlymple as she returned.

The door of Old John's shop was not open, and it was not closed; it was ajar. It was just sufficiently ajar so the alarm bell did not ring as the twins entered. They stood before the candy case, waiting patiently until Old John should come to wait on them. He was not in just then. The twins, their noses against the glass of the case, sighed as they looked at the heaps and heaps of candy, but they were not thinking of candy.

"Oo-oo!" said Dorothy Ann. "He's got lots of tim foil!"

"He won't care if we have some," said Mabel May, "for arrondeer country."

"Because Miss Orton wants us to have some for arrondeer country," said Dorothy Ann.

"And for arbory valleys," said Mabel May.

"Because Old John would want us to take some for arbory valleys," said Dorothy Ann. "So I'll take this piece."

"This piece" happened to be the tin foil that inclosed a beautiful oblong of rich brown chocolate, and Dorothy Ann removed the paper label and peeled off the tin foil, putting it in her pocket.

"And I'll take these pieces," said Mabel May; and she denuded a lovely pile of chocolate nut bars of their tin foil wrappings.

They did a faithful and conscientious job. They removed all the tin foil from all the candy. They were honest about it. They ate none of the candy, but they took every smitch of tin foil.

"There's some more," said Mabel May, and she pointed to the smoking tobacco on the shelf.

Dorothy Ann removed the wrapper from one package of Hudley's Own, and unbent the heavy tin foil that was inside the paper wrapper. The tobacco did not stay in a neat cube. It disintegrated in her hands and sifted through her fingers.

"I guess we hadn't better unopen the tobacco, Mabel May," she said. "It [illegible] all to pieces."

Just then she sneezed violently. Mabel May sneezed also. They both sneezed. Thereupon they fled, and Billy Brad—a penny in his hand—looked back at them as he passed them on his way to Old John's. So it was that Old John entering his shop from the back saw Billy Brad folding a piece of nice thick Hudley's Own tin foil.

"My land! My land! My good land!" exclaimed Old John as he saw the interior of his candy case.

"I can't understand it, ma'm," he said to Billy Brad's mother when he had led Billy Brad home by the arm a few minutes later. "The first thing I thought was 'Robbed!' And it looked like somebody had gone through the place from top to bottom; but when I come to look there wasn't a thing gone that I could see. Just malicious mischief, I call it. Pure deviltry, coming in and ripping things up, and spilling things over, like a young hoodlum."

"But that isn't like Billy Brad," said Mrs. Bradley. "If he had taken a few pieces of candy—children don't always know they should not take candy—and I did give him a penny to buy candy with ——"

"It was smokin' tobacco he was ripping up," said Old John. "He had a package of Hudley's Own ——"

"Tin foil!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

"For—for arbory valleys," said Billy Brad. "For—for arrondeer country. For because the Shermans shooted them in the legs, and—and in the arms, and—and in the belly, and—and in the ——"

"Never mind where!" said Mrs. Bradley commandingly. "Why did you take that tin foil, Billy Brad? Why?"

"For—for because the motto of arrondeer country ain't not Frif' Stamps," said Billy Brad. "For because the motto of arrondeer country is tim foil."

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bradley despairingly. "I wish your father was here. I'm sure what Billy Brad did is bad enough, but not as bad as you think. I'm sure he's not malicious. He would not willfully destroy or steal ——"

"He—he took a whole big handful of pennies from Mike's news stand, Mrs. Bradley," said Tessie Dalrymple. "He did so! He did, this morning! He told the twins he did."

"Aha! So 'twas him done that job too!" said Old John. "Mike was tellin' me of it. Over two dollars was pinched on him this morning ——"

"Billy Brad!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley. "Billy Brad, did you take those pennies?"

"For to buy Frif' Stamps for arrondeer country," said Billy Brad eagerly. "And—and I founded lots of pennies on a big red box! And—and dollars! And—and ——"

"Now wait!" said Mrs. Bradley. "You didn't find any dollars, and you know it, Billy Brad! How did you happen to go where the pennies were?"

"Why—why a great big bear comed into our yard ——"

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Bradley helplessly. "When he begins telling about bears and elephants and cows I know he's making it all up. When he begins to tell about bears I don't know what to believe. When he begins telling about bears nobody but his father can ever, ever get to the truth with him. But I promise you he shall be punished as he deserves, John."

"I don't say I want him walloped ——" said Old John.

"And I shall not wallop him," said Mrs. Bradley. "I mean to pay you for whatever loss he has occasioned, and I shall make good whatever sum he took from Mike, but I do think he did not mean any malicious mischief. You didn't mean to be bad, did you, Billy Brad?"

"No! And—and a big old bear comed into my yard ——"

"I think it is just patriotism—tin foil and Thrift Stamps and our own dear country, and our brave allies—and he is so little he does not quite understand it all. I think he was just trying to help. But I will punish him. We have to be punished for ignorance sometimes. Billy Brad, I want you to go up to the dark closet, and shut yourself in, and stay there half an hour. Until I call you."

"Yes, mamma," said Billy Brad, and like a little soldier he started up the stairs.

"And, Billy Brad! Mind! If you eat your finger nails I shall whip you!"

"Yes, mamma!"

It was not half an hour later, not ten minutes later, that Mrs. Martin came running across the lawn, a twin in either hand. She called to Mrs. Bradley before she was on the porch, and met her at the foot of the stairs just inside the house.

"My dear!" she exclaimed. "I came just as rapidly as I could, because I couldn't bear to think of that angel pet shut up in the closet! The twins bawled—simply bawled!—and I couldn't make sense of what they said until I did understand from Tessie. The twins robbed the paper man, and the twins took the tin foil from Old John! I'm not going to whip them or punish them at all, because I know they are such good girls and thought they were being patriotic and lovely! And Billy Brad never took a penny or a piece of Old John's tin foil ——"

"Billy Brad!" called his mother, with that pleasant friendly inflection that means all is forgiven.

"Yes, mamma?" came, muffled, from the dark closet.

"You can come down now, Billy Brad," called Mrs. Bradley.

"Yes, mamma," said Billy Brad.

But he did not come down at once. He did not burst joyously from the closet and rush down the stairs. He was putting on his shoes. He came forth finally and hesitated shyly at the top of the stairs, seeing Mrs. Martin and the twins at the bottom of the flight. He came down slowly.

"It's all right, Billy Brad," said his mother. "You're a good boy, and I'm sorry I told you to shut yourself in the closet. You are a dear little patriot, and to-night I'll tell your father to tell you all about it, so you can understand it."

She turned away, to enter the living room with Mrs. Martin, and Billy Brad stood by the newel post, facing the innocent blue-eyed twins. Mrs. Bradley gave him a final suspicious glance.

"Billy Brad!" she cried. "You didn't eat your finger nails?"

"No mamma!" he said, letting his own big innocent eyes rest on hers; and Mrs. Bradley went into the other room, and Billy Brad looked at Mabel May.

"But I ate my toenails," he said triumphantly.

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Ask your shoe dealer for KORRY-KROME leather soles on the shoes you purchase. If he doesn't have them, tell him to have them next time.

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How Much is My Share?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

AS THE financial burden of the war presses more heavily upon the nation it naturally bears down harder upon the individual. The question of how much each person should subscribe to Liberty Loans and give to the Red Cross and other war-relief objects becomes more puzzling and trying. From the very poor, ten to twenty-five cents a week for the War Chest—and possibly a fifty-dollar bond in weekly payments—is about all that can be expected. From the very rich everything is expected, and they are presumed to know how to divide up their incomes to the greatest advantage.

But the general run of people, the great middle classes, financially speaking, are in a much more uncertain position. Clearly a few cents a week for charity and a fifty-dollar bond do not answer for them. Nor are their incomes elastic or limitless. A keen searching of conscience is always necessary, and it becomes more and more difficult for them to determine just what is the right thing to do.

It is a typically American trait to say: "Tell me what you want me to do, and I'll do it." Even the very rich have their troubles in getting an answer that wholly satisfies them. One of the country's most famous multimillionaires recently said that the rich—meaning those with whom he is associated—would do whatever is asked of them or expected of them, provided only there is some clear idea of how much and for how many different purposes.

Of course, the demand that comes carries with it great opportunities. In a previous article I pointed out how absurd it is to regard Liberty Bonds as other than the most fortunate and satisfactory investment. But temporarily a subscription may demand sacrifice of pleasures, a cutting off of luxuries. For it comes along with heavy income taxes, heavy demands from the Red Cross and the War Chests and an ever-mounting cost of living. One may fully realize that a Liberty Bond is the best investment on earth, and yet the entering of a subscription instead of the building of a new bathroom may afford a brief sense of sacrifice.

On a Percentage Basis

The problem of just how much to subscribe is made all the harder because every thinking man knows there is very little merit in subscribing unless that act is accompanied by either greatly increased production or greatly decreased consumption. In other words, there is no particular merit in subscribing unless accompanied by saving. To live as well as before and then hand over one's surplus is a lazy trick. It is not spare change or spare bank accounts that are wanted. It is fresh self-denial, increased savings. This is thoroughly understood by intelligent people, but the great difficulty is that the cost of living has gone up so much that one may live very much more simply than a few years ago and yet not save so much.

Such, then, is the problem, briefly stated; and I am confident that it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands, perhaps a million, people are almost daily searching their minds and hearts to find a satisfactory answer. Nor has there been a lack of answers. It has been pointed out that if the country needs, say, six billion dollars in a given period of time, and if a certain quota is assigned to each Federal Reserve District, to each state and locality, a quota might be assigned also to each individual. This appeals to the logical mind, and indeed there is a whole school of thought, as it were, that favors this method of selling Liberty Bonds—the card-catalogue school, as opposed to that which favors the exclusive use of intense publicity and the stirring up of enthusiasm and patriotism.

Obviously quotas cannot be assigned to individuals on the same basis as to districts and localities. It is relatively fair to say to New York that it must take twice as many bonds as some other city because it has exactly twice as much wealth and bank resources. But you cannot deal with human beings in that way. A man with an income of a thousand dollars and five small children would be criminally negligent of his family if he subscribed as much as half his income to Liberty Bonds, whereas the bachelor with an income of ten million dollars would probably be a decided slacker if he took only five million dollars of bonds.

So it is necessary to scale up and to scale down, and this has been done by several concerns which have attempted to draw up schedules showing how much a person with a given income should subscribe. On incomes round a thousand dollars the usual figure is about ten per cent. In one of the most recent of these compilations the figure rises to 16.20 per cent on $2000 incomes; 30.96 per cent on $5500; 48 per cent on $9500; 54 per cent on $17,500; 76.80 per cent on $75,000; 90.24 per cent on $683,000 and nearly 96 per cent on $10,284,000. These of course are for the year, not for a single Liberty Loan drive, and include income taxes paid.

What Director Franklin Says

To draw up such a table requires not only a knowledge of the Government's annual needs but, what is far more difficult, a knowledge and analysis of the nation's income. This is a subject, however, concerning which there is no exact knowledge. We have many estimates and guesses, but that is all. It is always possible to pick to pieces any estimate of national wealth, and the war has rather effectually disposed of the validity of such figures in certain cases.

But the chief weakness of any effort to determine how much any individual should subscribe on the basis of the supposed national income is after all in the consideration of the individual case. The figures quoted in a previous paragraph may seem like back-breaking burdens, but the curious fact is that one rich man subscribed less than he had intended to when he saw one of these "your share" tabulations. In other words, what is one man's meat is another's poison. That is, such a tabulation is useful only as showing that a very large percentage of our income, as a people, must be devoted to the needs of the Government.

For when it comes to individual cases there are tremendous differences in the capacity, obligations and responsibilities of individuals and families. The man with a large family to support should not be expected to buy so much as the bachelor with the same income. The man or woman who is ill and living on a fixed income should not buy so much as the sound and well. The man or woman who has no prospect of a rise in position should not buy so much as one who has the same income perhaps, but who is slated for early promotion. Persons who support several dependents should not only buy less than those who have no dependents but also less than members of families in which there is more than one breadwinner.

Living is much cheaper in some localities than in others, so that subscriptions from persons on the same gross income in different localities might well vary. This difference in scale may be illustrated by the fact that in one town it costs $2.40 a day to hire a man or woman to clean house, where in another town in a different state it costs $1.25. Obviously householders on the same income in the two places are in a different position financially. The case cited is a petty one, but perhaps illustrates the point all the better for that.

To make any fair assignment allowance should be made of course not only for income taxes actually paid but also for the nature and permanence of the income. Allowance should also be made for whether it is earned or unearned. Further allowance should be made for the relative contributions to the Red Cross and similar causes. Suppose of two men on incomes of five thousand dollars one gives one hundred dollars to the Red Cross, and the other ten dollars. Is it fair to say that both should buy the same amount of Liberty Bonds? Suppose also that one of them gives one hundred dollars a year to a local hospital, and the other nothing. Finally, a special obligation to subscribe heavily rests upon those whose incomes have increased because of the war, and perhaps a special concession should in the same way be made for those whose incomes have fallen off because of the war.

About all that can be said to those of medium incomes is to aim to subscribe all they can—one-third to one-half, if possible. To the wealthy the aim should be nearer three-quarters. No one can tell you just how much you can save, but there is no doubt that a helpful practical measure is to set aside, either mentally or in a separate bank account, all income above what is necessary for health and working efficiency, and use it only for Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, taxes and war relief. If a man will segregate his income in this way and keep his drawing account low, actually or mentally, he will be less inclined to draw upon it for unnecessary expenditures than if he allows it to accumulate. I asked Lewis B. Franklin, director of the War Loan Organization of the Treasury Department, and formerly president of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, how much the individual citizen should subscribe to Liberty Bonds, and this was his reply:

"With a war program that will probably involve the expenditure of about twenty-four billion dollars during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, it is evident that every citizen of the United States must devote a very considerable part of his total earnings to the needs of his country. No definite rules can be laid down as to each man's share. The rule of conscience will be the best guide. The intelligent patriotic citizen in these times of trial will reduce his personal expenditures by eliminating needless luxuries, by a careful supervision of his annual budget, by insisting upon the elimination of waste by himself, his family and his entire household.

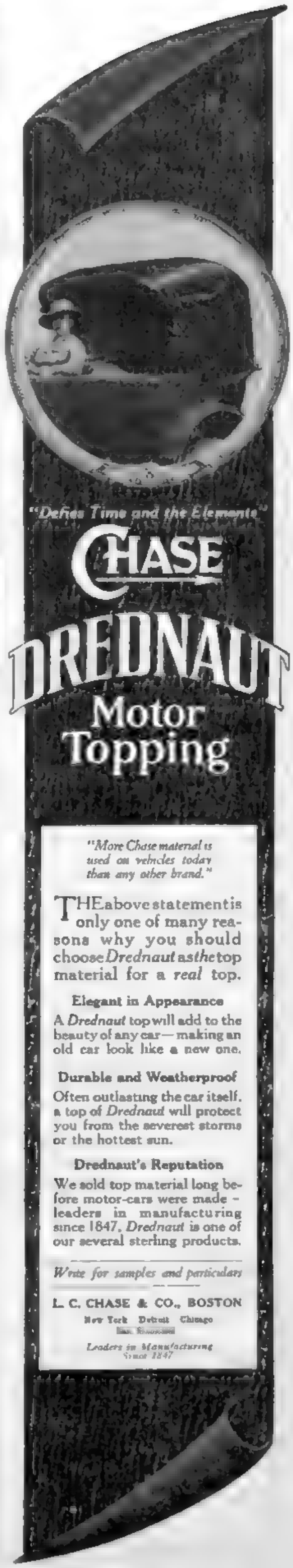
"He will indulge himself in entertainments to a less extent than heretofore and will at the same time endeavor to increase his earning power to the maximum. When this is accomplished he will find that the amount which he has available for investment has been largely increased, and I hardly feel that any argument is needed to persuade him that with millions of our men pledged to give their lives, the dollars which he is accumulating should without hesitation be loaned to the Government."

Men With Fair-Size Incomes

The whole problem is somewhat complicated in the case of those with fair-size incomes by the fact that in the past they have used these incomes for a variety of purposes besides expenditure on personal or family wants. It is not a simple problem of putting all that one saves after paying taxes and necessary living expenses into Liberty Bonds and war relief. Many of these people have given extensively in the past to charities which are just as necessary now as ever, but are unconnected with the war. Many of them also have invested part of their income in securities. Obviously if everyone in the country ceased wholly to invest in anything except Liberty Bonds the financial and industrial situation would become deplorable.

Frankly the whole situation as regards investments is at the present time interesting and attractive but decidedly bewildering to the person with large or moderate means. Loyalty, patriotism, every instinct of decency requires a major investment in Liberty Bonds. The first instinct is to lend to one's Government, and he who follows that instinct makes no mistake. But on the other hand the investor is appealed to between Liberty Loan drives to buy a great variety of exceedingly attractive and high-interest bearing bonds of corporations manufacturing products essential to the conduct of the war. He is puzzled to know how far he is justified in listening to such appeals.

There is of course no question as to where the majority of most people's investments should be placed. Anything else is playing the part of a deadbeat and slacker. A man who had been in the habit of buying good securities in blocks of five thousand dollars at a time announced that he could not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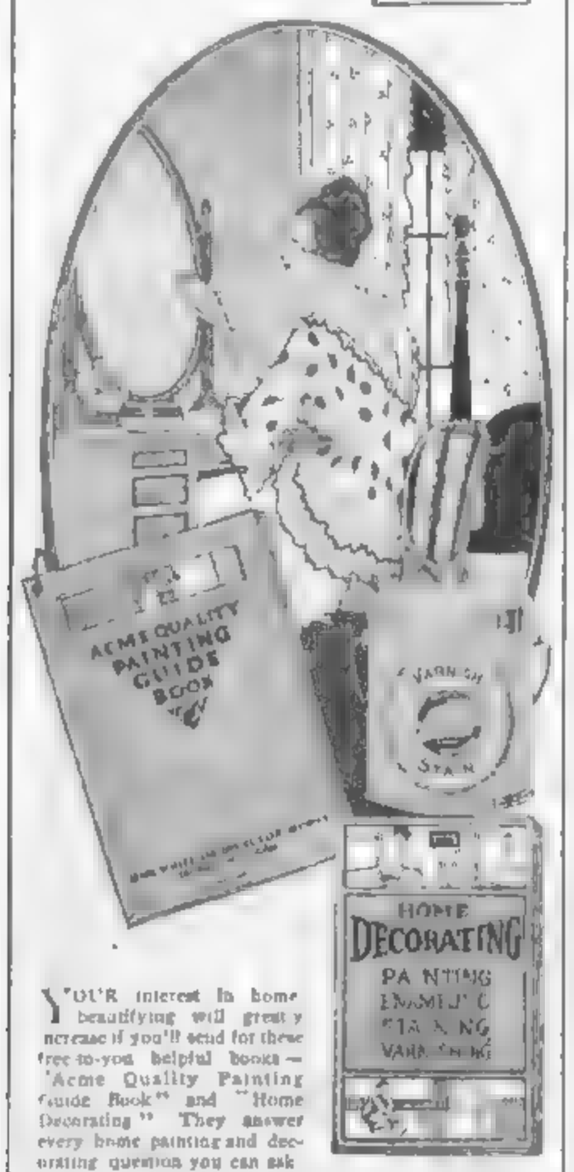

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take more than five hundred dollars of Liberty Bonds in the last campaign. He was told that he could not buy less than five thousand dollars, that no amount less than that was for sale—to him. He took the hint and changed his subscription.

Secretary McAdoo said in a letter to the Ways and Means Committee:

"There is a widespread feeling that many people who are able to do so, especially those who are making vast profits out of the war, are not doing their part either in the purchase of Liberty Bonds or in the payment of taxes—that they are investing in corporate stocks and bonds producing high returns, when the first duty of patriotism and self-protection demands that they shall buy Government bonds."

But there are many other people who have almost reached the point where they feel they are doing something a bit unpatriotic if they buy any other securities—people, I mean, with at least several thousand dollars a year to invest. It is natural, however, for most investors to desire to take advantage of the many recent offerings of high-class securities paying six to seven and a half per cent. Many such bonds were put out between the Third and Fourth Liberty Loans, and no doubt many more will be issued after the Fourth Loan is out of the way. Most of the more notable of these bond offerings came from companies whose products are considered decidedly essential in character.

Averaging Up Low Yields

It has always been the custom among the majority of conservative investors to build a basis or foundation of good bonds or other equally safe securities and then add a small superstructure, let us say not more than ten per cent of the whole, of stocks paying high rates of interest. This was to average up the income. In the same way it is natural for the same people to use Liberty Bonds as the foundation of their present investments, and other securities bearing higher rates of interest as an averager up.

The increasing cost of living makes such a practice more necessary to many people than ever before.

It hardly seems fair to find fault with such a practice, because that would have the tendency of forcing the majority, who are patriotic enough to be willing to undergo any sacrifice, into giving up all idea of buying any high-rate securities. This would play right into the hands of the unpatriotic and selfish people mentioned by Secretary McAdoo, who would buy fewer Liberty Bonds than ever and more high-interest securities. So it seems wiser if anything not to discourage the thoroughly patriotic from putting a small part of their investable income into other securities.

Now it is a rather curious fact that the wealthy individuals, the corporations and perhaps the banks, all of which are naturally expected to subscribe heavily to Liberty Bonds, are also expected, both because of their means and their knowledge, to support such essential industries of the country as do not happen to be taken over by the Government or do not receive financial aid from the Treasury. Fortunately, however, these industries are coming more and more under government control. The Government indirectly through the Railroad and Fuel Administrations, more directly through the War Industries Board, and most directly of all through the Capital Issues Committee, is gradually putting its stamp upon those most necessary to the war. The Capital Issues Committee passes upon every issue of new securities exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, and does not approve those which it regards as incompatible with the national interest. But it is the very class of securities passed by the committee that discerning investors would be most likely to buy in any case, and as the committee will probably not pass in a single year a total of new securities exceeding a rather small fraction of all Liberty Bond issues, a way out of our difficulties is apparent.

Thus it will probably be found that if all the securities of necessary industries passed by the Capital Issues Committee were taken pro rata by the investors, corporate and personal, who have been in the habit of buying such securities, they would still have very large sums, many times larger than those invested in this way, available for Liberty Bonds. The ratio of corporate securities will be so small that it will not interfere much, if any, with Liberty Bond sales.

The policy of the Government, it is clear, is not to take over a great number of industries directly. It is not even the policy of the Treasury to render financial assistance through the War Finance Corporation unless absolutely necessary. This is plain both from the policy thus far pursued by the corporation itself and from Secretary McAdoo's testimony before Congress when he urged its creation. Indiscriminate financial assistance rendered to corporations might put a premium upon the weak, poorly managed concern. It is quite evident also that many of the strong, well-known corporations prefer to obtain funds in the open market, even at very high rates of interest, in order to maintain their own credit and individuality, rather than seek possible Treasury aid even at lower rates. As long as the Government does not discourage and even encourages this practice it is evident that the Treasury does not regard the investment of a small portion of one's income in the securities of essential corporations as in any way reprehensible.

As to New Securities

But what about the new securities of companies that do not apply to the Capital Issues Committee for approval? Where is the net whose meshes are so small that some fish do not escape? The committee does not pass upon issues of less than a hundred thousand dollars, and even above that figure a few companies of obscure nature no doubt escape its scrutiny. Obviously great numbers of small manufacturing and mercantile companies as well as small mining and oil concerns often put out new stock issues of less than a hundred thousand dollars. Should the conscientious investor buy them? The answer, it seems to me, requires only common sense and an eye for proportion.

If a mining engineer who has saved a moderate competence answers the call of the Government for tungsten or some other much needed metal and develops a small mine he would probably be justified in devoting most of his capital and income to its development. He knows what he is doing, he is in his own element, and that element makes most decidedly for the prosecution of the war. But if a college professor, a school-teacher, a physician, a widow, a cashier in a woolen-manufacturing company or any other of thousands of possible investors one might name who know nothing first-hand about tungsten is approached by a slick stock salesman with shares in an alleged tungsten mine, it is a safe bet that if he puts his money in those shares instead of in Liberty Bonds he is playing the slacker's part.

In other words this is an especially opportune time for the ordinary investor to keep out of small doubtful enterprises concerning which he has no first-hand knowledge and with which he is not directly connected. The small and moderate sized investor had better leave the development of new and to him more or less unknown and untried industries to those directly connected with them or who have really first-hand sources of information, or to the banks. The ordinary, moderate sized investor will make no mistake if he confines himself to securities either issued by the Government or approved by it as not incompatible with the national interest.

But what about the purchase of securities already issued and perhaps listed on the stock exchanges or dealt in on other markets? No new capital is supplied to the industry in such a case, even though it may in itself be necessary. What is it to the country to buy a share of General Electric or Union Pacific stock simply because one believes they are going higher and may yield a profit? The answer here also depends largely upon common sense; it is a matter of degree.

The Three-to-One Class

It is quite clear that a stock-market boom, that inflation in the market would not be helpful at the present time. Indeed it appears to be entirely opposed to the desires and policies of the Government. How any casual investor who is not directly intrusted with maintaining the credit and financial standing of a particular corporation can satisfy his conscience by extensive market operations I utterly fail to see. Possibly the directors of corporations or their bankers may find it necessary at times to "stabilize," as they call it, the stocks of their companies. This article does not pretend to discuss their intricate financial and ethical problems. But the ordinary investor is called upon to render no such service.

Of course, if no one purchased any securities other than government bonds we should have a collapse and panic. Conditions would be like those in England immediately after the outbreak of the war, and the task of the Treasury Department would be enormously magnified. To tell every investor, corporate and personal, to buy absolutely nothing except Liberty Bonds is manifestly uncalled for and possibly dangerous.

The stability of Liberty Bonds themselves depends to no small extent upon the maintenance of some sort of market for other securities, limited and repressed perhaps, but existing for all that. Suppose a man needs money and has only two things to sell—Liberty Bonds and United States Steel stock. Everybody agrees that he should not sell the bonds, but if he is forbidden to sell the stock what is he to do? We cannot have everything frozen up during the war.

One can only repeat that it is a matter of degree. Probably the normal investor unburdened with any direct degree of responsibility for the maintenance of corporate credit will feel a less direct part in the war in the purchase of already listed or marketed securities than of those just put out for war purposes, and he will of course feel that even new, unsold and essential corporate securities must always make only a minor demand upon him as compared with Liberty Bonds. It is impossible to generalize. There is no rule. But it would seem as if the investor of the middle financial class, he with several thousand dollars a year to dispose of, might feel a certain failure to do his full duty by the country unless at least three-fourths of the available sum were placed in Liberty Bonds.

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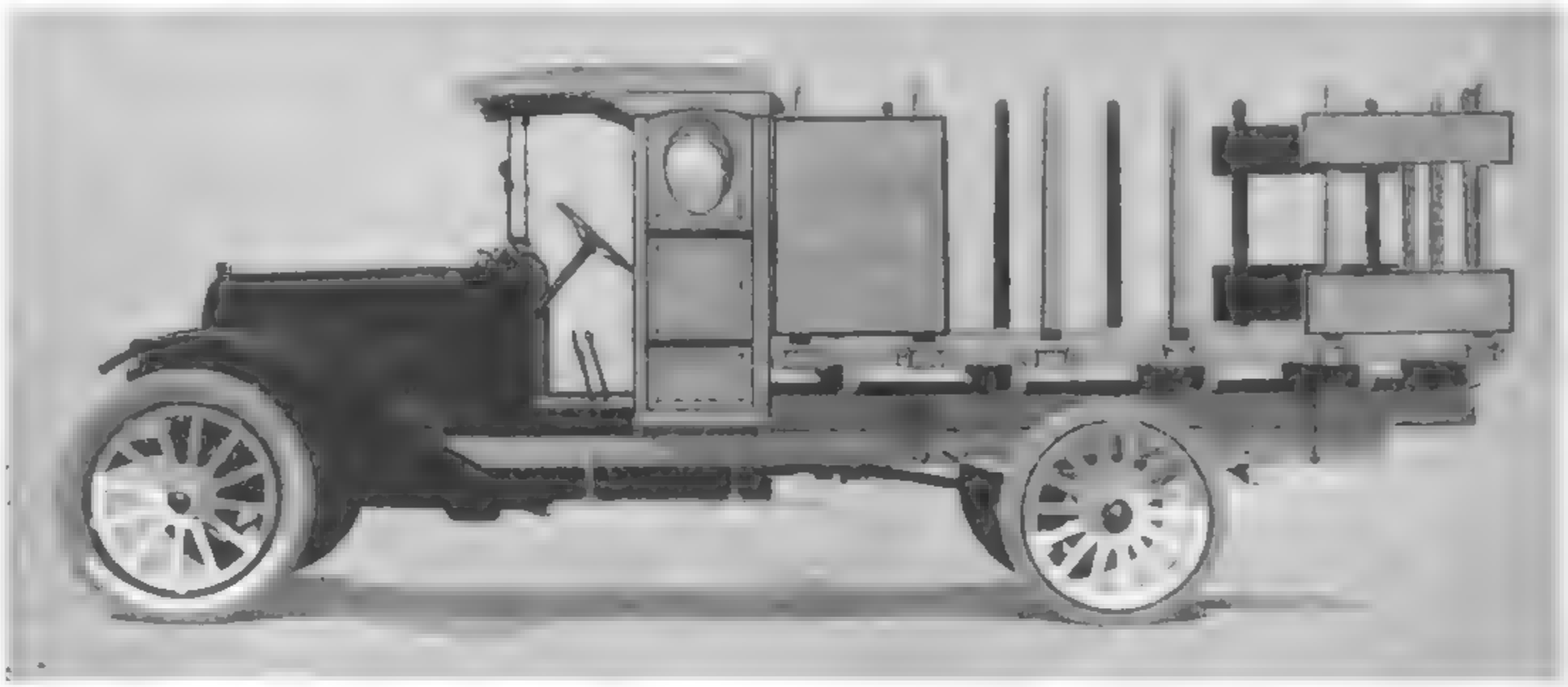

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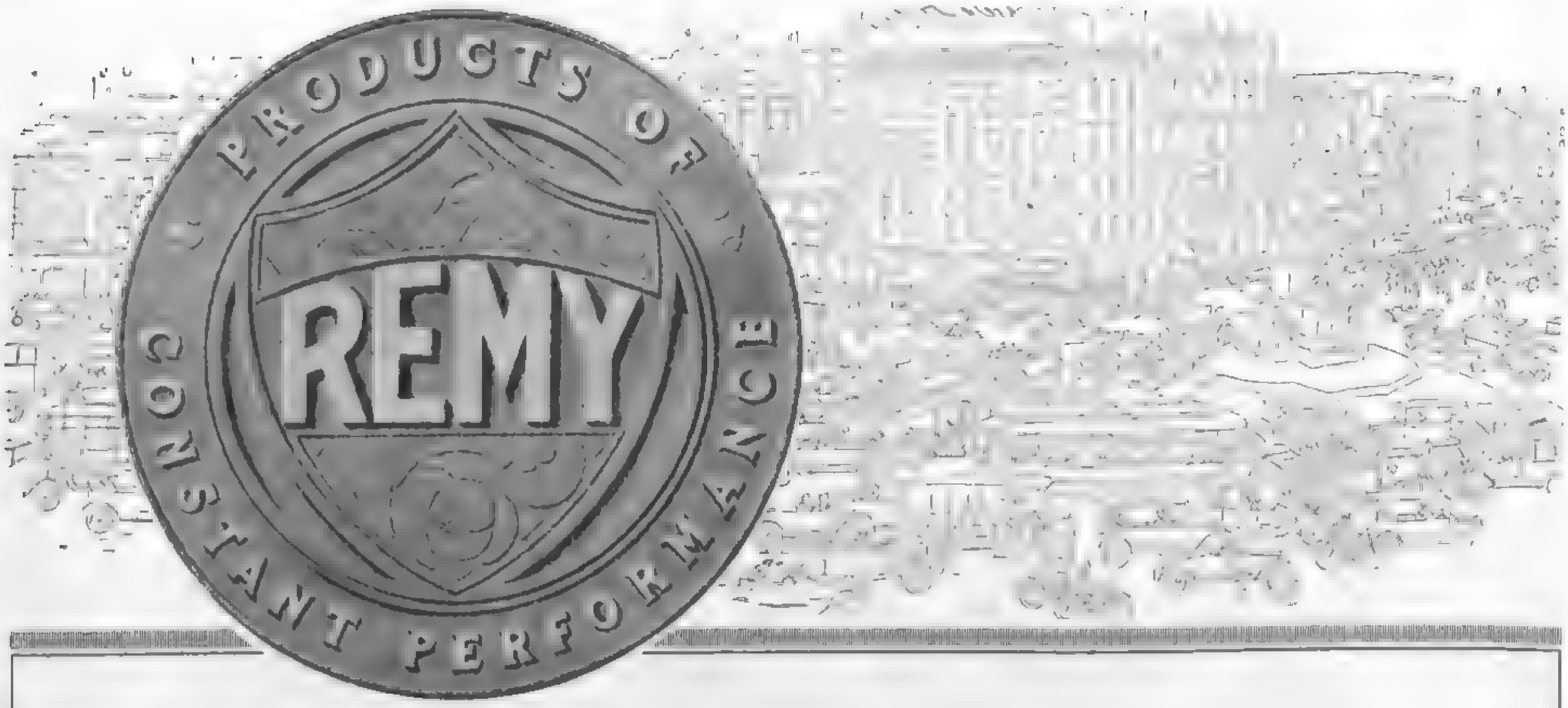

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REMY
STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 16)

confusion, had unexpectedly cast a shadow on a scene to which he had looked forward with a distinct sense of comedy. Where the realities were concerned he had no fear of Taou Yuen's ability to justify herself completely. He possessed a stupendous admiration for her.

He watched her now with the mingled understanding and mystification that gave his life with her such a decided charm. Her gaze had fastened on the mirror stand above the drawers; she must be wondering if she would have to paint and prepare herself for him here openly. He knew that she considered it a great impropriety for her face to be seen bare; all the elaborate processes of her morning toilet must be privately conducted. He recognized this, but had no idea what she actually thought of the room, of his family, of the astonishing situation into which her heart had betrayed her.

One and then another early hope he saw at once were vain. It had seemed to him that in America, in Salem, she might become less evidently Chinese; not in the incongruous horror of Western clothes, but in her attitude, in a surrender to superficial customs; he had pictured her as merging distinctively into the local scene. In China he had hoped that in the vicinity of Washington Square and Pleasant Street she would appear less Eastern; but, beyond all doubt, here she was enormously more so. The strange repressed surrounding accentuated every detail of her Manchu pomp and color. The frank splendor of her satins and carved jades and embroidery, her immobile striking face loaded with carmine and glinting headdress, the flawless loveliness of hands with the pointed nail protectors, were, in his room, infinitely dramatized.

The other, less secure, possibility that she might essentially change perished silently. In a way his wish had been a presumption—that a member of one of the oldest and most subtle civilizations existing would, if she were able, adopt such comparatively crude habits of life and thought.

She moved slowly up to the bed, examining it curiously; and again he understood her look of doubt—in China beds were called *kang*, or stoves, from the fact that they were more often than not a platform of brick, with an opening beneath for hot coals. She fingered the ball fringe of the coverlet, and then turned with amazement to the soft pillow. A hand with the stone bracelet falling back from her smooth wrist rose to the complicated edifice of her headdress.

"Your pillow is coming along from the ship," he told her; "the women here do up their hair every morning."

She considered this with carmined lips slightly parted on flawless teeth, and nodded slowly. The westering sun striking through the window overlooking the Common illuminated her with a flat gold unreality.

"I'll have a day bed brought for you," he continued, realizing that, as the result of fortunate chance, she understood most of what he said without an actual command of the individual words. In reply she sank before him in the deep Manchu gesture, with one knee sweeping the floor, the humility of her posture dignified by grace. He touched the crystal globe of an earring, pinched her chin, in the half light manner by which he instinctively expressed his affection for her. She was calm and pleased.

"Taou Yuen," he continued, "you miss Shanghai, with the wall of ten gates and the River Woosung stuck full of masts. You'll never think Salem is a paradise like Soochow."

"This is your city," she replied, slowly choosing the words. "Your ancestors are here."

There was not a shade of regret in her voice or manner. He tried once more, and as vainly as ever, to penetrate the veil of her perfect serenity. She never, it became apparent, descended from the most inflexible self-control; small emotions—surface gayety of mood, curiosity, the faintest possible indication of contempt—he had learned to distinguish; the fact that she cared enough for him to desert every familiar circumstance was evident; but beyond these he was powerless to reach.

His own emotions were hardly less obscured: the dominating feeling was his admiration for her exquisite worldly wisdom, the perfection of her bodily beauty, and the philosophy which bore her above the countless trivialities that destroyed the dignity of Western minds. He realized that her paint and embroidery covered a spirit as cold and tempered as fine steel. She was totally without the social sentiment of his own world; but she was equally innocent of its nauseous hypocrisy, the pretensions of a piety covering commercial dishonesty, obscenity of thought and spreading scandal.

The injustice he saw practiced on shore had always turned him with a sense of relief to the cleansing challenge of the sea; always, brought in contact with cunning and self-seeking men and heartless schemes, with women cheapened by a conviction of the indecency of life, he was in a state of hot indignation. From all this Taou Yuen offered a complete escape.

On the purely feminine side she was a constant delight, the last possible refinement, he told himself, of instinct and effect. She was incapable of the least vulgarity; never for an instant did she flag from the necessity of beauty, never had he seen her too weary for an adornment laborious in a hundred difficult conventions. She was, too, a continuous source of entertainment; even as his wife she never ceased to be a spectacle; his consciousness of her as a being outside himself persisted.

"I must go down and see where our things are," he said, rising.

In the hall he stopped before the tall clock whose striking was a part of his early memories. Below, the house seemed empty; and instead of turning to the front door and his purpose he went into the drawing-room.

The long glass doors to the garden were open, and the interior was filled with the scent of lilacs. The room itself had always reminded him of them—it was pale in color, cool gilt and lavender brocade and white panels. Nothing had been moved or changed; the inlaid cylinder fall desk with its garlands of painted flowers on the light waxed wood stood at the left, the pole screen with the embroidered bouquet was before the fire blind, the girandoles, scrolled in ormolu and hung with crystal lusters, held the shimmer of golden reflections on the walls.

He had remembered the drawing-room at Java Head as a place of enchanted perfection; in his childhood its still serenity had seemed a presentiment of what might be hoped for heaven. The thought of the room as it was now, open but a little dim to the lilacs and warm afternoon, had haunted him, as the measure of all peace and serenity, in moments of extreme danger, his ship laboring in elemental catastrophies and in remote seas. Its fragrance had touched him through the miasma of Whampoa Reach waiting for the lighters of tea to float down from Canton; standing off in the thunder squalls of the night for the morning sea breeze to take him into Rio; over a cognac in the coffee stalls of the French market at New Orleans, the chanteys ringing from the cotton gangs along the levees:

"Were you ever down in Mobile Bay?
Aye, aye, pump away."

As he left the room he saw Laurel, William's youngest child, and he imprisoned her in an arm.

"You haven't asked what I've got for you in my sea chest," he said.

Gerrit was very fond of all four of the rosy-cheeked vigorous girls, and a sense of injury touched him at Laurel's reserved manner. She studied him with a wondering uneasy concern. This, he realized, was the result of bringing home Taou Yuen; and an aggravated impatience, a growing rebellion seized him. He wouldn't stay with his wife at Java Head a day longer than necessary; and if anyone, in his family or outside, showed the slightest disdain he could retaliate with his knowledge of local pettiness, the backbiting enmities and secret lapses.

God knew he didn't want trouble; all he asked was a reasonable liberty; the semblance, anyhow, of a courtesy toward his wife. Whatever might be said would be of no moment to her—except in the attitude of his father; and Taou Yuen's indifference furnished a splendid example for himself. He wondered why the devil he was continually putting his fingers in affairs that couldn't concern him. No one thanked him for his trouble; they considered him something of a fool—a good sailor but peculiar. The damned unexpected twists of his sense of the absurd, too, got him into constant difficulty.

His father was standing outside the principal entrance; and as he joined him on the steps he saw two men from the Nautilus carrying his ship's desk by the beckets let into the ends. The wind was blowing gently up Pleasant Street; the men at his gesture lifted their burden up the steps, between the direction of the wind and Jeremy Ammidon. The latter rose instantly into one of his dark rages:

"What do you mean, you damned packet rats—coming up a companionway to the windward of me! I'll have no whalers' habits here!"

He repeated discontentedly that everything on sea and land had fallen into a decline. Others followed with a number of Korean boxes, strapped and locked with copper, and wicker baskets.

A man in charge said to Gerrit Ammidon: "The chest was left for Mr. Dunsack at the foot of Hardy Street, sir, as you ordered. The inspector sent it off complimentary, with your personal things."

Gerrit asked, "He didn't stop to get a whiff of it then?"

The other shook his head.

"Edward Dunsack asked me to ship it here," said Gerrit, turning to his father. "Said it was junk he was bringing home; but what it amounts to is about a case of Patna opium. He's lucky."

They turned inside. William was in the library and Gerrit instinctively followed his father into the room. William surveyed him with a moody discontent.

"What I can't understand," he said, "is why you call it a marriage; why you brought your woman here to us, to Rhoda and the children."

"It's simple enough," Gerrit replied; "Taou Yuen is my wife; we are married exactly as Rhoda and you are. She is not my woman in the sense you mean. I won't allow that, William."

"How can it matter what you will or will not allow when everyone'll think the other? Shipmasters have had Chinese mistresses before; yes, and smuggled them into Salem; but this conduct of yours is beyond speech."

Gerrit Ammidon said: "Don't carry this too far!" Anger like a hot cloud oppressed him. "I am married legally, and if anything, by a ceremony less preposterous than your own. Taou Yuen is not open to the suspicions of any man or woman. I am overwhelmingly indebted to her."

"But she's not your race," William Ammidon muttered; "she is a Confucian or Taoist or some such thing."

"You're Unitarian one day a week, and father is Congregational, Hodie's a Methodist, and no one knows what I am," Gerrit cried. "Good God, what does all that matter! Isn't a religion a religion? Do you suppose a Lord worth the name would be anything but entertained by such spiteful little dogmas. A sincere greased nigger with his voodooism must be as good as any of us."

"That is too strong, Gerrit," Jeremy objected. "You'll get nowhere crying down Christianity."

"If I could find it," the younger declared bitterly, "I'd feel differently. It's right enough in the Bible. . . . Well, we'll go on to Boston to-morrow."

"This is your home," his father repeated. "Naturally, William, all of us have been disturbed; but nothing beyond that. I trust we are a loyal family. What you've done can't be mended with hard words."

"She may become very fashionable," Gerrit mockingly told his brother.

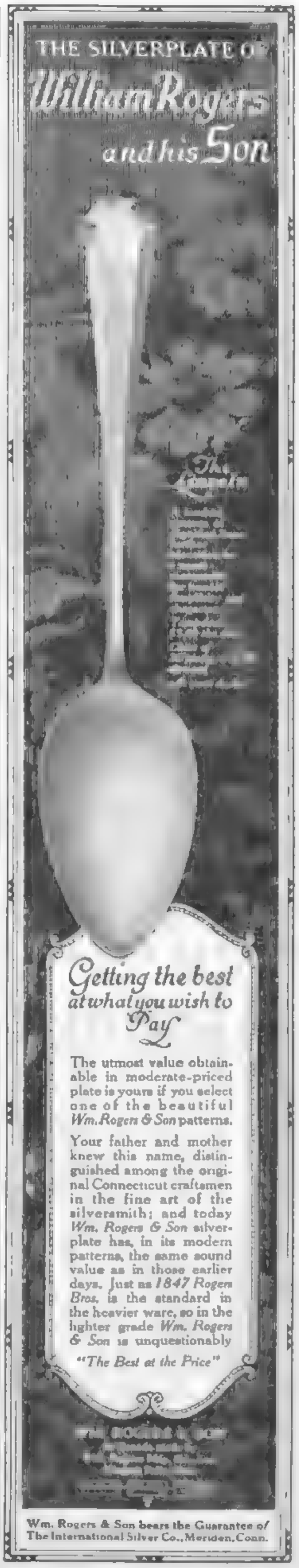
"It'll be a blow to Camilla," Jeremy chuckled. "Some rice must be cooked."

"Manchus don't live on rice," Gerrit replied. "They don't bind the feet, either, or wear the common Chinese clothes. Rhoda will understand better."

Again in his room he found his wife bending over a gorgeous heap of satins, bright mazarines and ornaments.

"We'll go down to supper soon," he told her.

Already there were signs of her presence about the room; the chest of drawers was covered with gold and jade and green amber, painted paper fans set on ivory and tortoise shell and lacquer fan boxes; coral hairpins, sandalwood combs, silver rouge boxes and rose-quartz perfume bottles with canary silk cords and tassels. On a familiar table were her pipe, wound in gilt wire, and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the flowered satin tobacco case. An old coin was hanging at the head of the bed, a charm against evil spirits; and on a stand was the amethyst image of Kuan-Yin pu tze, the Goddess of Mercy.

Taou Yuen sank on the floor with a little embarrassed laugh at the confusion in which he had surprised her.

"'Let your attitude be grave,'" he quoted from the Book of Rites with a pretended severity. Her amusement rose in a ripple of mirth. He opened his desk, rearranging the disorder brought about by its transportation; and when he turned she was prostrate in the last rays of the sun. "O-me-to-Fuh," she breathed; "O-me-to-Fuh"—the invocation to Buddha. This at an end, she announced, "Now I am grave and respectful for your family."

Supper, Gerrit admitted to himself, promised to be a painful occasion; conversation rose sporadically and quickly died in glances of irrepressible curiosity directed at his wife. She, on the contrary, showed no pointed interest in her surroundings; and in her hesitating slurred English answered Rhoda's few questions without putting any in return. Camilla preserved a frozen silence; Sidsall was pleasantly conciliating in her attitude toward the novel situation; Janet, her lips moving noiselessly, was rapt in amazement; and Laurel smiled, abashed at meeting Taou Yuen's eyes.

The recounting of his delayed return offered Gerrit a welcome relief from the pervading strain.

"There's no tea to speak of at Shanghai, and I took on a mixed cargo—pongees and porcelain and matting. I got camphor and cassia and seven hundred piculs of ginger; then I decided to lay a course to Manila for some of the cheroots father likes. The weather was fine, I had a good cargo, and—well, we pleasured out to Honolulu. I was riding the island horses and shipping oil when the schooner Kahemameha arrived from the coast with the news of the gold discovery in California. Every boat in the harbor was loaded to the trucks, crowded with passengers at their weight in ginseng, and laid for San Francisco. Well, I was caught with the rest.

"Five thousand dollars was offered me to carry a gentleman and his attendant. Two others would pay three for the same purpose. Stowage was worth what you asked. . . . The Nautilus made a good run; then, about a day from land, Mr. Broadrick told me that there wouldn't be a seaman on the ship an hour after we anchored. They were all crazy with gold fever, he said. I could see, too, that they were excited; the watch hung under the weather rail jabbering like parrots; an uglier crew of sea lawyers never developed.

"There was one thing to do, and I did it—called them aft and gave them some hot scouse. They'd shipped for Salem and there they must go. I didn't anchor, but stood off—the harbor was crowded with deserted vessels like some hell for ships—and sent the jolly boat in with the passengers and a couple of men. They didn't come back, you may be sure. The consignment for San Francisco I carried out that evening, for I made sail at once."

"You had a pretty time getting a way on her," Jeremy Ammidon remarked.

"I did," Gerrit acknowledged shortly. "The second mate's ear was taken loose by a belaying pin that flew out of the dark like a gull. Mr. Broadrick had a bad minute in the port forecastle after he had ordered all hands on deck a third time. The fine weather left us, though, and that kept the crew busy; we carried away the fore-royal mast and yard before we were within a thousand miles of the latitude of the Horn. That hit us like a cannon ball of ice. You know what it is at its worst," he told his father—"weeks of snow and hail and fog and gales; and not for anything can you keep an easting. God knows how a ship lives through the seas; but she does, she does, and you lose the Magellan clouds astern."

The old man nodded.

Gerrit was relieved, however, when supper ended and his wife formally departed for her room. Immediately slipping a hand inside Rhoda's arm he conducted her to the drawing-room.

"I'd like you to know more about it," he said directly.

"It was very extraordinary. A Lú Kikwáng was a high official of the Canton customs, and when Shanghai was declared an open port in Forty-two they made him hoppo there. I remembered him at Canton, a dignified old duck with eighty or a hundred servants to keep anyone from possibly speaking to him of business, but there had been some trouble about foreign vessels selling saltpeter illegally and—he knew some English—we had quite a friendly little consultation. Yet it hadn't prepared me for his coming off to the Nautilus at Shanghai with a linguist and an air of the greatest mystery. His manner was beautiful of course, absolutely tranquil, and that made what they said, what he hoped, seem even wilder than it was.

"His son, it appeared, had married and was accidentally drowned in the Great Canal hardly a month after the ceremony. His widow belonged then to the husband's family, and from that moment her father-in-law had had nothing but bad luck. He had been robbed, his best stallion died, there had been a flood in his tea which not only spoiled the crop but filled the ground with silt—it was impossible to relate his calamities. He consulted a necromancer at last and learned that it was all caused by the presence of Taou Yuen.

"This, you see, made the difficulty, as it's a frightful disgrace to return a married daughter to her own father's home, and Lú had grown very fond of her. She was extremely clever and virtuous, he said. The other thing was to kill her or force her to commit suicide. He told me very calmly that he would like to avoid this.

"Then in the linguist's most flowery manner they went on with what Lú Kikwáng proposed. He had recognized that I was a man of 'superior propriety' and he wondered if I would take Taou Yuen away to America with me. Very secretly, though—there would be an uproar if it were known that a Manchu woman had been married to a foreigner. I could see her first in his garden without her knowing anything about it.

"It's needless to tell you that I went with them that afternoon. A meeting was arranged for the next day——" He broke off, sitting forward with elbows on knees, gazing fixedly at his clasped hands.

"You make that very clear, Gerrit," his sister-in-law replied; "I now understand the past almost as well as yourself; but it's the future I'm in doubt about. I saw immediately that your wife was not an ordinary woman; it would be much easier if she were. Certainly you don't intend to stay here, at Java Head; but that is immaterial. Wherever you go in America it will not be suitable for her. She'll be no more at home with your friends than you with hers. I feel terribly sad about it, Gerrit. You were as selfish as only a man can be."

"You are unjust, Rhoda," he protested. "Taou Yuen was willing to come. She had read about other countries and saw a great deal of the English wife of a rich Dutch factor at Shanghai; as Lú Kikwáng said, she's wonderfully intelligent. I think she is happy too."

"Rubbish! Of course she loves you; I am not talking about that. How will she get along while you are away on your long voyages? She couldn't possibly live in the cabin of a ship. And do you suppose she'd be contented in Salem with you absent for a year!"

"We have as many chances of success as any other marriage," he asserted. "The whole business is foolish enough."

"That opinion might do for a single shipmaster, with only a month or two out of the year on land. When you were free, Gerrit, your impatience with convention was refreshing and possible. But can't you see that you have given up your liberty? You have tied your hands. However loudly you may cry out against society, now you are a part of us, foolish or not. You'll find that your wife has anchored you in Salem, Boston or Singapore, no matter where you go; people will reach and hurt you through her.

"She is very gorgeous and placid, superior on the surface; but the heart, Gerrit—that isn't made of jade and ivory and silk."

"I'll bring down your presents tomorrow," he told her, avoiding any further present discussion of his marriage. "Has father failed, do you think? His tempers are vigorous as ever."

"He seems baggier about the eyes and throat. He is just as quick, but it exhausts him more. Things would be much better if he were only content to let William manage at the countinghouse. Times are shifting so quickly with these new clipper ships and direct passages and political changes."

"There's no longer any doubt about the clippers," Gerrit declared; "the California gold rush will attend to that."

In his room he found Taou Yuen in soft white silk worked with bamboo leaves, on the day bed, smoking. She rose immediately as he entered, and coming close to him ran her cool fingers through his hair. He stood gazing out at the dim oil flares that marked the confines of Washington Square, considering all that Rhoda had said. Strangely enough it led his thoughts away from his wife; they reverted to Nettie Vollar.

He had been, he realized, very nearly in love with her. What he meant by that inaccurate term was that if the affair had continued a little longer he would have insisted on marrying her. Nettie was not indifferent to him. An impersonal feeling had attracted him to her—a resentment of her treatment by the larger part of Salem, particularly the oblique admiration of the men. His supersensitiveness to any form of injustice had driven him into the protest of calling and accompanying her with an exaggerated politeness about the streets. It had not been difficult; she was warm-blooded, luxurious, a very vivid woman. Gerrit, however, had made a point of repressing any response to that aspect of their intercourse—the sheerest necessity for the preservation of his disdain.

She had cried on his shoulder, in his arms practically; he had acted in the purely fraternal manner. But the thing was reaching a natural conclusion when her grandfather, Barzil Dunsack, had interfered with his unsupportably frank accusations and command. The Nautilus had been ready for sea, and his, Gerrit's, imperious resentment had carried him out of the Dunsacks' house—to Shanghai and Taou Yuen—without another word to Nettie.

How strangely life progressed, without chart or intelligent observations or papers! He heard the tap of his wife's pipe; there was a faint sweetish odor of drugged tobacco and the scent of cloves in which she saturated herself. Outside was Salem, dim and without perceptible movement; the clock in the hall struck ten. Taou Yuen didn't approach him again nor speak; her perceptions were wonderfully acute.

The sense of loneliness that sometimes overtook him on shore deepened—a feeling of impotence, as if he had suddenly waked, lost and helpless, in an unfamiliar planet. There was the soft whisper of his wife's passage across the room. In the lamplight the paint on her cheeks made startlingly unnatural patches of—paint. The reflections slid over the liquid black mass of her hair, died in the lustrous creamy folds of her garment. She was at once grotesque and impressive, like a figure in a Chinese pantomime watched from the Western auditorium of his inheritance. His fondness for her, his admiration, had not lessened. He surveyed his position, the presence here in his room at Java Head of Taou Yuen, with amazement; all the small culminating episodes lost, the result was beyond credence.

His thoughts returned to Rhoda's accusation of selfishness, the disaster implied in her pity for his wife. He tried again to analyze his marriage, discover whatever justification, security, it possessed. Was his admiration for Taou Yuen sufficient provision for his part of their future together? It was founded largely on her superiority to the world he had known; and here it was necessary for him to convince himself that his wedding had not been merely the result of romantic accident. He was aware that the sensual had had almost no part in it; it had been mental—an act of pity crystallizing into his revolt against what he felt to be the impotence of "Christian" ethics. Yet this was not sufficient; for he, like Rhoda, had found under his wife's immobility the flux of immemorial woman.

No, that wasn't enough; but more existed, he was certain of that. No one could expect him now to experience the thrill of idealized passion that was the sole property of youth. What feeling he had had for Nettie—he was obliged to return to her from the fact that it was the only possible comparison—had come from very much the same source as the other: the old impersonal motives!

The danger, Rhoda pointed out, had been admitted when his marriage made impossible the continuation of that aloof position. He doubted that it could change him so utterly. The thought of the entertainment his wife would afford him in Salem expanded. He regretted that the best, the calling and comments of the women, was necessarily lost to him, but

(Continued on Page 45)

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GRATON AND KNIGHT

(Continued from Page 42)

Taou Yuen would repeat a great deal; she, too, had a sly sense of the ridiculous. He hoped that his sister-in-law didn't suppose her helpless; the impenetrable Manchu control gave her a pitiless advantage over any less absolute civilization. In the darkness before sleep the heavy exotic scents in the room oppressed him strangely.

He rose early, and quietly dressing went out into the garden. Buds on the June roses against the high blank fence on the street were swelling into visible crimson; there were the stamping of horses' feet on the cobbles of the stable inclosure, the heavy breathing and admonitions of the coachman wielding a currycomb. The sunlight streamed down through pale green willow and tall lilac bushes, through the latticed summerhouse and across the vivid sod to the drawing-room door. Gerrit turned and entered the farther yard, where his father was inspecting the pear trees.

"The Nautilus will need new copper sheathing," Gerrit said; "she's pretty well stripped forward."

"Take her around to the Salem Marine Railway at the foot of English Street. A fine ship, Gerrit, with a proper hull. I tell you they'll never improve on the French lines."

"She won't go into the wind with a clipper," Gerrit admitted; "but I'll sail her on a fair breeze with anything afloat."

"If you come to that," his father asserted, "nothing handsomer will ever be seen than an East Indiaman in the northeast trades with the captain on the quarterdeck in a cocked hat and sword, the shoals of flying fish and albacore skittering about a transom as high and carved and gilded as a church, the royal pennant at the mainmast head. Maybe it would be the Earl of Balcarras with her cannons shining and the midshipmen running about."

"Yes," the younger man returned, "and taking in her light sails at sunset, dropping astern like an island. The John Company's ruining British shipping."

Jeremy Ammidon muttered one of his favorite pessimistic complaints.

"What did you say her name was?" he demanded abruptly.

"Taou Yuen."

"Taou Yuen Ammidon," the elder pronounced experimentally. "It doesn't sound right; the two won't go together."

"But they have," Gerrit declared. He thought impatiently that he must listen to a repetition of Rhoda's assertions.

"I don't know very much about 'em," Jeremy proceeded. "All I saw, when I was younger, was the little singing girls playing mora and wailing over their infernal three-stringed fiddles something about the moon and a bowl of water lilies."

Taou Yuen did not come down to breakfast, and Gerrit stayed away from their room until her toilet must be finished. It was Sunday, and with the customary preparation for church under way William said: "I suppose you will go down to the ship?"

The hidden question, the purpose of the inquiry, at once stirred into being all Gerrit's perversity. "No," he replied carelessly, "we'll go with you this morning."

"That's unheard of!" William exclaimed heatedly. "A woman in all her paint and perfume and outrageous clothes in North Church, with—with my family! I won't have it, do you understand!"

"No worse than what you see there every week," Gerrit retorted calmly; "corsets and feathers and female gimcracks. Plenty of rouge and cologne too. It will give them something new to stare at and whisper about."

William Ammidon choked on his anger, and his wife laid a gloved hand on his arm.

"You must make up your mind to it," she told him. "It can't hurt anyone. She is Gerrit's wife, you see."

Above, the shipmaster said to Taou Yuen: "We are going to church with the family."

He surveyed her clothes with a faint glimmer of amusement. She had, he saw, made herself especially resplendent as a Manchu. The long gown was straw-colored satin with black bats—a symbol of happiness—whirling on thickly embroidered silver clouds, over which she wore a sleeve coat fastened with white jade and glittering with spangles of beaten copper. Her slippers were pale rose, and fresh apple blossoms, which she had had brought from the yard, made a headdress fixed with long silver and dull red ivory pins.

She smiled obediently at his announcement, and, with a fan of peacock silks and betel nuts in a pouch like a tea rose hanging by a cord from a jade button, she signified her readiness to proceed.

William had gone on foot with his girls; Jeremy was seldom in church; and Rhoda, Taou Yuen beside her with Gerrit facing them, followed in the barouche. It seemed to the latter that they were almost immediately at the door of North Church. The leisurely congregation filling the walk stiffened in incredulous amazement as Gerrit handed his wife to the pavement. Rhoda went promptly forward, nodding in response to countless stupefied greetings; while Gerrit Ammidon moved on at Taou Yuen's side.

Prepared, he restrained the latter from a prostration in the hall of the church. The umbrella trough still bore the numbers of the pews, the stair wound gloomily up to the organ loft. He again found the subdued interior, the maroon upholstery, the flat Gothic squares of the ceiling and dark-red stone walls, a place of reposeful charm. The Ammidons had two of the box pews against the right wall; his brother and the children were in the second, and inside the other small inclosure he shut the gate and took his place on a contracted corner bench. Taou Yuen sat with Rhoda against the back of the pew. The former, blazing like a gorgeous flower on the shadowed surface of a pool, smiled serenely at him.

He could hear the hum of subdued comment running like ignited powder through the church; familiar faces turned blankly toward him or nodded in patent confusion. The men, he noted, expressed a single rigid condemnation. The women, in crisp light dresses and ribboned bonnets, were franker in their curiosity. Taou Yuen was a loadstone for their glances. As the service progressed her face grew expressionless. Pierced sandalwood bracelets drooped over her folded hands, and miniature dragon flies quivered on the gold wires of her earrings; the sharp perfumes of the East drifted out and mingled with the Western scents of extracts and powders. Only he saw that she was politely chewing betel nut. It wasn't, he told himself, reverting to his critical attitude toward Salem, that he was lacking in charity toward his neighbors or that he felt any superiority; but the quality that signally roused his antagonism was precisely the men's present aspect of heavy censure and boundless propriety, their stolid attitude of justifying the spiritual consummation promised by the sermon and hymns.

The long night watches, the anxiety of the sea, the profound mysteries of the wheeling stars and the silence of the ocean at dawn, had given him, he dimly realized, an inarticulate reverence for the supreme mystery of creation. He was unable to put it into words or facile prayer, but it was the guarded foundation of most that he was; and it bred in him a contempt for lesser signs. The religion of his birth, the faith of Taou Yuen, the fetishism of the Zanzibar Coast, he regarded as all equally important, or futile—the mere wash of the immensity of beauty, the inexorable destiny that had seemed to breathe on him alone at the stern of his ship.

He lost himself now in the keenness of his remembered emotion; the church faded into a far horizon; he felt the slight heave of the ship and heard the creaking of the wheel as the steersman shifted his hands; from aloft came the faint slapping of the buntlines on rigid canvas, the loose hemp slippers of the crew sounded across the deck, the water whispered alongside, the ship's bell was struck and repeated in a diminished note on the topgallant forecastle. The morning rose from below the edge of the sea and the pure air freshened. . . . His thoughts were recalled to the present by the dogmatic insistence of the clergyman's voice, promising heaven, threatening hell. His gaze rested on the chalky debility of Madra Clifford.

The service over, the aisle past the Ammidon pews was filled with a slow-moving inquisitive throng. Rhoda chose to wait until the greater part were past, and then she followed with the unmoved Taou Yuen and Gerrit.

"This is my brother's wife," he heard the former say. "Mrs. Saltonstone, Gerrit's sister, Mrs. Clifford and Miss Vermeil. Yes—from Shanghai. Overdue. We were worried, of course."

Taou Yuen smiled vigorously and flapped the vivid fan. Against her brilliant colors, the carved jade and embroideries, silver and apple blossoms, the other women looked colorless in wide book muslin and barège, with short veils of tulle illusion hanging from bonnets of rice straw and glazed crêpe. Palpably shocked by her Oriental face masked in paint, her Chinese "heathen" origin, yet they fingered the amazing needlework and wondered over the weight of her satins.

The men he knew gave him for the most part a curt greeting. They glanced more covertly at his wife; he understood exactly what thoughts brought out this condemnation, soiled by private speculation; and his disdain mounted at their sleek backs and glossy tile hats supported on bent arms.

After dinner he walked through the warm sunny emptiness of the afternoon to Derby Wharf and the Nautilus. Standing on the wharf smoking a cheroot he leaned back upon his cane, studying the ship with a gaze that missed no detail.

At the sound of footfalls behind him he turned and saw Nettie Vollar and her uncle, Edward Dunsack. A dark color rose in the girl's cheek, and her hand pulled involuntarily at Dunsack's arm, as if she wished to retreat. Gerrit thought that she had aged since he had last met her; Nettie's mouth with its full slightly drooping lower lip had lost something of its fresh arch; her eyes, though they still preserved their black sparkle, were plainly resentful. Edward Dunsack, medium tall but thin almost to emaciation, had a riven sallow face, close-cut silvery hair and agate-brown eyes with contracted pupils.

"Well, Nettie," Gerrit said, moving forward promptly, "it's pleasant to see you again." Her hand was cold and still. "Dunsack too."

"I am obliged to you for my chest," the latter told him, unmoved by Gerrit's quizzical gaze.

"Glad to do it for you," the other replied; "it came ashore with my personal things, and so, perhaps, saved you something."

"Perhaps," Dunsack agreed levelly.

Looking down at the cob filling of the wharf Nettie Vollar said, "You came home married, I hear, and to a Chinese lady."

Gerrit assented. "You'll certainly know her; and like her too. Taou Yuen is very wise and without the prejudices ——"

He stopped, conscious of the stupidity of his attempted kindness.

Dunsack interposed: "You will find that the Chinese have none of your little sympathetic tricks. No foreigner could ever grasp the depth of their indifference to what you might call humanity. They are born wise, as you say, but weary. I suppose your wife plays the guitar skillfully and sings the Soochow Love Song."

Gerrit Ammidon studied him with somber eyes and a gathering temper; it was, however, impossible to decide whether the implication was deliberately insulting. He wouldn't have any Canton clerk, probably saturated with opium, insinuate that his affair was on the plane of that of a drunken sailor!

"My wife," he said deliberately, "is a Manchu lady. You may know that they don't learn dialect songs or ornament tea houses."

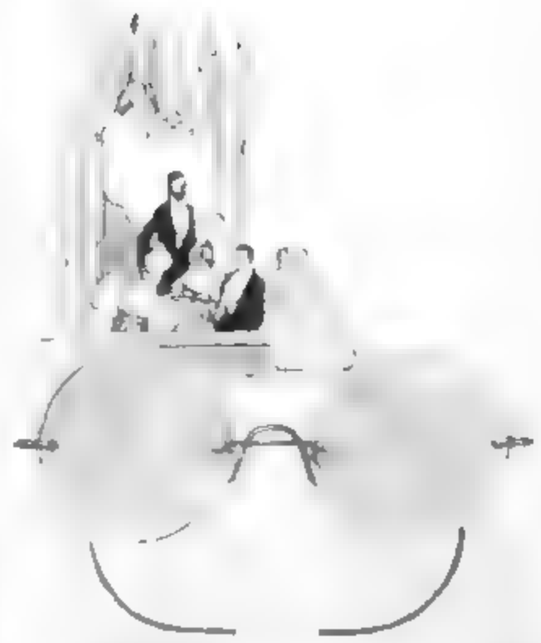
"Very remarkable," Dunsack returned imperturbably. "We never see them. How did you manage a go-between? And did you send the hour of your birth to the Calculator of Destinies? Then there is so much to remember in a Chinese wedding—the catties of tea and four silver ingots, the earrings and red and green silk, and the Tao priest to consult the gods."

Gerrit heard this with a frowning countenance. If Nettie were not there he would put Dunsack forward with the hypothetical crew to which he belonged. He felt as sorry for Nettie, he discovered, as ever. It moved him to see her vivacity of life, her appealingly warm color slowly dulled by Salem and the adventitious circumstance of her birth. What a dreary existence she led in the harsh atmosphere of her grandfather and the solemn house on Hardy Street! At one time he had fancied that he might change it—when now here was Taou Yuen, detached and superior, waiting in his room at Java Head.

"I stopped for a moment to look at the ship," he said with the trace of an ungracious bow, "and must get back."

The sunlight flung a warm-moted veil over Nettie Vollar. She gave him a startled uncalculated glance of almost desperate appeal, and his heart responded with a quickened thud. Edward Dunsack was sallow and enigmatic, with thin pinched lips.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE GLOVE

Continued from Page 7

patron of the arts, promoter of the Industrial Iron and Steel, member of the Emergency Fleet Corporation—the man with a mole on his ear! He would be the first!

Nattall had a secretary who had a square jaw. In appearance he would have been the idol of a Western screen drama; he possessed the soul of a mouse. His was a personality which always appeared to be peeping out of a hole ready to run out when there was no risk, to pull in another piece of cheese. He had been startled by reproof so many times that his spirit had been broken. He spoke of Nattall as "the King," and a part of his duty would have been to say to the President of the United States if the latter had called, "I think perhaps Mr. Nattall will see you. Please be seated for a few moments."

The rule of the office was that every visitor should be kept waiting at least six minutes, and the rest of the impression was made by seventy-five thousand dollars of the bank's money invested in paneling, soft rugs, magnificent tables, massive electroliers and secretaries and subsecretaries and doormen. All these paraphernalia returned their cost in the psychological states they created in visitors. So they were planned; and yet no one was connected with their conspiracy who would not have denied this even to himself. They were a part of the system.

Halliworth had known their power. The first time he had sat waiting to see the great Nattall he had felt that it was a good deal like seeing Saint Peter. Nattall could make him or break him; Nattall held Wellis' future in the palm of his lean and bony hand. He had trembled. Last Thursday, when he had come to see "the King" about a new note issue of States Public Utilities, he had not trembled, but nevertheless he had pulled down his waistcoat before going into the holy of holies.

Now he sauntered through the bank toward the president's room and called out to the secretary of secretaries: "Hello, Bobby, old man. Can I see the boss?"

Two Western bankers, a Brazilian coffee magnate and a member of a famous law firm looked up in alarm, just as persons might look up if someone began to whistle in a church.

"You have an appointment, Wellis?"

"No, and you know I haven't, you rascal."

"Well, I'll see what I can do for you. Mr. Nattall is in conference."

Halliworth looked about the hallowed anteroom and said reflectively: "This is a nice, ostentatious room."

To the secretary such a remark could mean only one thing—some great miracle had conferred upon the ever-ascendant B. Wellis Halliworth a promotion to a position where he no longer cared a tinker what Nattall would think. Halliworth must have gone from near-greatness to greatness, and Robert shifted the gears of his deference from low to high and nearly stripped them in the process.

Halliworth saw it.

"You said Mr. Nattall was in conference?"

"Yes, sir; in conference. If you'll ——"

"My stars, Bobby, but you are a genial liar. There wouldn't be anything serious about it if it wasn't for the fact that most of you downtown secretaries are no better than Swedish second maids who mouth a lot of falsehoods at the front door. I shan't wait. I'm going in."

"Shan't wait!"

The secretary had never heard such a sentiment. He could not believe that there lived a man, certainly no man who was "regular," who would dare to say "I shan't wait." He squeaked out the phrase like a frightened rabbit. He closed his eyes. He was a secretary. There had been a violation of the shrine!

"Look here!" said Wellis roughly. "You're a pretty good sort. But for fifteen years you've had your tail between your legs like a frightened, broken-spirited hound. You draw a good salary and sometimes you're taken to banquets, and it's all very respectable. But where are your dreams? And where is your manhood, or whatever you call it, Tomlinson? Why don't you walk in and insult the King and get your pay envelope and be free?"

The other choked and stared, stared and choked. In the process he was so powerless that he could not jump forward to prevent Halliworth's pushing his way through the door of the president's room.

Nattall was in conference. He was talking to Bosson, the writer of blank verse and pageants. The two made a strange contrast—an old lion of finance and a poodle dog of art.

Halliworth heard a few words; he heard enough to inform him that Bosson was going to produce a festival of æsthetic dancing on the lawn at Nattall's famous country estate—Mossytop. It was to be for a war relief fund.

"Halliworth!" exclaimed Nattall.

"Yes, Nattall," said Wellis. "How-dy-do? And how-dy-do, Bosson? War relief, eh? Good. I've only heard a word, but I know the whole story. Bosson, when you peddle your wares in the open market you can't sell enough to subscribe to a daily. So you sell your wares to private buyers—the very rich—the 'cultivated critics,' as you like to call them. The truth of it is that Nattall does not know a sonnet from Salome. But why worry? The proposal is for Nattall to spend six thousand on this pageant; and the press notices are what he gets, and the gate money—say, twenty-five hundred—goes to the French wounded. Mrs. Nattall will pick a list of thirty patronesses, including those New Yorkers who have not yet quite forgiven her for coming from Vermilion, Ohio, and will hope to get them onto her grounds. You will feel thrilled, Bosson, to hobnob with the idle rich whom you were damning a year ago in the cafés round Washington Square when you were trying to be a socialist who knew more about sex than syndicalism. Well—everybody's satisfied."

Nattall, whose nod at directors' tables is always sufficient, sprang up.

"Halliworth!" he protested. "What does this mean?" Then he began to wheedle. "Just a little joking, Bosson," he said. "A trifle rough on us, eh? Ah, well, I'll see you at Mossytop Monday."

The writer of blank verse and producer of pageants shook the long brown hair which hung down over his ears, and with his cane and straw hat he fled.

"I hate those parasites," said Halliworth to the financier. "They certainly put it over you—a pack of leeches inveigling you into the false position of pretending to have a lot of sincere interest in various arts and sciences, which at the bottom of your heart you wish were at the bottom of the sea. Of course, Bosson has a clever line of attack. He combines culture and charity, and that always goes well with men in your position."

"Halliworth!" roared Nattall angrily.

Wellis laughed good-naturedly.

"You must be gone mad," the other said.

"No, I've just gone sane. I'm out of your reach, Nattall, now. There's nothing you can do to punish me. The only thing I am anxious about is that you may think I have ill will toward you. Not a bit!"

"Well, what did you want to see me about?" asked the banker coldly.

"About you."

"Me?"

"You. Yes, sir—about you," Halliworth went on. "It's all good-natured. If I have any serious ill will it is toward B. Wellis Halliworth

"Of course, you are too big a man not to begin to see by now that your life is a failure. Your motto was mine."

"What motto?"

"Kiss everybody else's hand until you can't stand it any longer, and then make them kiss yours."

"My God!"

"This war is going to be a great thing for that," said Halliworth blithely. "There will be a great change in mottoes—the world round. It will cure a lot of truckling and timid fear. Fake will be less in style. Death is no faker, and I guess suffering is a great simplifier. Now, of course, if you hadn't been a confirmed victim of fear you would have kicked me out onto the sidewalk; I guess I was jolly well rude when I came in. But, of course, you could not account for my talking as I talked unless I had secured some sort of upper hand. In the world which has been yours—and mine—we never kick anybody onto the sidewalk until we are fully guaranteed that he is harmless. The truth of the matter is that the system produces rich men and flash men and mouthy men and routine men—but not big men."

Nattall sat down painfully, as if young Halliworth, who had no respect for his gray hairs, had filled his bones with rheumatic aches.

"If you were a big man—a man of free spirit and acquainted with courage—you would never have sat silent while this country was drifting rudderless into war. But you and all the others of our timid bootlicking class—yours and mine—were victims of habitual fear and a lifetime of office-boy anxiety that we might not please."

"I never have heard the equal of your impudence in all my life!" said Nattall.

"Neither have I. I am even more astonished than you," replied Halliworth; and he strolled out the door, through the bank, to the swarming downtown street that leads to Broadway.

He glanced up at a clock hanging out from a building and saw that he would have just time to reach the meeting of the board of directors of the Mercantile Wire and Machine Tool Corporation.

A long fight for the control of this company had ended in a truce between the two big interests which had sought to possess it, but as a result of the struggle Mercantile Wire had one of the most distinguished boards of directors in America. Halliworth had worked for months to be elected to this board.

"It will be worth perhaps a hundred thousand dollars to sit down at a table now and then with these men," he had said.

When he had been elected, Doris Collamore had heard of it and had congratulated him and he had begun a proposal to this resistant, proud, twenty-three-year-young woman—this affluent Diana. She had nipped it with one of the sudden frosts which she could so easily bring down into the midst of the summer of her favoring smiles, exactly as she had nipped the dozen others. He had tried to persuade her in taxicabs when the rain was beating down, and in the sunlit orchard just beyond the bounds of the Manheim Golf Club course; in the moonlight of Havana harbor on the deck of the Yoricks' Wekebend; and on ski when the snow covered the Berkshire Hills. But he felt that he had never come so near to success as when he had just been elected to the board of directors of the Mercantile Wire and Machine Tool Corporation.

Now when he entered the directors' room in time to see the gold pieces for the directors' fees dropped into the Red Cross box he glanced from face to face round the table and wondered why he had once hoped so ardently that he could ascend to an equality with them. They all were smug round the mouth and worried round the eyes. They were all pretending furiously that they knew something about the industry, but voting with no interest whatever except upon questions that concerned anything which promised a chance to thrust their beaks into a division of profit.

Halliworth need not state the names of these men; they are well known to everyone who can identify the corporation. In fact on this occasion Wellis seemed to regard them as lay figures and as one would regard an equal number of clothing models leaning against the backs of ten or eleven carved mahogany chairs. Here was a handful of the mighty—the mighty of the Street, of the Exchange, of the great banks and trust companies. They were not exactly representative, but they were mighty. And Halliworth had won his long campaign of manipulation, truculence, bartering, log-rolling and concession to be one of them!

He sat through the meeting, leaning forward over the table, almost sprawled out, apparently inattentive to the business at hand, picking to pieces an unlighted cigarette, examining bits of the tobacco with a microscopic eye, occasionally yawning.

(Continued on Page 49)

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(Continued from Page 47)

Whether he saw pictures of himself plunging forward, arms outstretched, with a bullet through his lungs; or of himself standing before the public-library steps that morning in the sunlight, seeing suddenly and unexpectedly a vision and with a surge of instinct leaping forward to embrace an opportunity to be free; or whether he was giving deep consideration to the deliberations of these director figures round the board, is neither here nor there. When he heard someone put a motion to adjourn he sat up as if he had been waiting for this moment and spoke clearly:

"I want to tender my resignation."

"What!" Basil-Lourdes exclaimed.

"May we know the reason?" asked Scargarry.

"Yes. There are two reasons," said Halliworth. "I will not state the first, but I will gladly state the second. I am tired of being a part of this fraud of management. The only real management given Mercantile Wire is given by Pat Mathewson, the superintendent of the Buffalo and Erie plants. All that we represent is the parasite of financing. That may not always be true of boards of directors, but it's true of many and true of us. I am sorry to say it, gentlemen. I have known it for a long time, way down deep in myself, and denied it often enough to believe that you will deny it. We are fakers. We are the little slaves of big banking interests. We do as we are told. We do not really represent the stockholders. If we did we would not have given our individual and hidden assent to the brokerage houses that boosted the stock last spring so that we and they could unload—on the stockholders."

He sighed.

"No, I'm out," he went on. "I've just heard you vote to confirm a contract with the Metals Fabrication Corporation. As I understand it they have a war contract with the Government which yields them only a fair profit, but the secret arrangement is to make subcontracts with us which net us a vast gain. We are about to become rotten with money. Of course, the Government will get back some of this profit in taxes, and of course we will tell ourselves that we did not have relations with the Government at all; but looking at it from a plain house-garden back-yard point of view it is not even good honest piracy of the United States, but a kind of sneaking pocket-picking."

"We intend to share the profits with our labor," said one who had not understood.

"Certainly," said Halliworth. "That is the new shell game. Big profits to capital and then big wages to labor, and when labor wakes up taxes and prices have gone so high that no one can make both ends meet. Of all the vile flimflam—whether it be by big business or by big statesmen—it is selling out the people."

No one spoke until Basil-Lourdes, of the trust company, said: "I think you have spoken hastily, Halliworth. You must realize that you have departed ——"

"Oh, yes," said Wellis. "Only your arms are not long enough to reach me now. As you say, I have departed. I am entirely free. I speak freely. It would be very difficult to bring pressure to bear upon me. And I am a very happy man."

He had told no untruth. He was happy. He was so happy that when he left the directors' room ten pairs of staring, angry, frightened eyes followed him, wondering why a strange light appeared to shine from his face.

He turned at the door and said: "I suppose I object particularly to belonging among you because we represent American business so badly. I think the American business men, the great strong body of American business men, sneered at and despised by highbrows and politicians—are going to win this war by their sound sense and their sound morals."

Wellis was glad he had said that. He was in fine spirits when he met Corby Bronson at the Midday Club. He did not like Corby, but Corby belonged to the Old Homesteaders Club, and into that most exclusive small circle Corby was going to put his friend Halliworth, who had prepared the way by allowing Corby to buy Coastwise Shipping common stock when it was first issued. It was a deal.

"Put me down for chicken halibut and hashed brown potatoes," said Wellis across the white tablecloth.

"Something sweet afterward?"

"No," said Halliworth. "I'm trying to get into condition."

"To-morrow night we are going to take you into the Homesteaders, old boy," Bronson told him.

"Not me," said Halliworth.

"Not you! What's up?"

"I suppose I ought to tell you. I did not want to belong to the Homesteaders as a social matter. It was purely a case of getting in where one stands a chance to make advantageous acquaintance, that's all. To tell you the truth, I consider the membership of that club composed largely of lounge lizards and snobs. If it wasn't for the fact that they belong to families that have vast fortunes I wouldn't take a membership on a salary. I wish you'd let me out and forgive me for saying this."

Corby Bronson rattled his cuffs angrily. He said something about three big brokerage accounts that would be withdrawn from Halliworth's firm.

"We always heard you were a very smooth person," he said, getting up. "I've always thought so. You worked your way into the best set."

"I'm breaking my way out to-day," Wellis answered. "I'm shedding my set fast to-day. On the whole it's the best spree I ever had. And all I can say is that I'm completely intoxicated."

"No, you're not," piped Corby. "No, you're not, old boy. That's just an excuse. If you say you're intoxicated I'd like to know with what."

"Freedom," said Halliworth, putting his hand on Bronson's shoulder. "Poor old Corby! Poor old offended, good-natured peewee! Have you never tasted freedom?"

"You talk like a socialist!" the astounded master of hounds and yachtsman spluttered. It was the pinnacle of his power to phrase an insult.

He walked away, turning round once to look at Wellis as the messenger boy had looked at him—like a suspicious dog taking his departure.

Halliworth went down in the elevator. A woman had supplanted a drafted man as operator. Her frowzy gray hair was blown loose by a rush of air as they descended. She could not have been less than fifty.

"Working," said Halliworth. "New thing for you, isn't it?"

"Yes. My son has gone into the Navy and there's no use my staying home in the flat to cook meals only for one. Once I thought I'd never lift my head for shame if I ever had to do work like this—and the neighbors found it out. Now I'm boasting of it. War's kind of magic some ways; and then again some ways it isn't."

Wellis left her with a sense of belonging to her because belonging to the whole world.

He went to his office smiling, and seeing that the senior member of the firm was reading the ticker tape he sat down in one of the big leather chairs, still smiling, and waited. "Hello, Halliworth," old Dennim said when he turned round at last. "Finally here?"

"Yes, at last."

"Where you been?"

Wellis smiled.

Dennim frowned, but Halliworth, thinking that he would never have to see this high-ceilinged suite of offices again, never have to smell the paper and ink and typewriter odors of this respectable brokers' establishment where he had served with polite attention and obsequiousness the puffy, pompous or leanly avaricious male and female investors who had made his clientele and yielded him riches, never have to pour sugar over the gossiping, petty and exacting Mrs. Dennim when she called for her husband, grinned back at his employer.

"Mr. Bolbroke waited an hour for you this morning," complained the head of the house. "He wanted to arrange with you to convert his C. B. & L. four per cent equipment bonds after the interest is paid in September."

"No use," said Wellis. "I shan't be here."

"This is wartime. We are short-handed. I shall not take a vacation—even myself."

"Nor I," Halliworth replied. "I'm through."

Dennim stared, opening his globular blue eyes wider and wider; his neck grew red.

"In view of our talk about the partnership I did not expect you to make other arrangements," he said wrathily. "I have heard about offers made to you. Permit me then to ask you—how much of a price did my rivals pay for you?"

Wellis thought a moment and kicked a stripe of afternoon sunlight on the rug.

"I think your rival is to pay me thirty or forty dollars a month to begin," said he.

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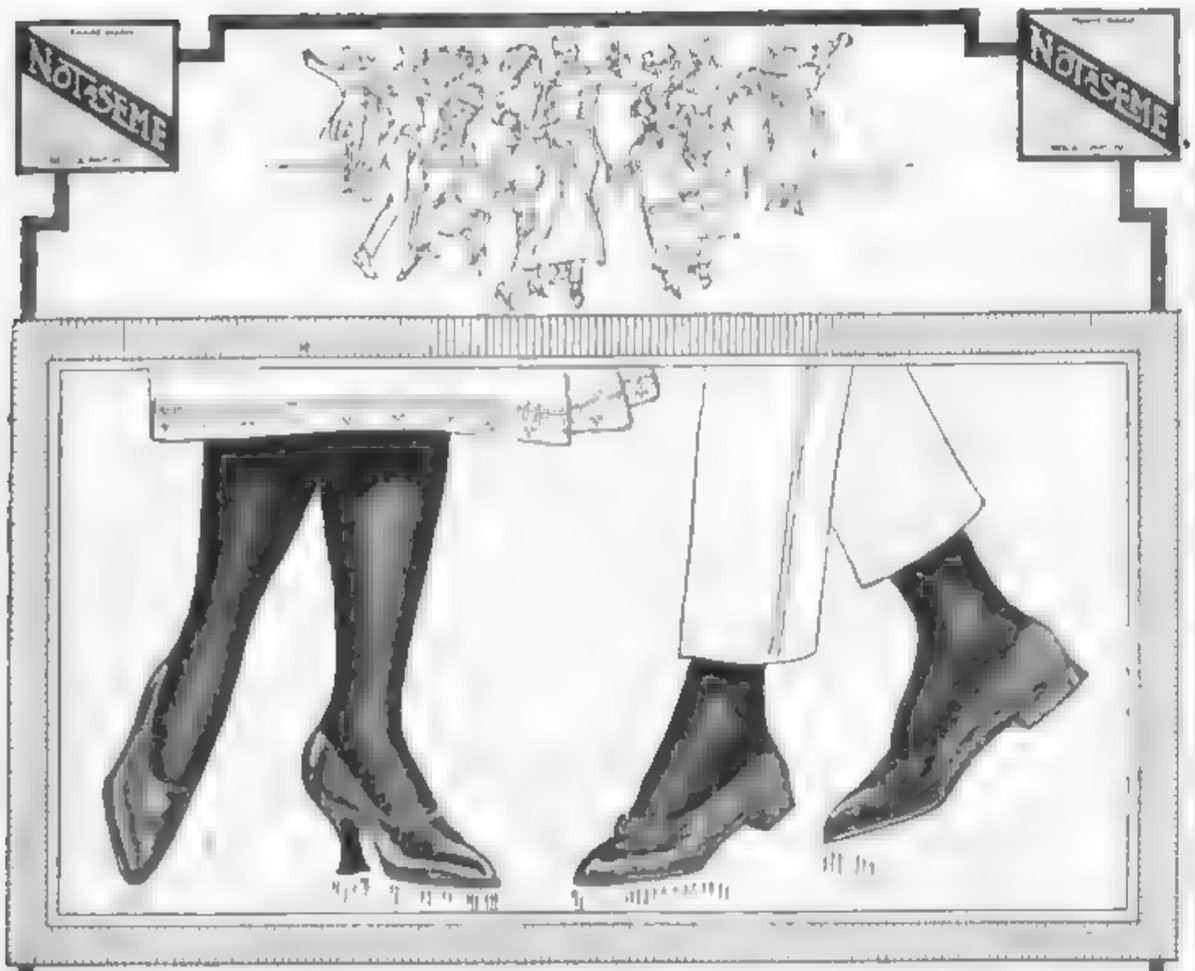

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Dennim was so angry, so apoplectic that he heard only the last few words. He said: "This is a nice sample of gratitude!"

"I was going to speak of gratitude," said Halliworth. "That is the same old camouflage. It used to fool me. It's so common it's believed. The truth of the matter is that you are the one who owes me gratitude. If I hadn't always earned a little more than you paid me you would have put me on the bricks. You were always talking about loyalty to the firm and *esprit de corps*, and so forth, and trading in a lot of talk against a larger salary for me. And you insulted me over and over, and I took it, trading in my self-respect against doing anything that would lose me a foothold here. You bought my services and then you tried to collect my personality. You told me what clubs to join and what persons I could be nice to. You made me fill out your table at your stupid dinner parties. You put up requests that I meet your relatives at trains and check their baggage, and if I had refused in those old days you would have fired me. You took me in because I had acquaintance with the rich and you helped me to become a toadying subservient snob. And there was one thing that stuck in my crop—once you sent me to a society editor to beg him to print your daughter's photograph among the pictures of the débutantes. That was symbolic of our relationship. However, I forgive everything."

He paused. "It's over."

"You've turned on me!" roared Dennim. "Demme! I ——"

"I've turned on myself," Halliworth said calmly. "I've turned inside out."

Halliworth knew exactly where he would go when he had left the head of the firm sprawled out in his desk chair as if flung into it by a hurricane. The moment he turned his back on the office he went uptown to see Doris Collamore.

Doris was not in. She was over on Fifth Avenue doing war-relief work and making sheets for refugees with her own white, long-fingered, fascinating hands.

Halliworth strolled over into Central Park, and finding three children who said they had been making mudpies he explained to them that hands rather than faces were best for the purpose. The four held an election, which resulted in three winning places as cowboys. B. Wellis Halliworth was elected a fugitive Indian. When he had to go, the three introduced themselves. They said their names were Bessie, Peter and Joe Giordani. They pointed out their mother, who occupied an astonishing amount of seating capacity of a park bench, and suggested that they ask her if they might bring him home with them for supper.

"No," said he. "I am going to rescue a poor peasant boy from a witch who has turned him into a worm."

Of this remark and the children's breathless interest in it he thought again when he had climbed the steps of the Collamore home and the liveried man, Casper, who had opened the front door, indicated by an expression of sophistication that Doris had come.

"Hello," said Wellis as he pushed aside the portières. "Tea alone?"

"Not now, B," the girl said, touching her brown, golden glittering hair. "You'll have it with me. Father has gone to Washington to see the Secretary of the Treasury."

"I hope he doesn't talk too much to a busy man," said Wellis. "He usually talks too much. The fact is that your father is a bit garrulous." Doris looked surprised.

"You are not in a very good frame of mind to-day," suggested Doris.

"Yes, I am," Wellis contradicted her. "I've never been happier. The fact is, when I spoke to you about loving you the other night and you curled me up, a sense of relief came to me. I realized there was no use. A great big friendly love came to me—different from the other kind—if you can understand—which is improbable."

"Why, B, I've always ——"

"As I was saying," Halliworth interrupted, "the scales were struck from my eyes. What shall I say? I saw you then more clearly. You had been a vision; you became a reality. Oh, it's a fine thing to have friendship! Friendship has good eyes. And true friendship is frank."

"When folks say they are frank they are about to say something unpleasant," remarked Doris, moistening her lips.

"Yes, of course. I knew you would understand," he replied. He looked round the room, filled with Louis Sixteenth furniture and Ming porcelains, the walls of which had a few indifferent examples of the Barbison school. "Too much over decoration here," he said as if it were a passing thought. "This room is an atrocious room. It goes to show that money does not always bring true refinement of taste."

"B!" protested Doris.

"I'm going away," said Wellis. "I thought of my duty. Thank you for the cup of tea. I can't wait a minute—truly. You must not detain me. But it's my duty to speak to you candidly."

"Being candid is the same as being frank—or rude," she exclaimed, rising.

"Yes, it was my duty," he said reflectively. "I made a mistake. As a prospective—what shall I say—bride?—I overestimated you. As a friend I can be quite impartial. And, Doris, you really must not be so selfish. You must get up earlier in the morning. That begins the day right. And you must not skim through books and adopt all the smart sayings of the reviews. You are horribly superficial, really. I think intellectual girls are nice enough, but the fakers are terrible. I say this for your own good."

"I think you better go," she warned him.

"Yes, I must," Wellis agreed easily. "Only I was going to tell you that Davis P. Collamore, your grandfather —— Well, you know you often refer to him proudly in that genealogical manner of speaking. Of course, the fact is that he beat the Government out of about forty-five thousand acres of land during the railroad development of the West. Of course, you don't speak of it at home and probably don't even allow yourself to think of it, but outside it is on every tongue —— Oh, my!"

Doris, tall, majestic, white and beautiful in anger, clenched her hands.

Halliworth laughed.

"I just wanted you to know that all the time I was trying to win your hand I was a contemptible being," he told her. "I despise myself for being so supine and weak, and for confining my relations with you to being agreeable and attentive and like—an open box of chocolates. I certainly played the fool. Worst of all, I did not do my duty by you—I never told you that you were foolish to wear dinner gowns that exposed your elbows. They are not very—what shall I say now?—perfect—elbows."

"You told me my arms ——"

"I know I did," he said. "I was drunk with love. Oh, Lord! I am ashamed of the way I behaved."

Doris straightened up in her fury.

"Don't you ever come to my house again!" she said. "Don't you ever dare!"

"No," said Wellis. "Just as I thought. The sunlight of your favor shines only on your flatterers. The game uptown here is the same as the game downtown. When a loyal truthful friend comes along—off goes his head. But not my head. I'm out of reach now. Good-by."

He pushed the portière aside and stepping into the hall with its marble pillars and stone seats he picked up his hat.

His arm was seized from behind.

"B!" whispered Doris. "We mustn't part like this, dear. What has happened?"

"I shan't tell. I'm going away."

She flung her arms about his neck and kissed him on the lips. Halliworth felt the world sway gently as if it were a soap bubble caught on a blossoming apple branch in a warm fragrant breeze of spring.

"You've never been so nice, B," she whispered brokenly. "There's a nice new thing about you. I don't know exactly what it is. You've never been like this before. And you love me. Say them—the words!"

"Yes," said Wellis. "I do love you. I can see that I do."

"You're going?"

Halliworth patted her on one soft cheek.

"Yes," he said. "It has set me free."

For a moment, with his arms round her warm shoulders, he wondered how many others who had lived as he had lived—well, popular, prosperous—were still groveling in the dust at the feet of the fools in front and spreading tail feathers in the faces of the fools behind

"Look, B," she was saying playfully. "You know how you have often kissed my glove. Look! Now I am kissing yours"

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THE GOOD OLD SHOE

(Continued from Page 11)

of riches. It was the beau ideal, the ultima Thule, the perfect example for the suburbanite.

It was more than that. It was a monument to Mr. Jorian Merritt's life endeavor to make his woman happy and successfully placed. When he recalled the small flimsy rented hungalow in which they had first set up their Lares he felt he could rightly congratulate himself on his achievements with the firm of Quiller, Lake & Anstey. He had not set the river on fire. Good heavens, no! But he had done well. Marion's implications offered from time to time that he might have done better were gratuitous insults.

Why, only to look at his house ——

There was the pergola, one of only three in Flora Vale! Marion herself had confessed what the pergola had done for her spiritually; there was the goldfish pool—small, it is true, and for some reason furnishing difficulties in the matter of supporting piscatorial life, but of implicit purpose; there were the rosary and the herb garden, small again but giving Marion opportunities—last year to wear a cretonne smock, and this year blue denim breeches.

There were the white concrete garden seat, the Ostend umbrella, the little figure of Pan among the oleanders; Marion had certainly been able to trick the place up pretty much as she liked—outside.

As for the inside, hadn't they a sun parlor with a chaise longue, and a butler's pantry, and a cook-and-maid, where in the first years Marion had worked for herself?

No, the woman was an ingrate. The wife of to-day was a moron anyhow. She had no decent appreciation of real endeavor, of the price these things required, the effort to get it. She was an Oliver Twist, forever demanding more, when she had every reason to be content.

He passed across the veranda into the wide low-ceiled hall and up the stairs to his dressing room in quest of a shower, a change of clothes.

He got into a soft linen shirt, a cool rajah lounge suit, and at the last a pair of soft shapeless kid Romeos Marion had given him many years before. They had lost their pristine coloring; gone a little purplish at the toes and were netted over with an intricate tracery of fine gray lines like a labyrinthine river system. They were not beautiful, but not for a great deal would Jorian Merritt have parted with them because of the solid comfort they afforded. It was all very well to go occasionally to a good bootmaker and have the newest, niftiest articles of footwear turned out—there was a pleasurable, even prideful satisfaction in pulling on brown Russia calf, glazed leather; the highly lacquered dress pump. But when it came to comfort—just sheer peaceful relaxation—there wasn't a thing made that could compare with his old pet Romeos. Darn homely old things, but his cosmos wouldn't have been complete without them, he reflected for the hundredth time as he pulled them on now.

A few minutes later he was entering the living room. It was cool and inviting with its black-and-white English chintzes, its fireplace banked with fresh ferns, its tempting davenport placed before one of the French windows with the evening paper and smoke stand at hand, and the long glass of iced tea with the dash of Tokay he liked. Marion rose to greet him out of a near-by chair.

She put up her cheek for his salute—the salute of sheer habit and utter indifference, he realized analytically—just as though they had not parted that very morning on terms of aloof and acrimonious politeness.

That was the awful thing—the tragic thing about marriage when the bloom was gone—that a quarrel wasn't even worth picking up again; that you accepted—accepted, think of it!—your differences as a matter of course. They no longer went deep, that was the reason.

Ordinarily he did not note Marion's costume, but now some insistence in her manner made him aware that she was slightly festal—a touch of elaboration to both dress and hair.

She was looking at his feet.

"You can't keep those on to-night, Jorian. You'll have to put on buckskins or your pumps. The Petersons are coming over."

"The Petersons! Let 'em come. I won't bother for them."

"They phoned they were bringing a visitor—Nan's cousin—a Mrs. Ripley, from New Orleans, Nan said. You wouldn't want to look like that when she's here."

An uncouth expletive broke against Merritt's teeth.

"I thought you said we'd have a vacation this week; that we wouldn't bother anybody nor be bothered this weather," he growled.

"Can I help it if they ask themselves? Nan called up at four o'clock. I can't turn them away, can I?" Marion asked aggrievedly.

"You can kill 'em, for all I'll care!" Jorian returned.

He took up his glass of cooled beverage, pulled a good half of it, lit a cigarette, and unfurling his news-sheet sank gracefully to his davenport, propped it against his raised knees, and with a deep sigh began to absorb it.

"I'll change after dinner," he said absently. "I want this half hour for myself."

Plenty of time to do it—plenty. He didn't care a picayune for the Petersons. Brainless, chattering, good-natured informal idiots with no more sense than to break into one's family life on a hot August evening! And he didn't care a picayune for the strange woman. Marion was always having strange women running over the place, with bridge tables or Red Cross bags. Let her come on, this newcomer. Might be a good thing for an independent free-born male to show himself unshackled by convention.

". . . In the sixth, after Grady struck out, Conlon was safe on Lampey's bad throw letting him to second. He went to third on Lester's out at first and scored on a wild pitch. Kilharter struck out. . . ."

On and on read Jorian Merritt. Two or three times his wife addressed him, receiving absent answers thereto.

Thirty minutes later Elizabeth rang the dinner gong and Mr. Jorian Merritt rose to investigate his cooled melon and prime ribs *au jus*.

Not thus had they dined in the first year—in an inviting mahogany interior, with a deft maid at beck and call and a Marion in elaborate demitoilet giving competent direction. Marion in their first year had worn blue gingham, and had gone all hot and pink-flushed cooking her meals herself. And she had enjoyed it too. She had told him so and he believed it. Marion had never really been so happy as when she was wrestling with Mrs. Tybie's First Principles in Cookery and the Bride's Handy Cookbook, or Delightful Dishes for the Inexperienced.

Those were the days when she had cried on his shoulder because the oven was too hot and the rice pudding scorched; or because her crab-apple jelly wouldn't set; the days when she had crowed and laughed to him over a new dessert that had in it—guess how many things! Nutmeg? Yes. Cocoanut? Yes. Currant jelly? No, stupid! Fig paste.

He had never known exactly what was in the desserts then, because life was all dessert—a sugared sweetmeat laced with kisses.

They had had no maid nor gong to summon them. Marion would steal up behind him and clap her hands over his eyes and he would have to guess who it was—more kisses. They had dozens of names for each other, and at mention of the one Marion favored for the moment he would be released and summoned to his meal. Or Marion would make a gay mystery of it.

"A letter for you in this afternoon's mail," she would say, and put what appeared to be a bona-fide missive in his hand. To what elaborate pains will not love go in its play?

She had preserved an old envelope with its canceled stamp and address, and carefully resealed the flap over her little note:

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REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF
MR. JORIAN MERRITT'S COMPANY
AT DINNER
FRIDAY, APRIL FIFTEEN AT SEVEN O'CLOCK

What a way to announce dinner—a dinner of beef stew and experimental pie!

But that was Mrs. Jorian Merritt those days—all infinite variety, infinite surprise. Oh, foolish? Yes, they had been rather imbecile about things. But wasn't it better

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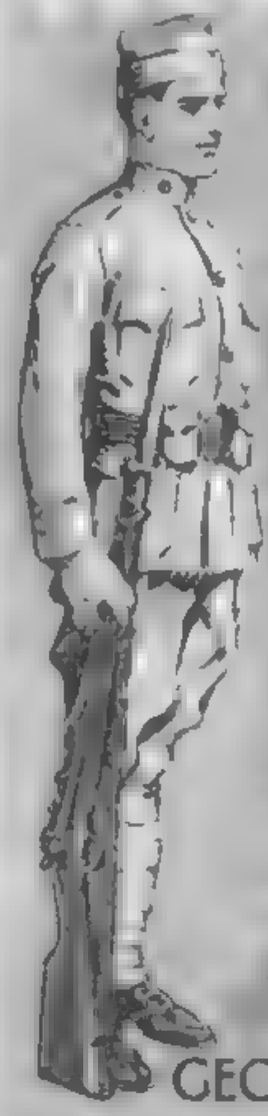

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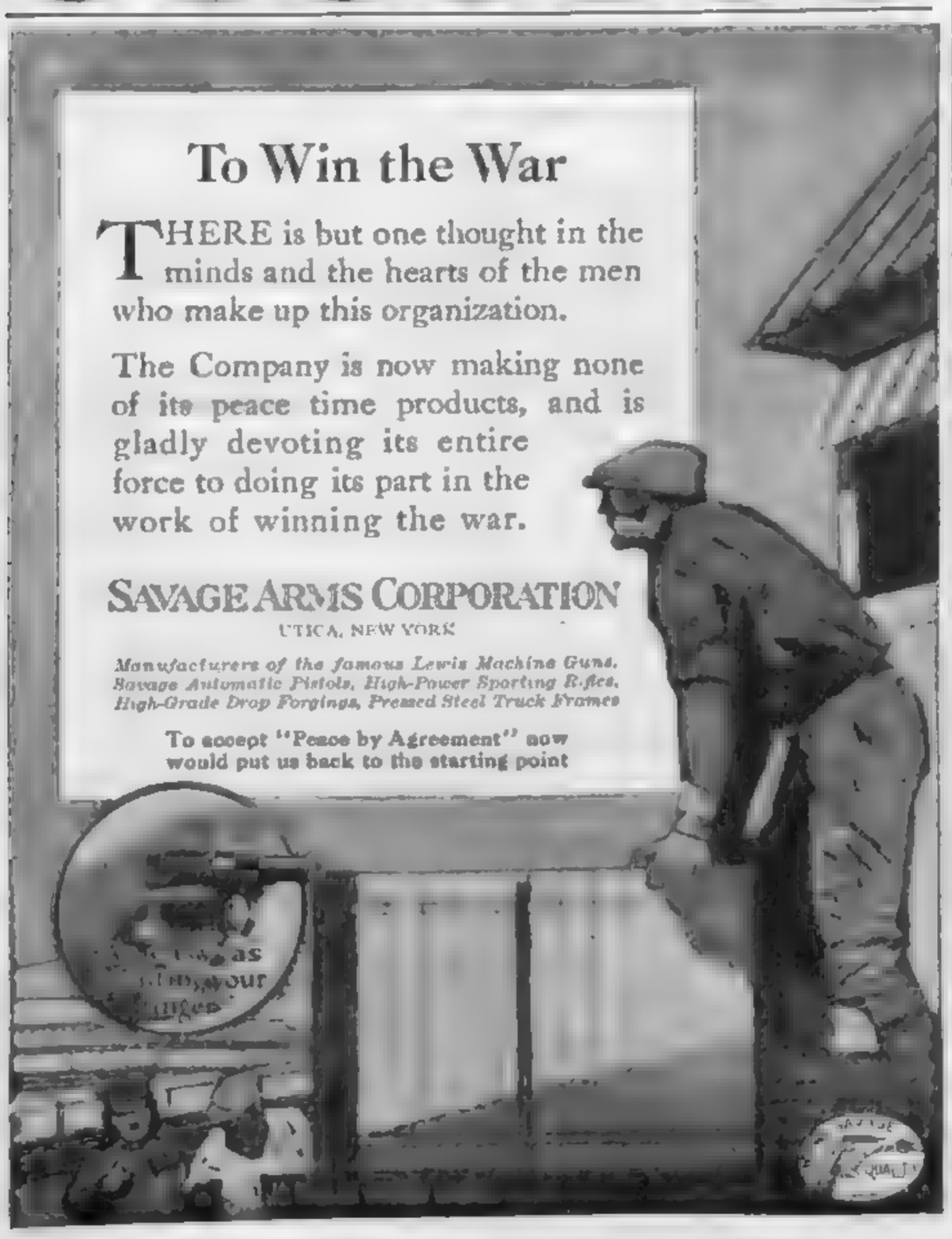

than this way, the way of Marion now, sitting across the table, large-eyed and calm, with that fatal fullness under her chin, pausing above a forkful of melon to ask had anything happened in the city to-day?

As though the things that happened in the city mattered when the things that had happened in one's life, to one's soul, were so significant.

Lost in his reflections Mr. Jorian Merritt forgot the Petersons and the state of his footwear. Marion forgot also.

It was eight-thirty when the doorbell announced the arrival of the Petersons, and he remembered. But it was too late. He must go forward and greet his guests, Romeos and all. A moment later he was being presented to Mrs. Carlotta Ripley.

I believe Thackeray somewhere, balked by his own inadequacy of delineation before an emotional scene, cried out for the pen of "a G. P. R. James" to sustain the situation properly. The present scribe is fronted by similar difficulties to give you properly that little drama—the meeting between Carlotta Ripley, flower of the old South, and Jorian Merritt, wearing his old house slippers.

I will pass it up by saying that it was one of those soul-speaking moments—a clock tick in a lifetime, when Fate marks time, grins a little in her sleeve, and What Might Have Been rises out of its lair and paints for her disillusioned victim—well, what might have been. At least this is roughly the way Mr. Jorian Merritt felt above the shamed agony of remembering his Romeos.

As for Mrs. Carlotta, when you looked at her you knew at once that she belonged in New Orleans, whence she was listed, and you thought involuntarily of divers things—of George W. Cable and Old Creole Days; of crawfish and chicken gumbo; of green Venetian blinds; and of My Spanish Rose.

She was a delicious blend of all these atmospheres, slim and *svelte* and young of shape—the way Jorian liked 'em; very dark, rose brown of cheek, very black of hair and eyes, and wearing a silky white crape worked over with orange-colored flowers—magnolias, probably. She had a scarf of black lace thrown over her slim girlish shoulders, a tall comb of pierced silver in her hair; and the voice with which she acknowledged Jorian's greeting was at once low, sirup-sweet and poignantly thrilling; like the song of her nightingale—if you find them as far south as Louisiana.

Against the thick, clumsy, fair prettiness of the Northern women she was like an orchid, an exotic. She made them look like—like pink-and-white Teddy-bears, he thought. She was such a creature as a young man would snatch up his lute to serenade; and even the rising middle-aged felt a momentary heady impulse to offer homage. Only momentary, however, for the *convenances* must be satisfied, and Mr. Jorian Merritt, keeping his feet gracefully out of sight, wafted his guests into the living room.

It needed less than ten minutes to assure the discriminating what a gulf lay between Mrs. Ripley and her crass cousin, Nan Peterson. The Petersons had never seemed so loud, so commonplace—Peterson himself with his fat chuckle and his expletives, his "Gad, old man!" his "Great guns, I had him rattled!" and Nan with her shrill laugh and her domestic conversations, her talk about jam and conservation to Marion.

Across the intimate commonplaceness of it all Merritt encountered the dark glance of Mrs. Ripley's narrow eyes. She was out of her element, and knew it—and knew that he knew it. There was some flash of sympathy, of occult understanding here. Why, her very tone of voice, her soft, quick little comments, sophisticated little comments, marked the difference.

She was cultivated—that was it. A woman of rare understanding and culture, she made them all seem *gauche* and clumsy. Well, if he himself was *gauche* and clumsy it was merely because he had had no chance to be anything else. With the right woman—the incentive to climb, someone to shape and alter him—how different he would have been.

Even so, deep beneath his crust of commonplaces he felt strange lavas murmuring for outlet. In his college days he hadn't been a bad hand at the literary end of it. Why, there was the Emerson thing he had quoted the day he met Marion, and he used to know a dozen others—little touches that lent distinction to a man's conversation, that set him apart.

Suddenly he found himself taking a hand in the conversation, talking fluently, volubly almost, in a quite different fashion from his wont. He let the idiom of the day fall from him like a cloak, used phrases he felt were almost sonorous, a happy felicity of word or phrase. He led the conversation from jam or Peterson's brass castings and the trolley tie-up to more æsthetic fields. He knew Peterson and his wife were staring at him, but he cared not. They should see! They and Mrs. Ripley!

Mrs. Ripley seemed to see.

Involuntarily he found himself watching her. It was odd how often her dark eyes rested on his, as though to say: "We know, don't we, that there are other things worth talking of than jam and the price of brass castings?"

If it hadn't been for his feet Merritt would have been happier than he had been in many days.

Presently across one of Peterson's interminable stories Mrs. Ripley spoke to him confidentially.

"Lovely room," she said languidly. "That's a darling piano too. I suppose you've lots of music here?"

"My wife doesn't play much; out of practice, I'm afraid," he answered.

Nan Peterson had caught the words.

"Carlotta plays—beautifully. Do play, Carley!"

Mrs. Ripley went to the piano, trailed her slim, lovely hand over the keys, then she sat down and played—very beautifully—the theme of Prince Igor, and something of Sibelius; lovely, appealing, haunting things that were in perfect accord with her. Then she sang, played and sang in a soft pretty parlor voice, old plantation melodies until the room seemed full of cinnamon flowers and banjos and mocking birds.

She stopped, one hand still trailing the keys, to smile up at Jorian.

"You sing, don't you, Mr. Merritt?"

The question well-nigh stunned Jorian. He had not sung since his college days.

"I feel that you do, just to hear you speak; your voice in conversation."

Such fineness of ear; such discrimination!

"Oh, I haven't sung in years," he answered, and his voice implied plainly that he had had no incentive for song.

"You mustn't give up your music."

"Let's all sing," Nan suggested.

They found a book of old ballads and ranged about the piano; all but Peterson, who declared he had a voice like a choked radiator. In common decency the other women should have subsided, Merritt felt, after hearing Mrs. Ripley. But no, they sang blindly, fatuously, rather piercingly. In order to let Mrs. Ripley hear him at all Merritt had to let go fortissimo, but he succeeded, for she smiled again.

"I knew you did!" she triumphed; and somehow she maneuvered a solo.

He, Jorian Merritt, found himself singing Loch Lomond!

His voice needed use—it was breathy all over and brassy at points—but on the whole he did well, throwing fervor especially into the phrase,

But me and my true love will never meet again
By the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond.

And Mrs. Ripley clapped her pretty hands.

She was taking a flat in the Lazare for the summer and they must all come round and have music with her, and be happy and forget the war. And Merritt quoted aptly, "The man that hath no music in himself."

And it was a very happy evening after all. It left one thrilled, stimulated.

As he wound the hall clock later Jorian could not quite contain himself:

"Well, Nan's cousin is something new, isn't she? She's—she's the most wonderful woman I ever met."

There was a minute's pause.

"She's too skinny," contributed Marion.

He wheeled round, shocked.

"What?"

"I said it—skinny—s-k-i-n-n-e-y." Marion spoke coldly; she had a spot of pink in either cheek. "Jorian," she added, "I think you acted rather foolish this evening."

"You are spelling incorrectly," he said, also coldly; "but I wasn't referring to Mrs. Ripley's poundage. Her intelligence—her charm."

Marion only sniffed.

But after she went upstairs Jorian found himself standing at the end of the hall looking out through the door into the garden. It was flooded with moonlight—the pergola, the rosary and the herb garden, the fish pool, the concrete benches. It was lovely and unearthly; but there was no immediate pride of possession in Merritt's heart.

(Continued on Page 57)

STANDARDIZATION

IS THE BIGGEST WORD IN AMERICA'S INDUSTRIAL VOCABULARY

FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

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MORE THAN SIXTY THOUSAND—A LOVE FEAST—
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CLEVELAND, OHIO

LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MFRS. OF REAR AXLES FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

My bread rises an inch higher - pies have crisp bottom crusts - puddings stay piping hot

"Yes, everything tastes so much better in Pyrex"

Your wife will rejoice in being freed from the disagreeable task of scouring black oven pans. She can wash her Pyrex dishes right with her finest table china

YOU, too, will be amazed when you bake in Pyrex for the first time. Your breads —even the difficult war breads, rise about an inch higher—are light and fine.

Your pies—even custard pies that are so apt to be soggy—have brown, crisp bottom crusts.

Your meats cooked in Pyrex are more tender and juicy; your vegetables and fruits keep their fresh color and flavor; your custards are more delicate and smooth than ever before.

Besides this, Pyrex keeps food hot so much longer that you can take your desserts out of the oven when you serve the meat and they stay hot until eaten.

Everything tastes much better in Pyrex.

Made for constant use

You can bake and roast and serve in Pyrex, put food away in the ice-box in it. You can even take it direct from the ice-box and put it into the hot oven.

In fact, women find that their Pyrex dishes, unlike other utensils, stay bright and new without flaking, discoloring, denting, crazing or rusting. After years of use they are as perfect as the day you bought them.

Developed by scientists

The scientists of the famous Corning Glass Works Laboratories realized that with ordinary utensils about two-thirds of the oven heat does not reach the food; that the bottom and sides of food are never as well done as the top.

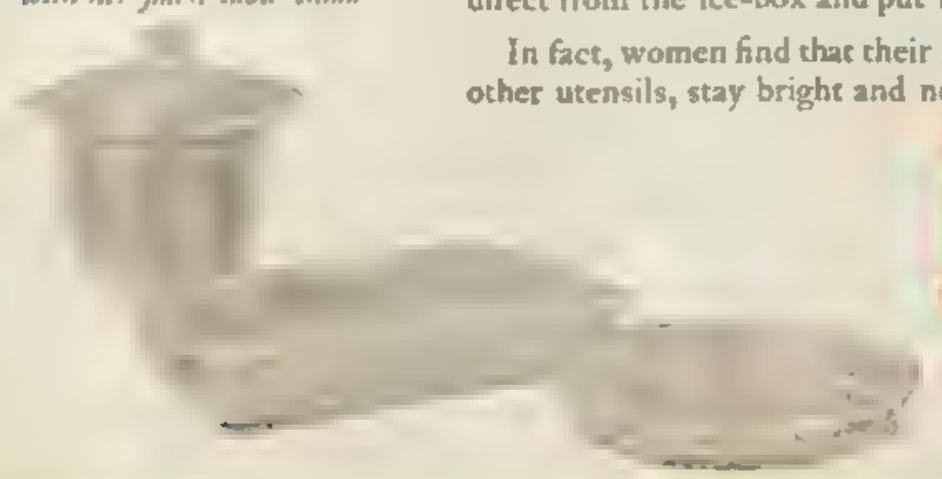
After years of research they created the first transparent oven dishes ever made. Through these Pyrex dishes all the heat floods, just as all the sunlight floods through a window pane; for this reason they bake every food better and more evenly.

They made these dishes so that they will stand the hottest oven heat, made them so that you can use them every day just as you would ordinary baking wares.

Ask your dealer

Dealers in housewares sell Pyrex. Your dealer has also the free booklet, "New Facts About Cooking," which tells you how Pyrex helps to cut down fuel and food bills; how nearly all foods are better cooked in the oven than on the stove.

Dealers are authorized to replace any Pyrex dish broken by oven heat. The name Pyrex is on every dish. Pyrex Sales Division, Corning Glass Works, 203 Tioga Avenue, Corning, N. Y., U. S. A.



PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

This actual photograph shows that Pyrex bakes bread an inch higher than ordinary pans, makes it an even brown all over

(Continued from Page 54)

What were the gauds and baubles of this world without an appreciative, an understanding soul to share them with?

Very clearly Mr. Jorian Merritt realized how a man slipped into one of those triangle affairs. Perhaps he himself was trembling at the apex of one even now.

On Friday evening Mrs. Ripley phoned and told them the Petersons were coming over, and would they care to join them - informally? Marion declared for a slight headache, but Jorian thought a change of scene might improve it, so they walked over to the Lazare apartments

There were no Romeos on Jorian tonight. He wore new serge and flannels, a carefully chosen silk shirt, a new tie and a pair of handsome low handmade buckskins, a trifle tight and hot, but killingly effective.

Marion he thought looked uncommonly well—in fluffy peach Georgette—until he got to the Lazare and saw Mrs. Ripley in a gown of shocking red, her black hair combed back satin-smooth with a huge shell comb, her long slim neck and rather serpentine white arms guiltless of covering.

Her flat was three flights up, rather stuffy to-night, with a bowl of tuberoses going full blast and a queer acid-sweet overperfume that Merritt thought was sandalwood, but which Mrs. Ripley told him was opopanax -from the West Indies.

You knew that Mrs. Ripley belonged in the Far South by the handsome alligator hide that overhung one of the stiff-backed reception chairs. Jorian sat in this chair himself and knew all about the 'gator because the heavy nubs rubbed through his thin serge back savagely.

But notwithstanding, it was a magic evening. Mrs. Ripley was one of those women who brought you right out; she wasn't a woman at all, she was a magnet, a flame. And she knew—oh, she knew the fathomless possibilities that lived beneath a man's commonplace exterior. It showed in the swift flash of her black eyes to his—this recognition of some common bond between them. It showed behind her words when she deferred to his opinion. She was utterly charming, that was it. When she told them of New Orleans or the old Spanish-American plantation down on one of the keys where she had passed her childhood; when she threw in a vivid flashing French phrase—at least Jorian supposed it was French—or talked of Mardi Gras or the opera or of travel bits, jaunts abroad with Mr. Ripley. For there had been a Mr. Ripley—in wine importing—who had died at one of the spas in quest of health.

A woman of wide, entrancing interests!

Jorian was induced to sing again; and also on Mrs. Ripley's invitation recited a bit from Omar Khayyam, though Marion proved afterward by getting out the book that he had mixed two verses.

Altogether—but for one incident—it was a golden evening. The incident occurred over some odd, very hot curry Mrs. Ripley had served to them.

Marion had leaned forward with the solicitude one shows the feeble or aged.

"Jorian," she cautioned, "remember your indigestion. Red pepper always gives you heartburn."

He had withered her with a look; as though he couldn't eat anything a young and gallant man could eat. What right had Marion to refer even indirectly to his stomach and its idiosyncrasies in Mrs. Ripley's presence? Why was it Marion always obtruded the commonplace the practical note at the wrong moment? Because of course she lacked poignancy—the delicate sensitiveness of the highly strung. Or because they had not had enough great moments together, touched the heights

They had had one big hour, it is true that hour before dawn, years ago, when he had sat by his wife's side, a wife who had all but closed her eyes on him forever, and listened to his physician's verdict. Never again; not again ever. Never to have a child speak his name or call Marion mother

The shock and disappointment had thrown them very close. They had comforted each other presently; and Marion with her arms round his neck had cried out the scorching sorrow in her heart; had promised to be wife and children both to him, always to love and look after him.

But there had been no necessity for cautioning him so publicly about the pepper.

It was shortly before noon next day that Jorian's telephone rang, and lo, it was the sweet voice of Mrs. Ripley speaking over the phone. She was in town for the day and remembering that he had mentioned an acquaintance who was a lace importer, could he tell her the exact name and address, since she had a few pieces of rare old d'Alençon to dispose of. Jorian thought he could tell her—Harry Linscombe, yes. But he could tell her better in person than by telephone. If she was going to have luncheon in town, why, see here—why couldn't they have lunch together? Together at Imry's, say?

Jorian shook a little at his own audacity after Mrs. Ripley accepted, though he scoffed at himself. Why not, when it was purely a business matter; when he was going to help Mrs. Ripley put over a business deal; when they were two safe and sane people, and Imry's of itself a guaranty for the harmlessness of intent? At any rate within an hour he was putting Mrs. Ripley into a chair before one of Imry's little tête-à-tête tables.

Mrs. Ripley wore lilac linen with very smart little black kid gloves, a veil of heavy black lace, through which her white teeth and glittering eyes shone, like beauty behind a black grille. She carried a little black-and-mauve parasol, and when she saw the table with its black-and-white china, yellow tapers and mauve and yellow orchids she laughed and pouted and pointed a finger at him.

"You picked this all out purposely – for my colors," she laughed

Jorian hadn't given it a thought, but he threw out his chest a little and said, "Well, it's the appropriate setting, isn't it?"

"I believe you're an artist as well as musical and literary, Mr. Merritt."

Jorian disclaimed modestly

It was a pleasant, very proper luncheon They talked about the lace—of course; Mrs. Ripley exclaiming at his knowledge of values, and of other things as well

And he duly mentioned the affair to Marion.

"I saw Mrs. Ripley at lunch to-day—at Imry's," he told her.

"What did she wear?"

That was Mrs. Ripley's quality for other women: the art of her toilet kept them from dissecting her achievements

Jorian tried to render to Cæsar the things that were his due, and in Marion's effort to pump him he passed safely all other examination.

In the next three days Mrs. Ripley called him up twice; and on the fourth evening, there being some little points about the d'Alençon and Harry Linscombe to clear up, he dropped in at Mrs. Ripley's himself for a half hour.

It was a delightful half hour, and after it Jorian walked in his garden, his hands thrust into his pockets.

Could a man—a man of parts help it if a woman, young, pretty, cultured, fell in love with him? To come down to brass tacks, could he help it if Fate willed that Mrs. Carlotta Ripley, flower of the old South, fell in love with Mr. Jorian Merritt—Mr. J. M., married, of course? Jorian felt he could not read the future, could not solve what problems might be in his path. But one thing he knew: There was a delicious exaltation about it all. It lent a new pep to life, life that had gone so stale, so dry and void of thrill.

I cannot tell you how many times in the next two weeks Jorian Merritt basked in the smile of Mrs. Ripley. There were a number of evenings he and Marion had with the Petersons in honor of their fascinating cousin; there were return evenings of their own; others in Mrs. Ripley's flat.

But Jorian had sessions that were his alone; little telephone confabs, little intimate asides; and—the truth will out—calls all his own, beneath thin subterfuges: a book Mrs. Ripley was anxious to borrow; an old French print she wanted him to judge; a call for an umbrella he had forgotten earlier! No, in his soul he faced the truth. There was no actual excuse for the calls; they were illicit pleasurings of the soul, of the mind—which you pleased. Also of the eye. For no man might deny Mrs. Ripley's grace and beauty; and Jorian feasted while he might.

It wasn't as though it was all one-sided either. Mrs. Ripley let him see so frankly how highly she regarded him. There was an unspoken lure between them that drew them together naturally. Not beyond the bounds of sheer convention -never in the world!—but close upon the brink; a bittersweet dalliance with a couchant peril. Or so Jorian felt. He wondered vaguely what it would be like to let himself go, as men so often did. To be swept from one's moorings those ties of taste and habit that had held so securely in the past! To be deliciously outlaw!

But there was nothing of this so far. Nothing further than a delightful comradeship of the mind, a mutuality of taste. Oh, but there were latent potentialities—as on the night Mrs. Ripley had taken both his hands in farewell and said, "Good night, my dear, kind friend," and it was all he could do to hold his guard.

She had high ideals—Mrs. Ripley. And he wanted to be worthy of them; to deserve the ideal friendly affection she seemed to offer, nor sully it with any grosser implication. It was to be theirs, a chalked perfection unshared by any other. Not, of course—certainly not—by Marion.

Marion had come upon him that night, for instance, when he had brought those volumes of Cowper and Coleridge home from the bookshop. He had hoped Marion was asleep. There was a quotation Mrs. Ripley had mentioned. He wanted to memorize it, produce it the next time they met.

"That little thing of Coleridge's you mentioned," and so on.

And here was Marion in the doorway, risen out of her bed to speak about the new pyjamas he had ordered, saying: "For heaven's sake, Jorian, what are you doing with those books at this time of night? It isn't another Board of Trade dinner, is it?"

Once a year the Mercantile Association gave a banquet, and Jorian was asked for an after-dinner speech.

"No, it isn't," he had answered curtly and a little shamedly.

"You didn't say anything about one."

"Well, there isn't any this time of year."

He closed his poets hastily and evaded explanation.

It seemed incredible that a few weeks earlier he had been content to practice his literary arts on Marion; that when he had done an after-dinner speech for the Mercantile or his fraternity he could not rest content until he had read it to Marion—into Marion's abstracted and vaguely attentive ear. This of course was not because Marion cared for the Mercantile or his fraternity but because she was there, handy. It was for the same reason that she read her club papers to him, the paper on Child Culture in the Home or Nature Study—not that he cared but because he was there.

He made a new definition for himself: "Marriage is a spiritual washboard on which one tries out the colors of one's ideas!"

Faugh! The real thing was two spirits born beneath one star, comrades—he and Mrs. Ripley.

He was to see more and more of

(Concluded on Page 60)

"For Heaven's Sake, Jorian, What is It? I Had Fallen Sound Asleep! and Then to Have You Come In and—and Howl Like That"

Applying Win-the-War I

A Letter to Overland Dealers:

OUR first consideration, as it is yours—and that of every right thinking citizen—is "win-the-war."

Immediately following the American Declaration of War we offered our production capacity, and the Government is using a very large part of it.

We are ready if need be to devote it entirely to war work.

The Automobile Industry as a whole is on a similar win-the-war basis.

We are building only a limited quantity of automobiles.

How many cars conditions will permit us to build for any future period is problematical—dependent wholly upon the urgency of war needs.

Any existing transportation must be used to its fullest capacity in order to increase the diminishing man-power of our home forces.

The total output of automobiles is fast becoming insufficient to replace cars wearing out in service.

And fewer cars rather than more, is the production outlook.

With "win-the-war" our first consideration—and yours—this condition places a responsibility upon us which we are bound to fulfill.

* * * *

Because it has assumed its transportation burdens so gradually few realize the extent to which the automobile is performing essential service,

—so essential that the rest of the system, railroads, trolleys and every other means of transportation that could be pressed into

MY war-time conception o simply a given number of

It goes into service as a portation system.

In placing our restricted national transportation syste I want our distributors and d which they will be put and to best serve in the winning of t

service, would be wholly inadequate quickly to assume the load were automobiles suddenly not available for the performance of their usual service.

In even so essential a matter as our food supply the automobile is a most important factor.

Few realize that over half the automobiles now in use are owned by and serve the people of the farms upon whom we and our Allies are dependent for food.

Farm labor is already scarce.

Lack of automobiles to serve the farmers would mean a loss of untold hours of productive farm labor.

Lack of automobiles to serve our loyal industrial workers would

Policy to the Automobile

f the automobile is that it is miles of rapid transportation.

unit of our national trans-

output of these units of our n in the hands of individuals, ealers to discern the uses to place each unit where it will he war.

J. W. Willys
President

seriously hamper our industrial efficiency.

Lack of automobiles for those who direct and serve our essential workers would hamper our national efficiency as a people.

* * * *

It is time for public appreciation of the fact that every mile that an automobile is driven needlessly is a mile of wasted transportation that ultimately may be needed for essential service.

It is time for public understanding that these smaller units of our transportation system should be used and maintained with the same thought for national needs as we demand in the use and maintenance of our larger units of transportation.

Failure on our part to take every means available for us to inform the public concerning the importance of this matter would be neglecting an opportunity to perform a valuable public service and a failure to live up to our win-the-war policy in a vital respect.

Let us, as automobile manufacturers, and you, as automobile dealers, put ourselves on a one-hundred-percent win-the-war basis.

Let us to the full extent of our influence put the war-importance of the automobile fully before the public—you in your contact with the public—we in the public print.

Let us to the fullest extent realize that when we sell an automobile we are in reality selling miles of transportation—placing a unit of our national transportation system in the service of an individual.

Let us intelligently discern the uses to which it will be put and place each unit where it will best serve in the winning of the war.

In this spirit of full co-operation we can bring about a fuller understanding and appreciation of the situation and its trend, and perform a service of value to the whole people.

Willys-Overland
TRADE MARK REG.

Incorporated
Toledo, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 57)

Mrs. Ripley. He came in short to the Red Cross Mardi Gras.

It was quite naturally suggested to the local Red Cross workers by the presence and atmosphere of Mrs. Ripley. Mrs. Ripley herself unfolded the scheme to the Merritts and the Petersons.

"A carnival for the Red Cross, you know," she explained, "with a big parade and lots of floats—industries here and the allied countries, France and all that. And in the evening dancing in Flora Vale Park, with dominos and colored lanterns."

It sounded attractive, but it meant, Mrs. Ripley explained, any amount of work. She would need lieutenants. To whom should she turn in her hour of exigency but to her dear friend, Jorian Merritt?

She turned to Jorian like Clytie to the sun. She summoned him to her flat and laid out a plan of campaign. It was a plan that was bound to throw them much together, and Jorian contemplated its possibilities with delicious trepidation.

"Of course, there are others," explained Mrs. Ripley. "Mr. Linscombe says he will come out from the city whenever he can, and Mr. Folliott, and Mrs. Beyer; but you and I will have the most to do with getting it up. You'll like that, won't you?"

Oh, certainly Jorian would like it, he assured her. It was oddly thrilling to be associated with Mrs. Ripley; and to make himself worthy he spent several evenings reading in the encyclopedia and books from the library on Carnival.

Would Mr. Merritt go down to Doubleday's and see if the new cluster lights had arrived? Could Mr. Merritt drive round and get the young Misses Cley for the rehearsal? Would Mr. Merritt come and give opinion on King Rex's costume? Would Mr. Merritt see the man for Marlins' or come over to the Elks' Hall and help rehearse, and be Von Bissing—temporarily, in the Crime Against Belgium tableau?

All of which Mr. Merritt could and would. His feet grew worn and weary in the next two weeks; his brow was wet with honest sweat; and all for the Red Cross Mardi Gras.

Occasionally he had brief exquisite interludes with Mrs. Ripley, though quite often there were other workers present—a corps of indefatigable women; a man or two; on two occasions Harry Linscombe, a big, overheavy, uninspired chap, the man in laces to whom he had introduced Mrs. Ripley.

It was arduous, it was all even terrible to a man of his habits of life, a fact he admitted in his heart, and yet he felt that just ahead something lay in wait for him—some touch of romance Fate was keeping for him.

It would come—and it would come on the carnival night of course, when all the work was done; when the lights were on and the fun was commencing; when Rex and his court danced through the streets; and pretty women masked in silken dominos flitted through the crowd and the spirit of light-hearted unconventionality was abroad. Then, then he would come upon her, hear her low, pretty laugh—and follow.

Of course Jorian had ordered a mask and domino, and he meant savagely and fiercely to do as he darn pleased if anybody tendered him a low laugh or a red rose. He deserved that much anyhow for the hard work he was doing. "Running his legs off," he would have put it at any other time, and on a few occasions he did put it thus to Marion.

"I don't see why you work so hard," she sympathized; "she has other men to help her. There's that big fat Mr. Linscombe—he's going to be King Rex in black velvet and gold spangles—why can't he help more? It isn't as though you knew anything about a carnival anyhow, Jorian."

"I can read," he answered curtly.

He wanted to tell her how he, Jorian Merritt, had been invited to be King Rex, and how catching the enigmatic hint in Mrs. Ripley's black eyes he had refused. As though he hadn't understood. As the frolic monarch there would be only limelight—no opportunity to slip away. He wasn't a fool!

"But I'm dog-tired," he complained, and on the night before carnival reigned he did beg off from a little supper Mrs. Ripley gave in her rooms.

I wish I could tell you how Jorian Merritt rose on carnival day aquiver with eagerness, all expectant, but truth constrains me. Jorian rose with aching legs and back, a queer iron feeling through his head, a slight premonitory sniffle. Going into the city he was bothered with vertigo, and by noon the unpleasant truth had forced itself home—he had caught cold. By three he was so much worse he went to Doctor Ayers.

"Just some tablets, doctor, to bolster me up a little. I'm going to an outdoor fête to-night and I want to feel myself."

He was far from feeling himself. If someone had hurled an entire floral piece in his face he felt he couldn't have staggered a step after his aggressor.

The doctor gave him the pills—"a brown one every hour and two of the large white ones in half a glass of water."

Pills! And Mardi Gras! He faced the bitter truth it was his age. Ten years ago he would have done himself better. The truth was he was done in, worn out by the exactions he had suffered. Well, he would die game.

Though his domino covered a temperature of two hundred, he would be there game and fighting.

But he wasn't. By seven o'clock he hated all the world, himself most of all. He was a sick man, and by nine o'clock, when Frivolity's carillon sounded through the byways of Flora Vale, and pretty velvet masks and dominos were alluring their pursuers over its concrete sidewalks, Mr. Jorian Merritt was sitting enveloped in a quilt with his feet in a mustard bath.

Marion came in later and laid aside her pink-and-white domino.

"It was dandy! Nearly a thousand dollars for the Red Cross, and the floats were lovely. But who do you think was Queen of Beauty?"

Jorian was bitterly silent.

"Carlotta Ripley! That big fat Mr. Linscombe—King Rex—chose her over the heads of all the young girls. I think it was a put-up job. You poor boy, you're so sick."

But if Jorian seemed suddenly sicker it was because of the name she used. Carnival! He never wanted to hear it again.

And now for a term of days no more of Jorian Merritt and romance. It was on the fifth day that he got the note from Mrs. Ripley.

What had happened to her dear friend? He had been ill of course she knew; had worn himself out in her service—but was he never to be better; was he never to look her up again? Mrs. Merritt had told her he was much improved, and there was so much to talk over, and so on. Wouldn't he, if he felt able, run over to the Lazare this evening and see her—after dinner? It would be their first talk alone since the carnival. There was so much to say, and so on.

Jorian's interest lifted its fainting head. His cold had left him becomingly languid and pale. To-day had been his first at the office attacking his arrears of work, and he felt neither brisk nor strong; and yet—Mrs. Ripley's spell reasserted itself. Every word of her little note carried allure. There was a between-the-lines suggestion of pathos and loneliness. She was fond of him, and no doubt she had missed him and wanted to tell him so. Perhaps even, if King Rex was no more, he should have his moment of romance after all. Perhaps it would be all the sweeter for the delay.

So after a busy day at the office Jorian dressed with punctilious care and went round to call on Mrs. Ripley. He felt a little groggy—he really should have been in bed—but as he drew near the Lazare his heart beat anticipatively.

Mrs. Ripley's rooms were as usual musky sweet with flowers and opopanax and shaded lights.

Mrs. Ripley was in vampire black satin, her long slim arms and neck bare. She put out two hands to greet him.

"My dear, dear friend—I'm so sorry," she said softly. "We missed you—dreadfully."

"I missed myself," returned Jorian with an essay at humor.

Somehow they had got to Mrs. Ripley's sofa and were seated. He could see the silky softness of Mrs. Ripley's black hair, the petal smoothness of her cheek and neck. Suddenly he realized headily that whatever big moment lay ahead he must meet it worthily, manfully, let the cost be what it might. If two people cared as they did, shared similar tastes - -

He let his mind drift a moment, aware of Mrs. Ripley's pleasant low-toned conversation.

But suddenly the lady bent to a near-by taboret and lifted a small box.

"Now I'm going to show you something," she said; and it seemed to him she blushed. "I'm going to show a present for—somebody."

"Somebody?" echoed Jorian.

"Somebody who's been awfully good to me and helped me with the carnival, oh, so much! Somebody"—this time she really did blush—"somebody I—I care for a whole lot."

As in a dream Jorian saw the little velvet box spring open, saw the lavender velvet plaque and the scarfpin, a black pearl in antique gold, staring at him.

"Do you think he'll like my gift?" murmured Mrs. Ripley.

She extended the box to Jorian, her soft fingers touching his. There was an odd pounding at his heart.

"For me?" The words formed on his lips but remained unuttered.

"I want you to tell me frankly—I value your opinion so much; and when a woman chooses a gift for a man—a man she cares for—she's always in doubt ——"

"It's—it's beautiful," gasped Jorian.

He had a momentary hesitation. Did she expect him to take the impassioned or stately line—crush her hands in his, draw her to him or perhaps say the expected things in sounding, beautiful phrase?

But Mrs. Ripley anticipated him. Suddenly she had turned, bent very close to him, her black eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, my dear friend," she cried, "if you could realize what you have done for me! If you could know what my life was before you came into it and gave—gave me the opportunity to—to realize myself, my lifelong dream! I never knew there was anyone in the world like this! One dreams of such things, but one never knows—until ——"

Great heavens, how hot the room was! How choking his collar!

Mrs. Ripley swept on:

"I wanted to tell you all about it on carnival night, but of course I didn't see you, so I'm telling you now. I feel—oh, we both feel—that you, kind dear friend, have been our fairy godfather!"

Jorian uttered a queer choked sound. The wall paper seemed dancing, dancing!

"And so we, Harry and I, wanted you to know first of all because you introduced us, brought us together."

"Harry?"

"Harry Linscombe, of course!"

"The—the—er—this pin is for him?" Jorian choked.

"Naturally. My engagement gift. Oh, dear Mr. Merritt."

But dear Mr. Merritt was no longer attending. Mingled emptions had seized him. Disgust, disillusionment—and could it be relief?—pounced on him, made him their own. He wanted to get away.

Somehow he got away. Somehow—gracefully or otherwise under all the pretty filial homage one accords a fairy godfather he disengaged himself, staggered out of doors, a sadder, a wiser, an older man! A chastened man! A sick man—or nearly! Why, he wasn't over his cold by any means; he wasn't fit to be out. Spending his evening with a simpering, smirking, brainless woman when he ought to have been at home and in bed!

Home! The word had a new charm. It was refuge, haven.

His house was dark as he approached. Marion had probably gone out. Out, just when, strangely, he needed the comfort of a kindly human presence near him; some ministering spirit to assuage his mortal hurt; to bind up his bruised and broken self-esteem. And now she was out!

He let himself into the hall, stumbled upstairs to his dressing room. If she wasn't there he'd at least make himself comfortable until she came. Get out of his peacock finery—the useless finery with which he had hoped to impress Mrs. Ripley—ass!—and be an easy, normal jackdaw.

And the first things of course were his lounge coat and Romeos. He found his coat in the clothespress, but his Romeos evaded him.

Lord, where had he put the fool things? Had 'em last evening right here—this very room; but now there was no trace. He explored diligently, moving about in his stocking feet. Why, there was no other place for them to be than just here with his intimate possessions, unless a fool maid had carried them off. God of Jacob, why couldn't women keep their hands off a man's things! But search as he might or fume as he would, Jorian could not find his Romeos.

It was outrageous, but there was no trace of them with his belongings. It was maddening. Why, he couldn't be happy—he couldn't be comfortable without his Romeos. And now he'd have to wait till Marion came home and found them for him. Sick, irritated, miserable, he turned from his own thoughts and flung himself into an armchair, his feet uncouthly unshod, to do his waiting.

He hadn't been in the chair a minute when he saw it—saw the little white three-cornered note sticking out of the magazine he had been reading last night.

It was a note addressed to him. His fingers trembled strangely, premonitively as he opened it:

"*Dear Jorian:* After all these years of our married life together I am forced at last to leave you. Oh, I have known what you have been doing and thinking for a long time. I am not blind. It has hurt me cruelly, but I cannot stay with you if you care for another. I cannot help it if she is more brilliant, more beautiful than I am. I have given you my best.

"You are not perfect either, Jorian. You are getting fat and a great deal more bald than I expected, and you are terribly hard to live with a great deal of the time, and yet—I love you. That is why I am going away forever."

There was a savage cry in the air—horror, fear—yes, agony. And suddenly Jorian Merritt found himself on his feet staring stupidly with anguished heart at his empty shaking fingers. The note! Where was it? It was gone. There was no note! He had dreamed the note.

He heard his name then, and looked up and saw an angel. No, it was Marion disguised as an angel. She stood there in the moonlight in an old white peignoir with touches of blue, her hair falling on her shoulders.

"For heaven's sake, Jorian, what is it? I had fallen sound asleep; and then to have you come in and—and howl like that."

But Jorian could only gasp and stare.

"I thought you must be sick again, dear. What is the matter? Here are your Romeos. You left them in the hall closet."

She stood there, his wife—his blessed wife; with his old shoes, his blessed old shoes in her hand.

A great light broke on Jorian. His Romeos were symbols—symbols standing for the wonted thing, for custom, for relaxation, for peace; yes, happiness; for all the things he really loved. His old shoes! That's what Marion had actually meant when she called him an old shoe. That's what he had actually meant when he defined marriage. It was an old shoe for him. He was an old shoe. Marion was another. Good old shoes, all together.

The thing you came back to—permanent after all the fleeting exaltations, the hectic silly season spasms had been sloughed off. The thing with all its vicissitudes, its high gear and its low—that held you bound, its willing captive, kissing your shackles. Why, if you lost it—you were lost indeed!

He crossed to his wife suddenly and took her in his arms.

"Marion"—and his voice trembled—"I fell asleep and dreamed—horribly. I thought ——" his voice broke.

She put up a tender hand and rumpled his hair softly—over the thin place.

"I know, dear. You're not yourself. You must lie down and rest."

"Marion," he trembled, "tell me—are you ever—do you never—have I ever given you reason to b-be jealous?"

Marion turned her head away a moment, her lips quivering a little.

"No, Jorian; I don't think you have," she said with a faint tremor. "Besides, you know, even if you had I shouldn't worry. I should wait—and you would come back. Men do—mostly. And if a woman loves them ——"

He crushed her to him.

"Oh, Marion, I do love you. You're so pretty to-night—you're always pretty, only a fellow gets so used to it."

"It's my hair. I just had it washed," said Marion meekly.

"No—it's you. And you're right. A man would come back, if he ever really went away. Only a damn fool —— Oh, Marion, call me names—call me a fool. Call me an ass."

But what Marion called him there in the moonlight, with her arms round him, you and I may only guess.

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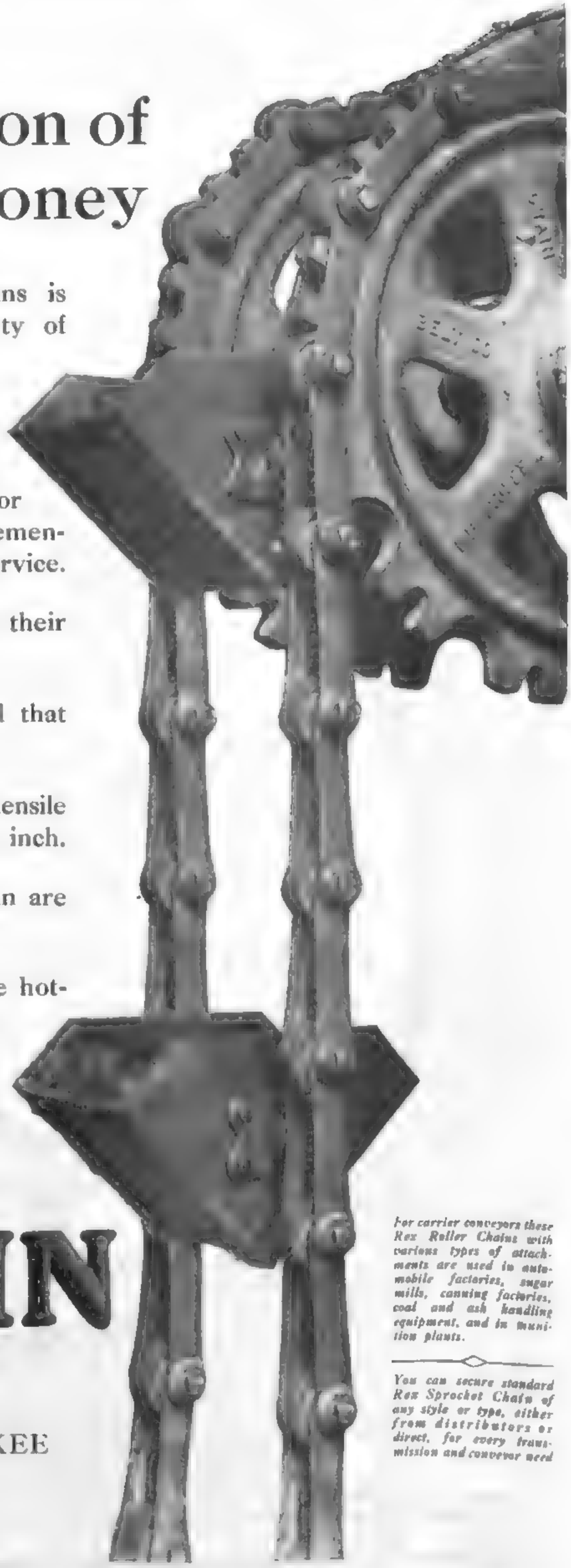

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At the Sign of the Slack Hand

Conscience in the Kitchen—By Wallace Irwin

IN THE people's exhibit I solemnly think
We ought to include Mrs. Zylophone Pink,
Relating adventures which happened to her
To put her in touch with the war, as it were.

Zylophone Pink was an African queen
Who bossed the Augustus McRoodle's cuisine.
The black ace of spades
Of all kitchen maids,
She was saucy with saucepans and skilled with a skillet.
With professional pride
Her bosom swelled wide—
Though Nature already had managed to fill it;
And the core of her creed, which she'd learned from her mother,
Was "White trash eats one way and quality t'other."

When Uncle Sam's patience had worn pretty thin,
And war was declared on the beast of Berlin,
Zylophone Pink
Over her sink
Muttered, "No, ma'am! In them gunshots and din
Yo' don' git me in!
Ah furnish no airships or food à la carty
To make the world safe fo' the Democrat Party!"

Now Zylophone Pink had a husband or two.
The first was named Noah,
Who, much like the boa
That squeezed the fat porcupine out in the zoo,
Came quickly untied—
Dissolved from his bride
By a legal decree he had faded away
When Number Two Husband, a roustabout gay,
Named Bolingbroke Pink, had rejoiced for his day,
Then taken the steamer for Norfolk—to stay.

So Zylophone Pink as she scraped at her pans
Had an average grouch on the cinch that is man's—
Which didn't restrain her from ardent flirtations
With various brethren of fitting vocations
Like Scipio Harbor,
The boss colored barber,
Or Lafayette Sondry,
Who drove for the laundry.
Now it happened one morning that Zylophone vain
Stood o'er that Arabian wishpan,
The dishpan,
Trying to choose 'twixt her true lovers twain,
When the postman showed up with a letter—I swear
It hoisted poor Zylophone up in the air!
For it carried a message, iron-barbed and long-shafted:
Both of her husbands had gone and been drafted!

Knock!
What a shock!
She tried to be brave—
She couldn't. It gave
A start
To her heart.
Though she'd oft said they both should be shook in a bag
And dropped in the sea from a rather high crag,
Now deep were her feelings. She stood in the kitchen,
Her curl papers twitchin',
And quite overcome by her impulses strange
She poured half a gallon of fat in the range,
Emptied sour milk down the mouth of the sink—
What were small details to Zylophone Pink?
In her frenzy of sorrow, which couldn't be hid,
She noisily opened the garbage-pail lid
And cast to the depths of damnation below
A panful of dough,
A can of tomatoes,
Eleven potatoes,
Of lamb half a leg,
A carrot, an egg;
And voicing a tempest of anger and gloom
She banged down the lid of that nourishment tomb.

Yea, while in the clutch of this agony tall
A Hooverized poster she saw on the wall,
Where Mrs. McRoodle had tacked it to kinder
Act on her cook as a gentle reminder:
"Save Food—Win the War."
"Oh Gor!"
Cried Zylophone Pink in the dialect fine
Transcribed from the Maso-Dixonian Line,
And seizing that poster with strenuous ire
She crumpled it deep in the hot kitchen fire—
Which fire always raged like a blaze in a tarfield
In utter defiance of good Doctor Garfield.

Late in the morning, still hot in the noodle,
Zylo went forth to seek Mrs. McRoodle.
That lady she found in a workaday state
Patching a shirt which belonged to her mate.
Mrs. McRoodle, to Zylophone's mind,
Was falling away from the standard refined.
Why was she constantly saving and scrimping,
Mending and darning and yoking and guimping?
Why was she constantly dusting and sweeping,
Spoiling her hands with her endless housekeeping?
To Zylophone's eye,
I cannot deny,
Came a look which was arrogant, haughty and high,
As she managed a frown
For the plain gingham gown
Which her mistress displayed like an angel marked down.

"Mis' Roodle," spoke she with a serious face,
"They ain't scaisly nothin' to eat on the place.
The aigs is half gone and the flour that I got
Ain't fit fo' the turkeys on Job's co'ner lot.
No, ma'am!
An' ham!
Ah'm fed up with boilin' bare bones—Ah sho am!"

Her mistress gazed sadly on Zylophone Pink.
"There are seven lamb chops in the ice box, I think."
"No, ma'am. Only fo',
No mo'.
They got kind o' stale, so three o' them chops
I thu' in the slops."
"Zylophone!" whirtled her mistress, distressed,
"Are you letting meat spoil when the world is oppressed
By a shortage of meat,
Wheat,
Fodder to eat?
Now what do you think Mr. Hoover would say
If he knew you were throwing good mutton away?"

Zylophone stood in the midst of the rug
And gave to her shoulders a black-rubber shrug.
"Mis' Roodle, has this yer man Hoover got time
To write a reseet
To resurrect meat
Which has long gone to glory an' done past its prime?"
Her mistress was stern. "It's our duty," she said,
"To nourish our Allies by saving our bread.
The scraps that you throw in the garbage pail may
Be needed to strengthen our Army some day."
"Oh Lawdy
An' Gawdy!
That do beat the dickens.
Feed our soljahs on scraps? Is our Ahmies all chickens?"

The lady was forming a speech to strike home
And sink to the depths of that ivory dome
When Zylophone Pink with the door at her back
Suddenly shifted her point of attack.

"Mis' Roodle, Ah reckon the time's come to speak—
Ah've done raised mah wages five dollahs this week."
"For the love of the law!"
"Yas'm. This wah."
"This war? How on earth are these strenuous days
Connected with you and your thirst for a raise?"
"Well, yo' see this yer high cost o' livin' done jumped
Till mah money's dry-pumped.
Jes' look at silk stockin's—dear lady alive!
They once was a dollah—now one-eighty-five.
Paradise plumes has done doubled in price;
An' dressmakahs—Laws—yo' cain't git nothin' nice.
Take mah advice;
Ef yo' want cream-topped shoes
Th' ain't no time to lose—
Lay in a stock an' jes' keep 'em on ice.
The face-powdah tax has mos' spoiled mah complexion.
An' mah favorite brand
Of perfum'ry—good land!—
Two dollahs a pint, an' a raight po' selection.
An' hair nets an' pastes
An' lingerly waists——"
"But, Zylophone Pink, all such tastes are exotic;
In this era of stress
Your manner of dress
Ought to conform to the strict patriotic."

"Patriotic? Mis' Roodle, fo' sake of yo' days!
It's patriotissum—
Jes' what it is'm—
That's makin' me ast fo' mah raise.
Jes' as sho' as the day yo' was christened an' bo'n in,
Ah got to dress up in a outfit o' mou'nin'."
"Mourning? Who's dead?"
Her ladyship said.
"Th' ain't nobuddy daid yet, Mis' Roodle—but lawky!
Both o' mah husbands has went into khaki——"
"Both of your husbands?" "Yas'm, that's it.
The one that's divo'ced an' the one that jes' quit.
An' Ah wouldn't be s'prised—fo' Ah know 'em, Mis' Boss—
Ef both o' them coons was a plumb total loss."

Mrs. McRoodle sat blankly at gaze.
Her problem was this: If she granted the raise
She was surely abetting
The largely besetting
Sin of the servant girl's prodigal days.
Should she lecture the lady in serio-comics
On food conservation and world economics?
Or say something nifty
On how to be thrifty?
Or shout—which is true—"It's your duty to own
A share in the Fourth and Best Liberty Loan"?
Instead she was weak. She had learned to her fret
That servants were constantly harder to get.
So she sighed once again and conceded,
"At least
If you feel that your salary must be increased,
I hope you'll remember the crisis is grave—
Behave
And save!"
"Am Ah a slave?"
Muttered the queen as she strode with a crash
Toward the department of mutton and hash.
"Ah wuz raised to the bes'
In the land, an' Ah reckon
Ah don' cook no mess
When Boss Hoovah beckon.
Ah wuz raised to eat rich"—here her mumblings grew faint—
"Ah ain't no canary bird. No, suh. Ah ain't!"

II

WITH the crash of the cymbal, the sound of the tabor,
Zylophone Pink hurries through with her labor;
For lunch is now o'er
And she seeks to restore
Her kitchen to order and beauty once more.
Like the breath of the cyclone she sweeps through the room;
Many a saucer is sent to its doom.

(Continued on Page 65)

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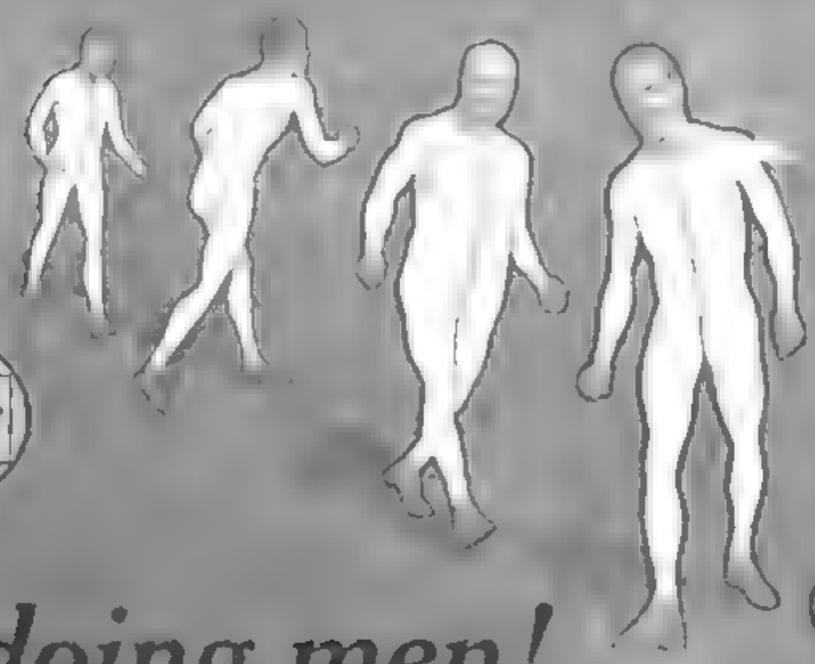

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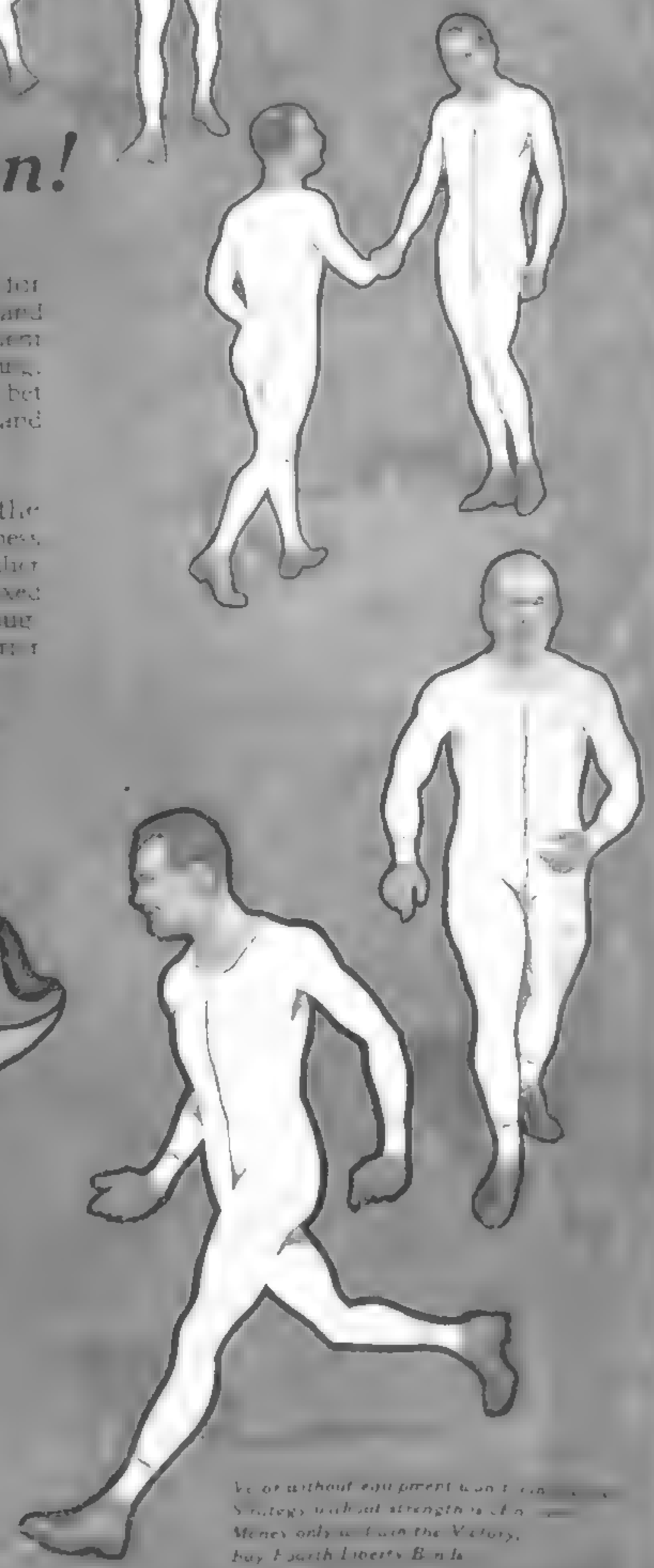


We or without equipment won't win [illegible]
Strategy without strength is [illegible]
Money only will win the Victory,
Buy Fourth Liberty Bonds
And open the road to Berlin

(Continued from Page 63

Many a tumbler expires with a bang
As pan calls to skillet with berserker clang.
While the garbage pail yawns like the black pit of Tophet
To swallow the losses which might have been profit.
Oh, what is the cause of this vigorous storm?
Has Zylophone Pink made a vow to reform?
Has love of her art
So entered her heart
That she's changed to a zealot, is acting the part?
Nay! Nay!
I sorrow to say
That this furious energy, scorning delay,
Is due to an impulse more human, no doubt—
This is our Zylophone's afternoon out.

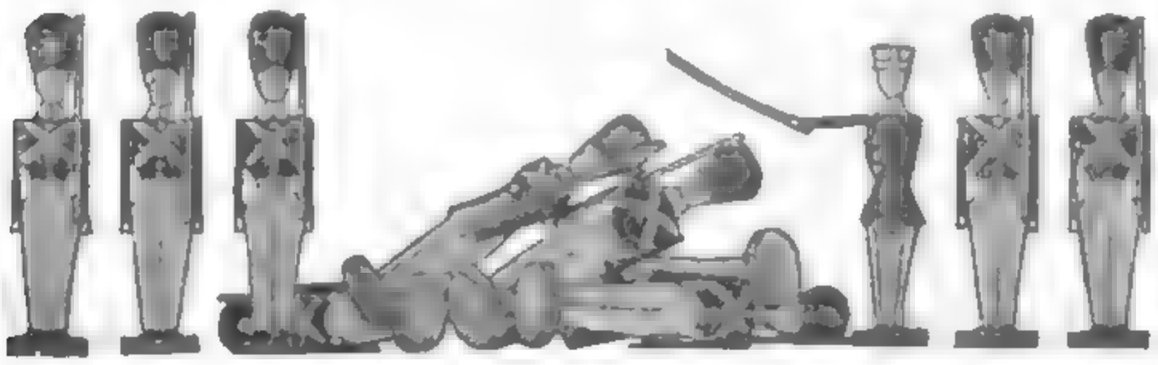
It is done. Now she flies to her dainty boudoir
And swaddles her form in a *costume de soir;*
Next she raises the mattress and gazes in pride
On a plum-colored stocking, ingeniously tied
Her ruby-ringed fingers delve deep to the toe—
What's this? Ho ho!
Bank notes, by Jo!
Forty-nine dollars in currency battered,
Perfectly good, though a little mite tattered.
What is the reason — we'll soon change our tense—
For her opulent manner of hurrying hence?
Come, let us follow her salmon-topped shoes.
Awning-striped skirt, puffy-ruffle-ish blooze,
And Dolly Siss hat with its plumage asway—
For Zylophone Pink is now well under way.

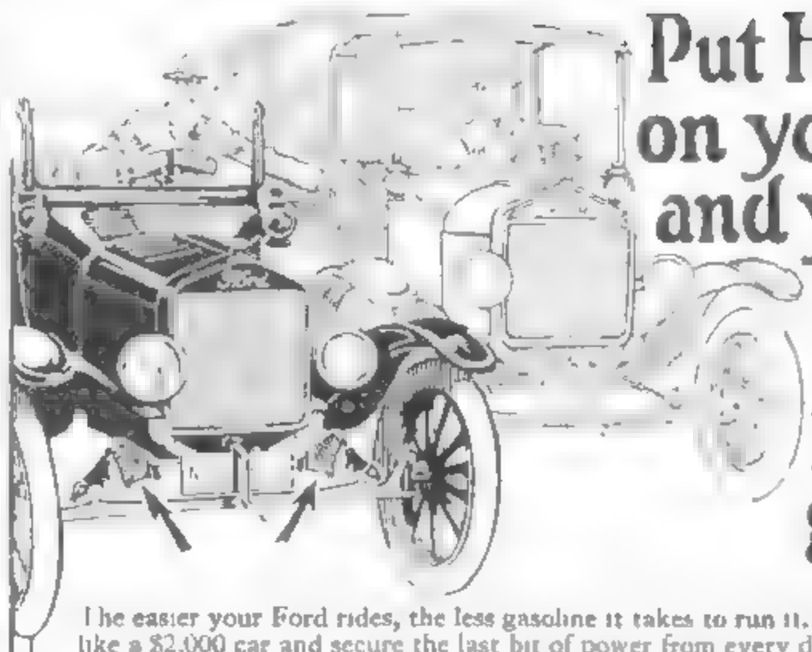
Shedding bright hues like the feathers of Polly
She hailed a green trolley
Headed toward folly.
At last gleamed the sign of that famous sartorium,
Zizzbaum & Shucker's Department Emporium.
Restraining a shout
Zylo climbed out,
Strongly inspired for the forthcoming bout.
On the first floor, third aisle, in a deep estuary,
Flourished the sign "Cut in Fine Stationery."
And there loomed the object of all her desire—
Marked down to ninety-nine cents to the quire,
Strawberry pink and initialed in blue,
The paper of love! Quickly Zylophone drew
A bill from her hand bag. She felt rather grand
As she waddled away with the box in her hand,
Thinking already of letters to please
Her duplicate husbands when sent overseas.

Her thoughts of adorning
Her person with mourning
Brought her at last to the hosiery counter,
Where she purchased twelve pairs like an any-amounter.
The price had gone up on the sample appraised;
But she could afford it—her pay had been raised.
A sign boosting Savings Stamps tempted her not;
Her mind on more practical matters was set.
"Um honey!"
Her money
Writhed in its bag—
A big spending jag,
Quite unintended,
Impended;
For there in large bottles was plainly displayed
The purplest perfume that has ever been made,
Marked Fairyland Dream
Her face was abeam—
Who ever smelled scent of so noble a sort
Offered for two-twenty-seven per quart?

She bought some. Then smooth as a duck through its ponds
Her progress she took,
Disdaining to look
At numerous booths selling Liberty Bonds.
Stemming the throng with contemptuous shoves
She landed at last in the region of gloves,
Tried black ones. They fitted.
She paid and then flitted
In search of a hat; but her will was outwitted
By the juiciest bait that had tempted her yet—
A coconut-ivory manicure set
With wreaths of forget-me-nots artfully painted
In colors so dainty that Zylo near fainted.
How perfect she thought it!
She bought it,
Piled it atop of her bundles and brought it
Through hurrying throngs in the constant direction
Of the Milliner's Section.
Hats!
Rats!
It's a bromide to say that the feminine head
Is turned by a hat. That's too often been said.
But as Zylophone's salmon-topped footsteps drew near
The Tempter was whispering soft in her ear,
"Daughter of Zion,
Stop! Take a try-on!"
A cozy creation of mournfulest black
With a watershed front and a cupola back
Struck Zylo as neat.
"It's jes' mos' too sweet."
She simpered,
Then whimpered,
"The price is some dearer
Than what I done 'spected."
But quite undejected
She blissfully worshiped herself in the mirror,
Then hastened to pay.
She wore it away.
Her next solemn mission — she almost turned pale—
Was to outfit herself in a long mourning veil.
The crape which was offered seemed just a bit plain
For Zylo's complexion.
Her final selection
Was something adorned with a black daisy chain
Which the milliner tied round her sad oh-you-kiddo hood,
Giving an aspect of Viennese widowhood.

As the afternoon languished, that all might admire,
She marched to the street in her somber attire.
Though the tops of her shoes were still pinkish in shade
A very fine picture of woe she displayed.
Just a bit shy,
Pride filled her eye.
Colored pedestrians passing her by
Stopped to admire Sister Zylophone Pink
Perched on Despair's very outermost brink.
Weary of sporting her garments of woe
She was starting back home when her Fate whispered "Whoa!"
There on a corner
A sign: Wagg & Warner—
Genuine Jewelry—Good As the Real.
The window was gleaming
With fruits of her dreaming—
Gem-studded service pins! Such an appeal
Whetted her zeal.
She rushed to the counter, enjoyed a great thrill
When she had acquired for a five-dollar bill
A glass-studded pin with two pretty blue stars
To honor her husbands now working for Mars.
Then she hailed a blue taxi, and riding at ease





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By this plan hundreds of men and women, in the past few months, have found the extra dollars to buy Bonds and War Savings Stamps; to help the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the War Chest; and to meet the ever-increasing demands of merely living in war times.

It costs you only three cents (for a stamp) to learn all about the plan, and you assume no obligation by inquiring. Write today to

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PRICE PER 1000 CALORIES

Quaker Oats	5c	Stewing Hens	34c
Round Steak	37c	Broilers	70c
Leg of Lamb	52c	Eggs	43c
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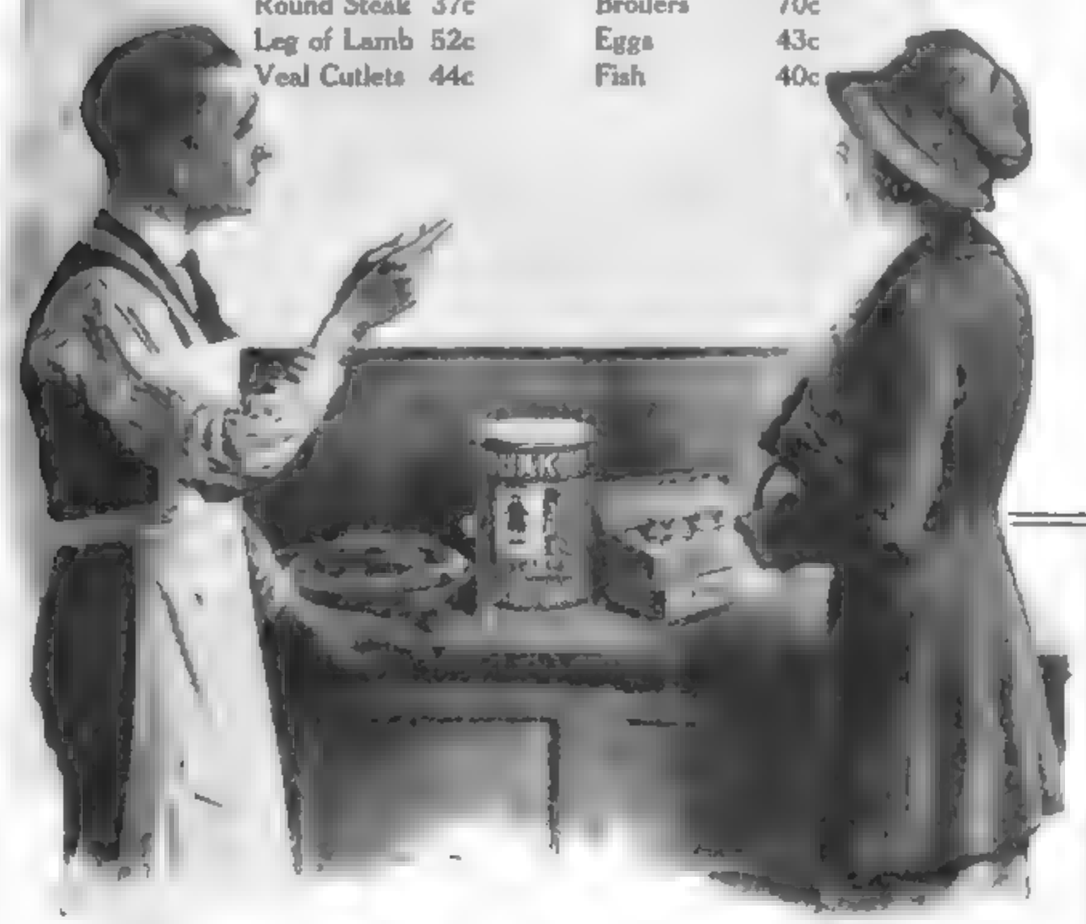

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By Calories—Not By Pounds

Compare food cost by calories, and you'll use more Quaker Oats. The calory is the energy unit used by governments to measure food.

On this basis, at prices current at this writing

Meats Average 8 Times as Much.
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Cost 8 to 10 Times Quaker Oats

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Pound for pound, Quaker Oats has twice the calories of round steak. Every cupful contains 280 calories—as much as four eggs.

Every dollar you spend for Quaker Oats saves at least $7 if used to displace meat, measured by the calory basis.

You have known the oat as the marvel food, well balanced, rich in minerals. But its wealth of nutriment makes it also the money-saving food

Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Mix it also with your flour foods. Use it to save money, to save wheat and meat, to add flavor and nutrition.

It is one of the greatest foods you have.

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The Best One-Third of Oats

We use just the queen grains—big, rich and flavory—in making Quaker Oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Thus you get oat flavor at its best. You get it without extra price. All oat foods are made doubly inviting when you use the premier grade

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup sugar
1 cake yeast
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 cups sour milk or buttermilk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to richness of eggs), 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 or 2 cups water to melted butter (according to richness of eggs).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats in sour milk or buttermilk overnight in mixing bowl. In the morning sift flour, salt, soda, baking powder and sugar and add this to Quaker Oats mixture. Add melted butter and add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook on griddle cakes

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar

Pour scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter, sift flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Waved a black glove to the driver: "Home, please!"

III

THE taxi was late
To arrive at the gate
Of the noble McRoodle,
Where the widow got out, fairly laden with boodle.
She stole like a mouse
Down the path, round the house,
Which strenuous haste, I am led to believe, meant
That duty belated outmatched her bereavement.
As she flamed up the steps like a tar-colored torch
A specter waylaid her upon the back porch.
Was it a haunt?
Straight-backed and gaunt
In an infantry hat and broad breeches of khaki,
Smoking a pipeful of army tobacky,
A sergeant's peaked chevrons adorning his sleeve,
Loomed the tall sight that she couldn't believe—
None other than Marmaduke Bolingbroke Pink,
Her still wedded husband! As quick as a wink
Zylophone, dropping her bundles pell-mell,
Whirtled "Diskuvvud!" and gracefully fell
Over his arm.
It did him no harm
For he let her down soft like a bowlful of jell.

"Now look ayere, honey," he said pretty soon,
When Zylophone Pink had completed her swoon,
"Ah hasn't got time fo' to galavant ver' long—
Ah's off jes' an hour on a sho't-order furlong;
Ah's come fo' the puppose o' beggin' yo' pahdon—
But Ah ain t hangin' round laik no ol' Enoch Arden."
Catching sight of her mourning he solemnly said,
"What's got in yo' haid?
Who's daid?"
"Th' ain't nobuddy yet"—this she managed to rattle—
"But sence mah two husbands done gone into battle——"
"Oh Gaby,
Mah baby!"
The hero restored
Stood back and roared:
"Zylophone Pink,
Does y' axyully think
That Ah'm goin' to France with a yell and a bounce,
Capturin' towns Ah don' try to pronounce,
Jes' to git mahself kilted?
Uh-uh!
Not me!
Dat style ain't mah build!
No, suh!
Yo'll see
When Ah get mah Hun-sticker fixed into line
The death rate's goan be t'other side o' the Rhine.
Ah joined this man's Ahmy with that thing in view:
To knock the galoshes
Off all them fool boshes
An' hurry back home when the pahty is through."

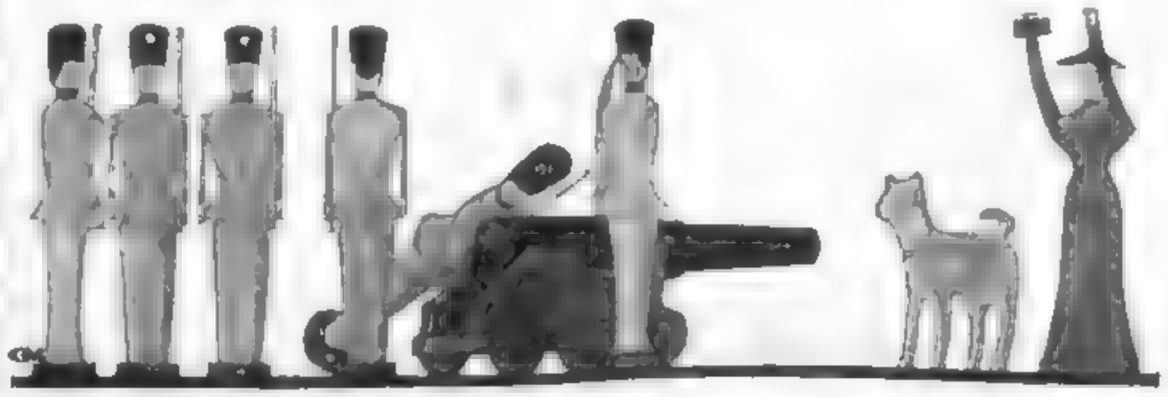
Bolingbroke Pink on the steps settled down—
'Twere useless to say he was sunburnt and brown;
But months of hard drilling inside a dry [illegible]
Had made him a hero of bronzed flesh and bone—
And the feminine heart, as we know, is a glutton
For army insignia, tassel or button.
Zylophone sighed,
Swallowed her pride
As meekly she eyed
The warrior to whom she had once been a bride.
But Bolingbroke Pink was now fingering o'er
The boxes and packages strewn on the floor.
He looked at the bottle marked Fairyland Dream.
"Ain't dat a scream!"
At the pink letter paper, the gloves, ribbons, hose,
He murmured "Boy howdy!" It came through his nose.
"Yo' can butchah the Kaiser," he said after riflin'
The pile, "but yo' cain't stop a gal when she's triflin."
"Aw Boly, mah Boly!" her accents were blue,
"Be kind to me, honey. I got these fo' you."
"Fo' me?" His reply, like her mourning, was black.
"Stockin's, perfum'ry an' veils in a stack?
Ef yo' got those fo' me yo' can take 'em all back."
However, he softened to tell her at last,
"Ah'm off fo' the camp so mah leave won't git past.
But ere Ah depaht
Ah'll speak f'om mah heart:
Ef yo' want to help me an' yo' old Uncle Sam,
Heah's somepn what am.
Go to yo' kitchen an' stick to yo' ham;
Mind Mistah Hoovah whatever he tell yo';
Don't th'ow away what the butchah man sell yo';
Save meat,
Wheat,
Fodder to eat."
"Oh glory!" cried Zylo, "that's jes' what Mis' Roodle
Always done tell me—the hull dahn kee-boodle."
"She's tellin' yo' right." Here the hero sans fear
Jerked his sombrero athwart his left ear.
"Th' po'k yo' don't eat goes right into the line
An' carries the doughboys across that ole Rhine;
Bread scraps yo' save adds jes' one extra punch
To land on Bill Kaiser raight nex' to his lunch;
Frills an' fool ruffs,
Doodads an' puffs,
Millionaire stuffs
That yo' leave on the countah an' simply don' buy
Saves gold—my, oh my!
Fo' billiums an' squilliums o' Liberty Loans
To plant Mistah Hindenbug undah the stones."

The black Sergeant Pink gave a smiling salute
And added a kiss to the bargain to boot.
"Ef somepn should hit me,
Or Heinie should git me,
Cut out de black mou'nin' an' crape-hangin' damp—
Yo' can paste up mah name with a Wah Savin' Stamp."

Whereat her bronze Mars like the king's bodyguard
Made a right face and marched out of the yard.

IV

NEXT morning when Mrs. McRoodle went out
To the kitchen, equipped with her usual doubt,
She came upon Zylophone, working with dash,
Turning old mutton scraps into a hash.
Several bundles—she never did learn
What was inside—
Were properly tied
And labeled "N. G. Pleez Reetirn."
Over the sink, almost touching the edge,
Was pinned a large placard—the Hoover Food Pledge.
Cried Mrs. McRoodle, quite numb:
"Has the great Kingdom come?"
Smiled Zylophone Pink: "It's the truth—Ah won't stretch it—
It ain't done come yet. But Ah's helpin' to fetch it."



THIS week is "Printzess Week." Printzess dealers, in cities and towns all over the country, are holding a wonderfully interesting Style Revue of the new coats and suits for the Fall and Winter season.

The grace and charm and distinctiveness of the woman who wears a Printzess are admiringly acknowledged everywhere. Paris inspired and American produced, these smart coats and suits reflect the spirit of the Boulevards adapted to the refined taste of American womanhood. Printzess master designers have correctly sensed the best in Paris styles for twenty-five years.

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

This Fall, more than ever before, it pays to seek value in clothes.

Printzess coats and suits are made from all-wool quality materials, tested and preshrunk. They are exquisitely tailored, even to the smallest details of finish and trimming. That is why they hold their shape and stylish lines until they are worn out.

In almost every town and city there is a store where you may see and try on these beautiful, moderately priced coats and suits. Write today for the name of the Printzess dealer in your town and a free copy of our finely illustrated booklet, "How Heart Improves the Art of Woman's Dress."

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
CLEVELAND

Paris New York

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

This label is found in every Printzess garment

PRICE is becoming such an important factor that it behooves every man to pay more attention to what he gets for his money when he buys

Clothes

This season, you'll pay more than usual for your clothes—or you will not get the quality to which you have been accustomed. But price is only a secondary consideration. The value of clothes can be measured only in terms of service rendered.

You men who demand, and must obtain, genuine service from your clothes, will find, if you do not already know, that only the best is truly inexpensive. For sixty-three years, clothing men generally have acknowledged the superiority of

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

Such a record must have some basis for its justification. It is amply justified by a record of quality that in all these years has never been deviated from, and that will continue to be maintained.

In our shops there are more than sixty separate and distinct tailoring operations in the making of an ordinary sack coat. And each operation is performed by a skilled worker who knows how to do, and can do, that particular bit of tailoring better than anyone else, because of fingers that have been trained through years of practice.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO. is a year-round organization—giving steady employment to its workers. It does not have to depend upon that uncertain and unreliable class of floating labor from which the two-season shops must draw their recruits

As a result, we have the master craftsmen of the tailoring trade—tailors who have been working at our benches twenty and twenty-five and some as long as thirty years. There are families where all the adults are at work together under our roof—with three generations of the same family working side by side.

Our employees take as much pride in making the finest clothes as you take in wearing them.

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are hand-tailored. This means that in every operation where we believe skilled hand-tailoring will accomplish better results than machine work, the former is used.

For example, the shaping of the collar and the roll of the lapel are obtained by hundreds of unseen stitches worked in as the lining is skilfully rolled over the finger. This shaping can be obtained in no other way; and it is such work that has earned for Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes the reputation for lasting service

The style is tailored in — not merely pressed in by the skill of a man with a hot iron.

There are hundreds of other details that even the finest custom tailors seldom bother about; for instance, the pressing after each individual sewing operation to insure accuracy in style and fit; the matching of the trimmings and sewing silk with the colors in the fabric; the exact length of the button shanks to facilitate buttoning and to prevent unnecessary pulling at the buttonholes; the use of all-linen canvas and tapes in trimmings; special reinforcements of pockets to prevent sagging and pulling away; and so on.

Clothing — even good clothing — can be made in much less time, and with many short cuts in the making. But every article and every operation that enters into the making of Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes must conform to the highest known standards.

They are not surpassed even by the finest custom tailoring. There are no better materials. There can be no better tailoring. And Stein-Bloch styles are the standard of the clothing industry.

In these critical times, false pride and foolish prejudices must be swept aside. Facts are the things that count. And these are facts that you can verify at a cost of very little time and effort. When you need a new suit, try on a Stein-Bloch. See yourself in the mirror before you buy. And get the double guarantee — ours and that of an honest, reliable dealer.

A good dealer in your locality sells Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.
WHOLESALE TAILORS
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors Founded 1854 Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

KIDNAPING CUPID

(Continued from Page 19)

"O-o-o-oh!" exclaimed the girl, and welcomed him with both hands, strong little hands and yet tender, so that the very touch of them contributed at once to the further breaking down of the osseous structure of Ma's resolution.

"And we sort of heard out on the ship," began Ma, but was checked by Minnie, who, blushing prettily, placed a finger on her lips and shook her blond head at him in warning that he must not babble secrets where even the walls have ears.

"But tell me about Benny! Isn't Benny that wonderful?" she demanded, with features perfectly radiant.

"He shore is!" deposed Ma fervently, though his mind scattered wildly as he marveled how ever he could break to this confiding little creature ——

"Tell me about him! What kind of a man is he on shipboard?"

"He's jest about the nicest boy on that ship," affirmed Ma, cracking his finger joints in embarrassment while his eyes skirted the room and then ventured back to the face before him.

"And does the captain like him?" she asked anxiously.

"You can take it that he does, Miss Minnie. If the captain didn't like him Benny wouldn't be a yeoman at all; he'd be just a plain deckwasher or something."

"Oh, and do the boys like him?"

"They jest about say their prayers to 'im," declared Ma, gulping at the largest figure of speech his mind could muster. "There ain't a more pop'lar man on the ship, less'n it's Bilge, and Bilge is so ugly and unfavored by Nature that every human bein' that sees him just naturally his heart goes out to him in pure sympathy."

"Oh, I'm that glad!" gurgled Minnie, jumping up and down. "That's what they all say."

"You been asking 'em, I suppose," smiled Ma.

"'Deed and I do," admitted Minnie with that sunny smile which, together with the soft Irish burr of her voice, was melting the heart of Ma as if it were a thing of wax.

For a minute the needles played hide and seek with the stubby white fingers, while the sweater grew by a row of stitches and the sailor boy could find no word for his palsied tongue.

"We're not going to live with mother when we're married," confided the girl with a touch of sadness.

"No?" asked Ma, with intonations of concern.

"Mother isn't nice to Benny," explained Minnie.

"Not nice to him?" inquired Ma, pretending to be amazed. "Nobody can help bein' nice to Benny."

"Mother can that," declared Minnie with a sober nod and an emphasis that was very significant. "She can help being nice to anybody that she doesn't like."

"And ain't got no particular use for American sailors, huh?"

"Sure and she has," affirmed Minnie with a change of tone and a toss of her little head while her fingers played rapidly with the knitting needles. "Sure and she does; only she wants me to marry Farmer Cadogan's Patsy, that's got seventeen cows and a meadow. But I love Benny."

"Benny! Why, Benny's got a hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed Ma, startled to recall the fact. "Do you know how much a hundred thousand dollars is? Why, for that you-all can buy a ranch and a whole herd of white-faces down where I come from."

Minnie did not start.

She knitted on in silence for as much as two stitches and a half, or maybe three, and then she turned blue perturbed eyes on Ma, with a sudden pallor coming to her cheeks.

"Benny never told me that," she admitted with a little gasp of fright.

"He told me oncet," affirmed Ma; "and what Benny tells me is the truth, by gum! But—— What you scared of?"

The knitting lay in a little heap in Minnie's lap and her breath was coming quickly.

"A man with twenty thousand pounds doesn't marry a girl with—with nothing—over here. His folks—his solicitors wouldn't allow him."

Minnie's paleness grew; for a moment it seemed as if her heart had almost stopped beating, and her hand was pressed sharply to her bosom.

"Do you think," she whispered haltingly, "that he didn't mean it?"

"Who? Benny?"

"When he said that he would marry me—to-to-night?"

"Mean it?" echoed Ma, his heart filling like a balloon in his breast. "He meant it with every bit of man that's in him!"

Now, as Bilge had put it once, "there is something about Ma that when he says a thing and wants you to believe it you just can't help doing it." Perhaps that is one reason why they call him Ma.

"Oh, I am that glad!" said the little woman with a relieved sigh. But she was still in a doubtful mood. "What for was it, do you think, that Benny didn't tell me that he was rich?" she asked after an interval.

"I reckon he just wanted to make sure you-all wasn't marryin' him for his money," suggested Ma.

"For his money?" echoed the modest little voice. "Benny knew I wouldn't do that. I just love Benny! Perhaps it was on account of his father and mother. I fancy he thought if I knew they were rich I'd make sure they wouldn't like me, and then I wouldn't marry him. Oh, I did hope—do you think, Mr.—Mr Ford ——"

The little lady stood up suddenly and confronted Ma with her hands behind her back, the trim figure erect—trim but inclined to plumpness—and asked straightforwardly, with the blue eyes searching, with the wistful lips yearning: "Do you think that Benny's father and mother will like me?"

"Honey, they shore would love you!" affirmed Ma gallantly, with a wide two-armed gesture of the plains. "Nobody on earth could help likin' you at the first look. I'm plumb in love with you myself, and if Benny don't marry you—why, my flat hat and my old flat head is in the ring right now."

Minnie laughed heartily, entirely reassured.

"But look here," inquired the sailor, "how do you figure to pull off this stunt of gettin' married to-night, with your ma agin you like she is?"

"Why, we have the ——"

Minnie began to explain confidentially, and then checked herself, gazing at Ma inquisitively, as demanding why if he was such a warm friend of Benny's he did not know their plans. That look finished Ma.

"Miss Minnie," he blurted frankly, "I tell you the honest old Jerusalem gospel truth: Benny didn't take me into his confidence none at all about these here obsequies of his. He knew that Bilge and me was against 'em on principle. I just heard that he was a-goin' to commit matrimony to-night, and I come over here to persuade you not to do it. I've fell for you flatter'n ever Benny did, and I just want to tell you that they might be some scheme or other pulled off by a bunch of mush-brained gobs to keep Benny from keepin' his appointment with you to-night, and maybe it would be to yore advantage to sort of pass me out the details."

"Oh!" gasped Minnie. "They couldn't be so cruel, because ——" And her little chin got a pucker in it that was most distressing to behold

"They could be just that big darned fools," insisted Ma. "Look at me!"

And by a gesture and an expression of self-scorn he indicated his presence there and the errand upon which he had come.

Minnie was a discerning person. She neither argued nor reproached, but at once began to explain.

"Benny has the second dog to-night. That lets him off at eight. He'll be here at nine. Mother comes up for tea at five, then goes back to the store and stays till about ten. Father Brown is going to marry us at nine-thirty."

"Where?"

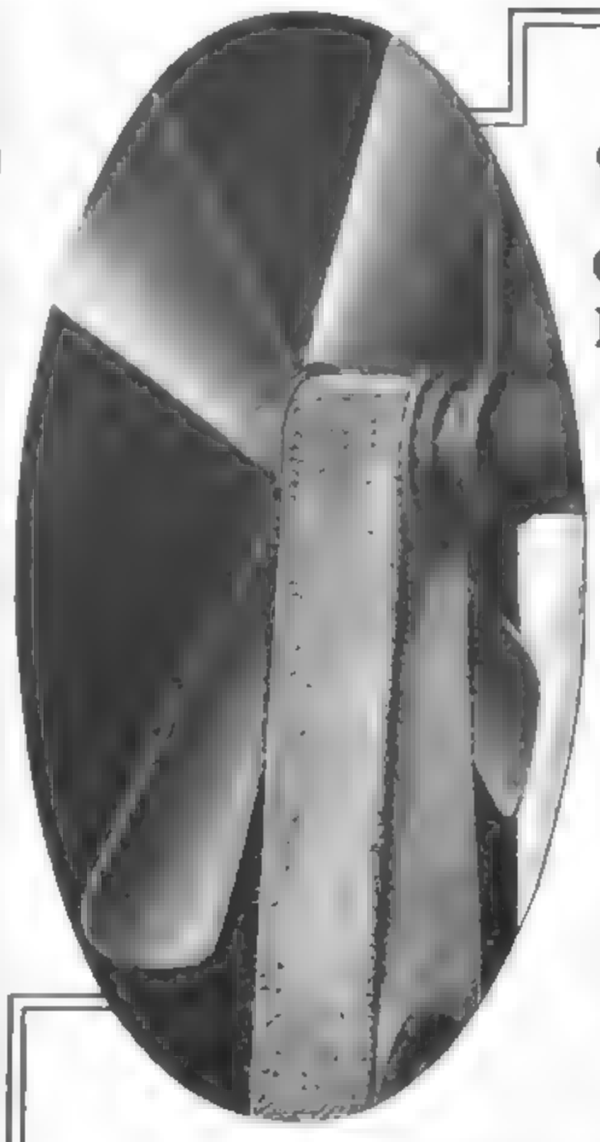
"At the cathedral; and then come home and break the news to mother."

"And how did you come it over Father Brown with your ma ——"

"Father Brown likes Benny. He'd do anything for him."

"Which shows that Father Brown ain't no bad judge of humanity," commented Ma; "but he must be a brave man, knowin' your mother like he prob'ly does."

"Mother?" Minnie laughed musically. "Mother will wilt when Father Brown tells her it's he that's done it, and all for the



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Correspondence invited.
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L. H. GILMER CO.
Philadelphia, U.S.A.

best. 'Tis not against the likes of him that she'd be holding out at all, at all."

Ma weighed this estimate of the probabilities gravely and seemed to be fairly well satisfied with its correctness.

"And so, Miss Minnie," he inquired, "all 'at you want done to insure yore perpetual happiness from this time on and forever is for one first-class yeoman, Little Benny Riley by name, to be delivered to these here premises right side up with care, on or before nine o'clock to-night?"

Minnie blushed and nodded.

"Traitor that I am, I will see that he is yere or my name ain't Ford and Texas ain't the greatest state in the whole plumb world," declared Ma.

Minnie crooked a playful finger at Ford and wrinkled up her nose amiably.

"You can be the first to kiss the bride," she smiled.

"I'd a heap sight ruther kiss her now," he plucked up courage to say.

"It can't be did," laughed Minnie, proudly displaying her acquisition of a fleeting and unlovely American idiom.

"I reckon not," sighed Ma ruefully.

Minnie glanced at the clock, and guided as by a premonition stepped to the door and looked down the street.

"Mother is coming!" she exclaimed quickly. "You must go."

Ma paled at the news and hastily gathered his flat hat unto him. The prospect of meeting Mrs. O'Mahony face to face when he had just agreed openly to compound treason against his own intents of half an hour ago, as well as to conspire against Bilge and the will of this irascible Irish matron, was by no means inviting.

"No! Not that way!" commanded Minnie as Ma started for the door. "Mother might suspect something. Here!" The girl caught hold of the sailor's arm and spun him round with a surprising display of youthful strength. "Go up the stairs there. Take the door you see at the turn. Go through it to a passage that leads out, take two turns to the right and one to the left, and you come out on the alley."

There it was, the typical Irish direction, "two turns to the right and one to the left," and so on, perfectly simple in sound and perfectly bewildering in fact. Yet Ma, though suspecting that he was about to plunge into labyrinthine entanglements of attics strange and passages tortuous and mystifying, that would lead him anywhere but where he wished to go, plunged upward recklessly, for there was an urgency in Minnie's tones which he had not the strength to deny. The young man found himself almost immediately in a room that evidently constituted the sleeping apartment of a female. At any rate there was a bed in it; and an array of feminine garments hanging along the wall, with a sort of dressing table at one side surmounted by a mirror. His very presence in such an apartment tended to excitement and confusion, so that Ma hurried to a door that he discerned, half concealed beneath the garments on the walls, a door with the knob unconnected with the lock and planted midway of the central panel, as Irish knobs are wont to be planted.

Through this door Ma undertook to make a hasty and noiseless exit as he heard heavy steps on the flagged floor below and the vibrant voice of Mrs. O'Mahony greeting her daughter, at first with undoubted affection in its tones and then complaining querulously that the teakettle was not yet put to boil.

The door opened very stiffly. It took all of Ma's strength to budge it, in fact, and when it yielded a scraping sound issued from behind as if something heavy within were stowed against it.

"Faith and did ye hear anything upstairs?" inquired the mother's penetrating voice.

"No, mother," Minnie answered blandly after an interval of silence.

"'Tis myself has the better ears then," alleged a self-satisfied tone; "or McCarthy's ghost is walkin' in broad daylight and not on a Chuesday."

Succeeding this a heavy foot was planted on the stair.

Ma thrusting in a hasty hand through the crack in the door identified a chest of some sort as blocking his advance, and hesitated, darting an anxious glance back round the wall of the room behind him, to discern if perhaps there was another door that he had overlooked. Yes, there it was, on the opposite side of the room, plainly visible now, though from where he had stood before shadows had concealed it.

"Wait a minute, mother; I want to show you this," called the voice of Minnie, with a note of trepidation in it that escaped the mother or was misinterpreted by her; but the sailor understood it very well. It was a device to delay Mrs. O'Mahony and enable him to get clear and away.

But Mrs. O'Mahony would not thus be detained. Her feet pounded upward. There was no time therefore for Ma to venture crossing the room to see if the other door opened easier—no time to pause and count on his fingers or toes whether this was the right turn or not he had taken. There was time only to lift the heavy chest noiselessly a little aside from the door, to slip quickly through the narrow opening thus permitted and stand breathless and thanking his lucky star that Mrs. O'Mahony, toiling upward, would find nothing in sight to confirm her well-grounded suspicions.

Ma remained motionless till the stairs assured him that a heavy body had creaked downward again, meanwhile taking stock of the room in which he found himself. It appeared to be a sort of limbo of discarded souls of things no longer useful. The window had not been washed in generations, and the dim light that struggled through the dust-enameled panes was barely sufficient to reveal the shapes of old chests, cupboards and stacks of broken or dismantled furniture. Through this after a time Ma began to pick his way, slowly and noiselessly, for fear still of rousing that alert and acrid personality behind and below him.

And as he moved he speculated, at first in mere curiosity, at the strange shapes with which the room was filled, and then with something like method and intent as he discerned opposite him a door leading outward. Eventually he reached this door, stealing forward in ghostly fashion, but did not at once lay violent hands upon it from consideration of what might lie behind. Convinced now that he had taken the wrong way out of Mrs. O'Mahony's bedroom, Ma realized that he was scouting in foreign territory and applied a cautious eye where a time-eroded notch in the door afforded a comprehensive view of what lay immediately beyond. This at first appeared as no more than another bedroom, scantily yet peculiarly furnished, since amid a few dilapidated bits that looked as if they might have been recovered from the room in which he stood to make his survey, there were some things of a decidedly twentieth-century appearance.

Among these was a boxed affair that to Ma resembled nothing so much as the dictaphone he had seen on the stage in one scene of The Argyle Case. There was also a pair of exceedingly modern binoculars on a table, which, itself ancient enough, held an array of new-looking bottles of inks and a rack of test tubes containing chemicals in fluid form.

"What the tarnation kind of a layout is this?" inquired Ma beneath his breath. When no answer vouchsafed itself to this query his eye addressed its keen inquiring glance to the door that stood beyond the table. Through that, Ma judged, guessing recklessly at the architecture of the house, was the passageway that he required to make his exit to the street in safety.

But again there rose a question: Did this passageway, if passageway there were, conduct to a stair that led downward into the middle of somebody's living room, or did it lead outside to a street? If the latter, well; but if it led down inside, ill; for what was a man in a sailor's uniform going to have to offer by way of explanation in case he descended suddenly into the midst of some family at their tea? Ma reddened at the prospect of such embarrassment. He was deciding, however, that he would at least go across and try this door, when abruptly a key grated in the lock.

Locked! That was strange. This was somebody's outside door, then; and how did anybody get to that door so quietly? Ma should have heard the advancing footsteps booming in the passage. Since he did not he was scarcely surprised that the door was now opened very stealthily by a tall, roughly bewhiskered creature with weasel eyes and furtive manner, wearing the dress of a laborer and the superficial appearance of a shepherd or drover. His shoes and clothing were dust-covered, as if from tramping in the streets or upon country roads.

The newcomer's first act was suspicious. It was to survey swiftly every detail of the room, as making sure that nothing in it had been disturbed; and his second was to remove with care, as if to avoid disturbing any of the dust that adhered, his hat, his coat, his shoes and his trousers; after which he washed his hands and face, redressed himself in gentler garb, and appeared to proceed very directly to business by taking up the binoculars from the desk and beginning to sweep the harbor.

It seemed to Ma that he was studying particularly the anchorages of the destroyers. Occasionally he lowered the glasses and made notes with a pencil. Ma suspected that he was noting down the identification numbers of the ships, which his glasses of course would plainly make out, and the blood began to surge hot in the young sailor's veins. Next the man took up the earpiece of the dictaphone and listened interminably. Sometimes as he listened he smiled. At others his unappealing features assumed a bored expression. Eventually he put down the dictaphone and began to write, laboriously, painstakingly.

"If that feller's writin' to his girl he's shore tellin' it to her right," Ma remarked to himself impatiently.

Just then the writer leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction as at the conclusion of a task and lifted the page before him, when to Ma's surprise he saw that the writing upon it was slowly fading out. The top of the page was already blank; the characters were vanishing line by line, and only the last few remained freshly purple, and those were paling before the sailor's astonished eye.

"This yere whole thing is phony," decided Ma gravely when his watch upon the entire series of operations had consumed nearly an hour. "I'm a-goin' to jiujitsu this feller and sort of look him over."

Silently he untied and removed his shoes and then peered out again. The man was sweeping his letter through the air and fanning it till it should be dry, and presently he held it still again, a page of pristine whiteness. Succeeding this he began immediately to write upon it once more; but this time with ordinary-looking black ink instead of the brilliant purple he had employed before.

"That's the fake letter the censor reads," decided Ma, and communed with himself silently as follows: "And now for them little lessons in jiujitsu that Professor Smith give us all at B. N. Y. last winter"—B. N. Y. being sailorese for Brooklyn Navy Yard. "Lemme see; you stiffen the right hand, thus, and you chop the edge of it in sharp in the general vicinity of the Adam's apple, thus; and if you have done it right the victim immediately becomes unconscious without uttering a single sound. Yeh—that's the dope. Just like the prof. give it to us."

Ma pulled the door to him softly and swiftly, and with two long catlike strides was behind the man at the table with his right hand upraised, sharp, stiff and bladelike.

"Excuse me, stranger," began Ma, and the tall man turned in startled surprise, lowering his shoulder as if to open the way for the impending blow at his throat by the very act of reaching swiftly toward his hip. The hard hand of the boson's mate described its sharp and merciless arc, and the tall figure gasped and sank listless in the chair.

"Durned if it didn't work!" exclaimed Ma pleasantly. "Smith, you are all right. I always said you was all right too. I knowed if ever I got the chance —— There now! That'll do you fur a spell."

This last was addressed to the silent figure now upon the floor, for Ma had swiftly undone his black sailor neckerchief, made a huge knot in the center of it, and wadding the victim's own handkerchief into his mouth had gagged him securely with two passes about his neck and through the open jaws.

"Now for a piece of rope!"

No rope was handy, however, but a coil of the flexible dictaphone wire lay upon the table, and with loops from this Ma bound the tall man's feet and hands, kicked him rather carelessly out of the way and began a close examination of the table. At first it appeared to contain no drawers, but Ma's investigation was thorough, and presently he had brought to light a flat receptacle in the very top board of the table itself, containing letters written in that peculiar purple, which some treatment or application had now rendered fixed and stable. These purple characters were in German, and they were written over with black ink in English sentences that dealt with commonplaces, obviously designed to pass a censor.

"I got yuh, stranger," said Ma, looking downward and kicking at the hulk beneath him vigorously but not very effectively, because Ma was still in his stocking feet. "I got yuh. Yo're a spy all right, damn yuh!"

Ma next decided that it would be as well to don his shoes.

"Now we'll see what this thing has got to say," he remarked, enjoying the situation extravagantly as he picked up the dictaphone and began to listen. At first no sound came through at all, and then what did come was so astonishing that Ma nearly fell off the chair.

"Well, whaddaya know about that?" he gasped, and took the receiver from his ear to gaze at it for an incredulous moment, after which he listened again.

"We just naturally got to save Benny from himself," the voice was saying.

"Still chewin' over that idea!" muttered Ma, a twinkle coming into his eye.

"It seems like a low-down trick to do," argued another voice on the wire, a voice that Ma instantly recognized as belonging to Dyckman.

"It's the only way to save him," said Bilge solemnly. "Old Ma was a-goin' to help me, but—but I think he's gone over to the enemy."

Ma reddened slightly.

"He was seen going into Mrs. O'Mahony's house more'n an hour ago, and I went there to ask for him—and Gee! the old woman chased me out. Flung a kettle of boiling tea at me, to be exact. Now here, Dyckman, is the dope: It's all set for the wedding to come off about nine to-night, and we got to kidnap Benny."

"Say you, Bilge! Say!"

Ma tried frantically to break in on the conversation, but presently it was borne in upon him that this was only a one-way wire.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed futilely, and went on listening.

"But what's to hinder him marryin' the next time we're in?" argued Dyckman.

"Because there won't be no next time for Benny. He's on the list that's goin' home with this nucleus crew for a new destroyer to-morrow. That's why they're hurryin' up with this marryin' business. It's to-night or never for that schemin' little minx that's got Benny snared."

"Well then, I'll help you," said Dyckman reluctantly. "But I ain't very strong for the job. Benny! Why, darn it, Benny's

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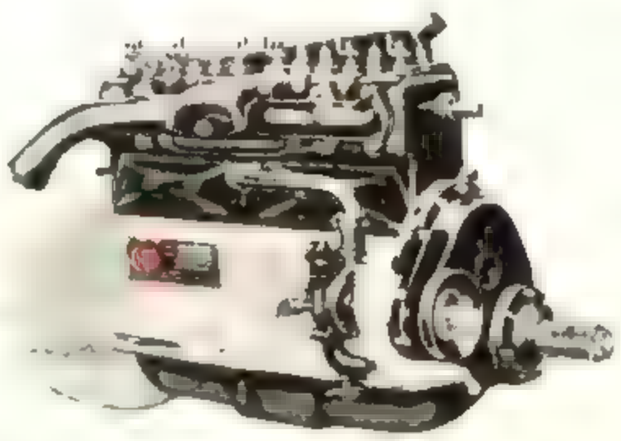

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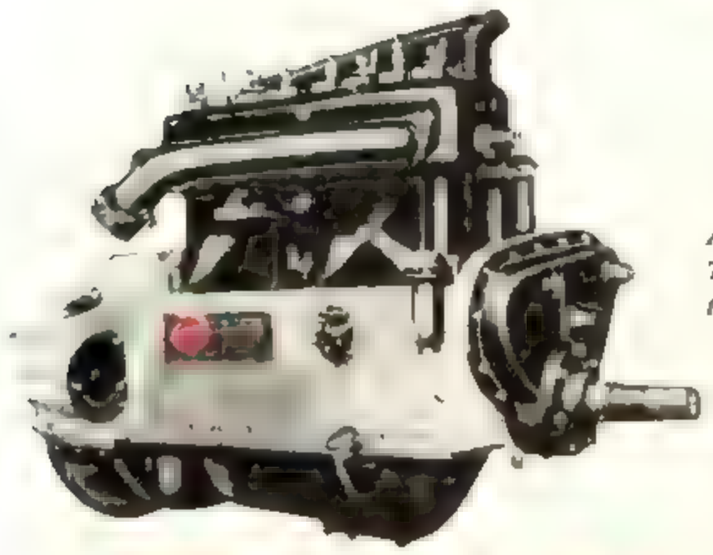

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about the best friend I got on the ship. Benny lends me money."

"Same here!" affirmed Bilge conscientiously. "That's why we're doing it for him. This is just a friendly act of self-sacrifice on our part."

"Not that Benny's a-going to look at it that way at all, is my opinion," vouchsafed Dyckman. "However, what's the scheme?"

"Simple enough. Benny's got the second dog. He's cleaning up some of the captain's papers for him and he's got to stay till he gets through. He might get off a little before eight, and he might not get off till a little after; but we lay for him when he comes to the dock, meet him casual-like, start up the hill with him, and there at the turn beyond Mrs. O'Callaghan's store is one of these Irish blind alleys. At the end of the alley is a donkey stable, and over the stable is a loft full of straw."

"And I suppose I might be excused for wondering how you know that?" said Dyckman. "S'pose you laid up there some night when you got seasick from watching so many schooners crossing the bar, hey?"

The listening Ma smiled at this, though he knew its intimation was base and improbable. Bilge, however, chose to overlook it as a bit of harmless persiflage, and went forward with:

"We can toll him into the donkey shed most likely with some excuse or other; we might even toll him up into the hay if we're any good on imagination—some yarn about Ma bein' sick up there or something. Anyhow, the minute he stops tollin' we grab him, tie him up and take him up there and keep him nice and quiet till just time to make the seven-thirty boat in the morning. Benny's reasonable. He won't make much fuss when he finds we simply ain't a-goin' to let him commit matrimonial suicide. He'll even take it philosophic."

"All right," said Dyckman, evidently won to the idea. "Meet you here at seven bells."

"Seven bells is right," responded the satisfied tones of Bilge; and the conversation ended.

"Why," remarked Ma within himself, "I know that donkey house. It ain't so far from here. It's in the middle of this block somewhere, and this house rams back into the middle of the block. Blast me if I don't allow 'at that's just about the donkey house right out the window there. Seems to me I can smell it. Ain't that a-goin' to be tough, though? Benny tied up right through the wall from where he's supposed to be married. Ain't it?" And Ma smiled ironically. "S'posin' now there was a way through to the donkey house from here, and there was a trapdoor in the roof or something, which o' course there ain't; but supposin' there was!"

And then as if halted by the futility of such speculation Ma's mind turned to a more pressing question.

"But say! Where's the other end of this wire?" he demanded aloud, and taking off the earpiece stared at it inquisitively. "In the back room of O'Connor's pub, huh? That's the only place where Bilge and Dyckman would both meet up at this time of day. Good place for a dictaphone too; for there's more enlisted men's private chitchat in that back room than any place else on the beach."

Looking down Ma noticed that his captive had regained consciousness, as revealed by the beady twinkle of the eyes.

"In O'Connor's, huh?" he demanded, holding the earpiece to the sight of the man on the floor and kicking his long flanks inquiringly.

The man was stubborn at first and would not answer. Ma in consequence stirred him up more earnestly, whereat he grunted painfully and appeared to nod assent.

"'Lowed it," said Ma. "'Lowed it when my apple cyart first driv up!"

And he settled himself comfortably for another prolonged spell of listening, during which he gained an astounding conception of the amount of information that may be gathered if an alien ear were only cocked to hear the chance remarks of twenty men in the course of an hour as they sat for a few minutes in changing groups in the somewhat private alcove at the rear of Jerry O'Connor's bar and contributed each his choice bits of latest news to the sum of general knowledge.

Ma learned, for instance, by piecing these bits of news together, that the U. S. S. Gallagher had that day been in contact with an enemy submarine, that she had dropped depth charges on him and crippled him so that he was able to make way only on the surface, but that there in open battle the German had planted a chance shell in the engine room of the Gallagher, crippling her speed to fourteen knots, after which the Hun mechanic worked frantically upon his damaged valves so that ultimately and before the assistance the Gallagher's radio had summoned could arrive the enemy was able to submerge successfully.

"That shore is tough luck!" growled Ma, and then paused to reflect and marvel.

Nobody ashore knew this story; no sailor not upon the Gallagher herself, which was still at sea, knew it in its entirety; yet the gossip of enlisted men, each with his little piece of news that had somehow come leaking from the radio rooms of different ships, helped to piece out the narrative, which, however it might err in details and slop over in exaggerations, doubtless approximated the general truth; and though the facts could be of no definite aid to the enemy, who of course had his own source of information, it nevertheless pointed the way to danger.

"Why, why," reflected Ma, "what this guy, a-settin' here all day long, piecin' together the talk in Jerry O'Connor's barroom—what he don't know about what the old flotilla's doin' there don't nobody need to tell him at all. All he requires is a scheme for gettin' the old dope out; and I reckon he's got that." Ma turned again to a contemplation of the array of bottles of ink and chemicals. "A window that looks out on the harbor, a glass that picks out the number of every ship that goes out, and a dictaphone that hears all the gossip of the flotilla—say, purty slick, what! And I got the bird right under my feet! But here, you yellow dog!"—and Ma was addressing the man on the floor—"you-all couldn't do this by yo'se'f. You must 'a' had a partner to set here listenin' when ——"

The sailor did not finish the sentence; the receiver of the dictaphone dropped with a clatter and Ma's head fell forward under the impact of a crushing blow from behind, while crimson drops sprayed the sheet of blotting paper on the old table. The third figure in the room stooped at once and began cutting the gag from the mouth of the prostrate spy and unbinding his hands and feet. The prostrate one rose with ugly wrath in his small wicked eye and kicked vengefully in his turn at the limp figure in the chair. When it collapsed and sank like a sack of sand to the floor the kicking was continued maliciously. It was this kicking that Ma felt first. He knew that his ribs were being dented and splintered by something, but he knew no more, for unconsciousness came again, and he did not hear the debate that went on over his senseless body.

"Let go! He's gone!" growled the second spy, who as to appearance was as roughly got up as the other, and who, sneaking soft-footed to the door according to his habit, had discerned the situation and dealt the too venturesome Ma a killing blow with the butt of his revolver. "You only make him bleed, and that's difficult to get rid of. He's dead," he announced, after feeling hastily for his pulse.

"What'll we do with him? Damn Yankee snoop!" inquired the first spy.

"At midnight, or before even, it will be easy enough to slip him out and drop him in the bay."

The tall man looked at the limp thing on the floor and shuddered. "God!" he said. "I don't want it round here till midnight. I have work to do."

"Then we'll pitch it outside till it's safe to move it the rest of the way," proposed the other cheerfully. Together they took "it" up.

But old Ma Ford, old only to the extent of his twenty-seven vigorous years, toughened by a long youth in the great outdoors of Texas, hardened by two years as brakeman on a railroad, seasoned by one whole enlistment on that rummy old prune barge, the cruiser San Diego, and now hardened again, case-hardened, perhaps, by a long winter on a United States destroyer, where in these combing British seas a man fought each day for the mere privilege of keeping on board and doing his daily duty—Ma was in no danger of becoming an "it" from a mere smash on the back of his head and sundry mulelike tramplings of his ribs. Ma, as they picked him up, was faintly conscious.

"Didn't bleed much," said the tall man.

"Lucky! That's because I killed him so dead," explained the other blithely.

"Serves him right; damned Yankee pig!"

But these voices registered as no more than confused and distant murmurings on Ma's disturbed mental apparatus. Nor had he any definite idea how far they bore his sagging body, though it seemed that they carried him far and through tortuous winding channels, since every sway and twist was an exquisite bit of agony to his pommeled ribs and bashed and aching head. At length, after some eternities, they dropped him on a pile of rocks, and he lay wondering for ages and ages, with a thing like a chariot race going on in the back of his mind.

His mental state was dreamlike and unsatisfactory. His mind was full of a great regret—regret that he had let the spy get away from him, two spies in fact, for there must have been two, since two men were surely carrying him, and it must have been that the second of them had struck him down from behind. But bigger far was the regret about Benny and his wedding. The blue eyes of Minnie, and the too large but wistful and wonderfully appealing mouth, came up before him like a dream, pleadingly.

"It shore is a shame, honey! It shore is a shame!" he found himself trying to say over and over to her. "That there Bilge Kennedy ain't got no more heart than a concrete pup, he ain't."

But saying this did not in his dream keep the two tears out of the eyes of the distressed woman-child, Minnie O'Mahony, and it did not take the terrible regret out of the mind of Ma. "Jest naturally made a plain fool of myself; jest naturally did—did—did," he kept saying to himself over and over again. "Busted me on the bean, that's what they did, huh? . . . What's this yere I'm a-layin' on?"

He thrust out an inquiring hand.

"'Tain't rocks; it's straw!" he soliloquized. "Gosh, it felt like rocks at first. Easier now, what, Old Girl! Come near bashin' your bally brains out, them spies, didn't they? Thought they had, I reckon, or they wouldn't 'a' quit. That's what you can figure about the Germans allus—allus make some miscalculation. First off it's this drive, and then it's that drive, and then it's the U-boats, and then it's the East Front, and then it's the West Front, and then it's them Eye-talians; but there's allus some figure lackin' in their addin' machines. Hell! It's up to us to lick them Germans, and here I am a-layin' here."

Ma tried experimentally to raise his head. A pungent ammonialike smell was in his nostrils. Ma sniffed it inquiringly, reminiscently.

"Smells like the donkey house," he commented. "I knowed that donkey house was somewhere round."

Wearied by this much mental effort the man dropped off to sleep and dozed painfully but restfully till wakened by an argument below, carried on in tones that sounded exceedingly familiar.

"Can it, Bilge!" said a stout voice. "You can't string me any further than right here."

"I'm not stringing you, Benny," was asseverated in hurt tones. "He's right up there over our heads now."

"If he was sick how in time would he get up there?" demanded the voice of Benny, suspicious and impatient. "I've got to hurry along."

"Ma's your best friend, except me," reproached Bilge; "and you won't climb four steps into a hayloft to answer his dying request."

"I don't hear him breathe or moan or anything," said Benny after a silence in which he had evidently been listening intently.

"He's probably too weak to move," argued Bilge mendaciously. "Maybe he's dead by now."

Ma contrived a long, blithering sigh.

"There!" exclaimed Bilge. "Hear that?"

But there was a tremble in Bilge's voice as if he had seen a ghost, and his knees joggled each other uncertainly.

"That was a donkey," theorized Benny.

"It shore was," Ma confided to himself, never too overcome by any situation to miss the humor of it, especially when the shaft pointed at himself.

"Here!" proposed Benny, exasperated. "It's getting near to nine o'clock. Give me the flash, and in four seconds I'll prove that you're a bigger liar than old Kaiser Bill."

Ma saw the tiny circle of light flickering on the rafters above him and heard quick light feet on the ladder. A moment later Benny stood in the loft with an incoherent ejaculation on his lips.

"Ma! For the love of Mike!" he exclaimed, suddenly bending over the prostrate man. "Are you dying?"

"Thank you, Benny, for comin'," said Ma faintly. "You shore have done me a good turn."

Bilge, who had rushed hurriedly up after Benny with intent to grapple with him there, barely escaped tumbling down the ladder in his surprise and amazement at this uncanny confirmation of his supposed falsehood, but recovered himself in time.

"Ma!" he whispered hoarsely, hypocritically. "Ma! Are you there?"

"You didn't 'low I could git away from here, did you?" reproached the prostrate and dissimulating sailor.

The quick inference that Ma, by some lucky chance asleep in the old donkey house, had overheard the colloquy with Benny, swiftly discerned the part he was to play and was doing his part like the loyal soul he was, stimulated Bilge to a rapid recovery of his own self-possession.

"Are you able to talk now, Ma? Able to tell me anything?" he inquired in tones that were cunningly freighted with the accents of anxious sympathy.

"Spies!" gasped Ma faintly. "They hit me and slung me down here. Look for a door somewheres round."

For a moment Bilge was overcome with fresh astonishment, as well as genuinely alarmed at the obvious condition of Ma; and then this surprising word about spies inflamed his mind with an instant desire for action and revenge for this assault upon his friend and upon the uniform of the United States. Snatching the flashlight from Benny's hand the rufous-headed machinist's mate swung it round him swiftly, then halted and steadied the tiny spot of light straight before him on a short door of rough planks, thick and old, but newly joined to form a door set in an opening which itself appeared to have been recently chipped in the wall about it.

"That's it," decided Ma, lifting a dizzy head for a moment. "I never seen it before, but that's it, I reckon, all right. They're somewhere to hell and gone behind that door; a room that looks out on the harbor, all fixed up with telescopes, dictaphones and this yere invisible ink. I tied one of 'em up, but the other one clouted me and they thought I was dead."

Bilge glanced at the door and then at Ma breathing painfully after the effort of so much speech; then he swore, a low fervent oath that was almost like a prayer, and began to examine the door critically, even to thrusting his finger into the keyhole, which was so huge that it could have been fitted only by one of those giant keys that unlock garden or lodge gates in Ireland.

There was no knob or latch on the outside of the door. It offered nothing that afforded a hold. Bilge applied pressure to the door, gently, then firmly, and at last violently. It sprang slightly but did not yield.

"I better go tell the constabulary," he decided.

"The constabulary nothin'!" panted Ma. "Run quick and round up a bunch of the beach patrol. Pick the first three of 'em you see, and that's enough. Le's take these fellows in ourself and lead 'em up on the hill and hand 'em over to the admiral—dictaphones and invisible ink and letters and everything—just to show what us Americans is like. He likes us now, and he'll like us all the better then."

"But Benny ——" began Bilge, involuntarily giving his paramount thought away, though the young man whose name had been blurted out was too excited by the spy news and too humbled by the memory of his recent incredulity to notice it.

"Sure! Benny'll stay here with me; won't you, Benny?" covered Ma cannily. "I can't be left alone, with these fellows liable to come out any minute."

"Sure," said Benny. "I've got an important engagement, but I'll stick here with you till Bilge gets back."

"Quick!" urged Ma. "The birds might get suspicious and hop the coop."

Bilge in great excitement clambered down and made a hasty exit.

"Are you much hurt, Ma?" inquired Benny, bending down anxiously.

"Hurt? I'm fakin'," snickered Ma in a contemptuous whisper. "I got a confession to make to you, Benny: I and Bilge has been buttin' in on your matrimonial intentions. We didn't want you to marry this yere girl to-night, and we framed up to git you here and kidnap you."

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Photography Rediscovers the Unicorn

THE difference between Pliny's mythological unicorn and the photograph of the rhinoceros is the difference between fiction and fact.

The strange tales brought home by the travelers of other days were distorted in repetition, exaggerated in detail because there was no truthful and unimaginative lens to record the facts.

Today we sit in comfort by the library lamp and all the world is brought to us. Our magazine gives not merely a word picture, but the indisputable photographic record. It shows, not a unicorn rampant, but the rhinoceros and how he lives; it may acquaint us with the fauna of Africa, the texture of silk, the face of a famous man—or a ruined Zeppelin—all interesting and compelling because we know them to be pictorial facts—given to us by photography.

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Edison Lamp Works of General Electric Company
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EDISON MAZDA

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(Continued from Page 72)

"You darn hounds!" exclaimed Benny, bristling like a terrier at sight of a bear.

"Wait a minute," pleaded Ma. "Don't you call no names yet. I come over to talk to your little girl this afternoon and try and reason with her; but, say, Benny, she's just the sweetest thing I ever laid eyes on, and if you don't git down out of this haymow and run —— What time is it?"

"Five minutes to nine," said Benny, consulting his wrist.

"If you don't git down out of this donkey house and strike round the corner for the lovin', waitin' arms of Minnie O'Mahony I'll just about get up and knock your brains plumb out."

"Fell for her, hey? Some girl, what!" Benny chuckled exuberantly; and then inquired anxiously: "And it's all a stall about you being hurt, and the spies?"

"Keep that there light away. It hurts my eye," warned Ma in sudden fear that Benny might discern a trace of blood upon the straw at his back. "Strategy!" he continued with a grin. "When this yere Bilge Kennedy gets so bull-headed you cain't reason with him you got to resort to strategy. Hop along now, Benny, and marry that girl, and look out that you don't run into Bilge comin' back, for he'll nab you shore."

"Nab me?" said Little Benny Riley indignantly. "Lucky for him he didn't nab me! Ma, I like you, and I used to like that crazy Bilge, but if you two or either of you had interfered with me keeping faith with Minnie to-night I'd have assassinated you; that's what I'd have done—assassinated you! Get me?"

"I get you, and we'd 'a' deserved to be assassinated. I would, anyhow, because I've seen the girl. Bilge wouldn't, for he didn't have the ground to know no better. Skin out now. Leave me that light!"

"What are you going to say to Bilge when he comes back?"

Benny had paused a moment to rejoice in the discomfiture of the man who had plotted so recklessly against the happiness of his heart.

"I reckon somep'n'll occur to me to say to him," drawled Ma. "Run along, I tell you!"

"But say!" proposed Benny forgivingly, "bring him round to supper. There'll be wedding eats about ten o'clock. That'll be a good way to rub it in on him."

"Eats? Where?"

"At the house!"

"But her mother's due to be raisin' the roof about that time."

"Not after Father Brown talks to her," smiled Benny confidently. "Ma, I'm sure much obliged for the good turn you've done me to-night." And the eager bridegroom wrung his shipmate's hand in brief farewell. "Eats about ten," he whispered up from the direction of the ladder, and the boson's mate heard him groping his way outward.

"So far, durned good!" Ma reflected when the prolonged silence indicated that Benny had safely departed to those loving waiting arms; and then the prostrate one began slowly to test his capabilities for action.

He flexed first one leg and then the other, and slowly rolled over. As he lifted himself on all fours the soreness in his sides made the beads of sweat stand out on his brow, but he persisted, nevertheless, and crawling painfully to the door examined it carefully for himself.

"Looks to me like this would be their main entrance," he soliloquized. "How would donkey drivin' do for a profession for a couple of spies anyhow? 'Bout the safest thing anybody could imagine, what! The inspectors watch the trains and the ships, but do they watch these country-lookin' guys that comes walkin' into town with their carts full of cabbages or spuds or whatever it is that you see 'em all the time haulin' in and out? That fellow I saw was sure a good imitation of a farmer, all right."

Ma sat back on his knees, contemplated the keyhole and calculated the size of the key that would fit it.

"The crowbar that unlocks that door must be too big to carry round with 'em," he reasoned. "They must keep it hid about the door here somewhere. If they're both inside it's inside, and if one of 'em is out it's outside. My ma used to leave the key under the doormat," his thought rambled on as he felt carefully in the straw and about the sill at the front of the door. "Or over on the top of the window frame." His fingers skirted the top of the door and the sill beneath the rafters of the donkey house. "Or"—and he shot the tiny circle of light aimlessly about the old loft—"or somewheres handy but out of sight."

Handy would be anywhere within reach in a progress from the door to the ladder. Crawling along this line across the straw Ma felt about until his hand encountered one of the supporting posts of the roof. Pulling away the straw from the base of the post his light revealed a sort of shrinkage crack between post and flooring. In the slot thus formed was the key.

"'Pears like I ain't such a gosh-danged fool after all," he murmured contentedly. "'Bout the size of the Judson's anchor," he commented, and sat up balancing the key.

There came a rattling of the hasp on the door below—a very slight rattling, but one that Ma's ear caught quickly, and with instant presence of mind he slipped the key back into its slot, pushed the straw over it, and rolled softly into the position in which Bilge and Benny had found him. If this was Bilge returning with reënforcements, well and good; but if it was one of the spies, all might be over with Ma. Hence these precautions. And they were necessary, for he had hardly composed himself with the searchlight beneath him, yet ready to his hand, when there were light footsteps on the ladder. In another moment a hand was groping in the straw at the base of the post, and thereafter a light was flashed carelessly in Ma's direction.

"Dead enough, damn him!" said a voice, and then the sailorman heard the key softly inserted in the lock.

Every movement had been furtive, as if the spy were used by habit and considerable practice to make his way thus cautiously and swiftly in and out. Even the door turned noiselessly upon its hinges, and closed with a soft pish like the slow cut of a whip through the air. For a few seconds, perhaps a full minute, Ma lay perfectly still, and then without moving anything but an arm he flashed on his light and inspected the door. It was closed tight enough, but as his ears had assured him it had not been relocked. The key still stood in the outside.

"That means he's comin' back soon," argued Ma. "Where the devil is this yere Bilge? I ain't never been in a hurry to see that strawberry-headed machinist's mate but once or twice in my life, but I begin to be in a hurry now."

As if to punish Ma for his impatience a donkey lifted up his voice and brayed, a whole-hearted confession of stable ennui and asinine boredom, an enormous, strident, echo-wakening heehaw that made more noise than a siren on one of the "P" boats, and startled the sailor so that cold chills chased themselves up and down his spine.

"Don't do that agin, will you, pardner?" he murmured earnestly. "My nerves won't stand it."

But now came the welcome sound of groping feet on the cobbles without, followed presently by low voices inside. When one of these became recognizable as belonging to Bilge, Ma reached over with his flashlight and sent its rays down the ladder.

"That you, Benny?" inquired Bilge.

"Git up here quick!" ordered Ma sharply. "You might 'a' tuck all night."

"I wanted to get my particular three patrols," apologized Bilge. "Think I'd let anybody else but Judson men cop off the D. C. M.'s on this raid?" And there climbed into the light Wart Kessler, Elbert Owens and Kid Maguire, each uniformed as the flotilla beach patrol is uniformed, in blues plus khaki belts and leggings, each with his short policeman's club gripped tightly, and all very excited and determined.

Bilge's return was also reënforced by the person of Dyckman, looking rather sheepish through having missed connections at first and leaving Bilge alone as the executive of their doubtful purpose upon the person of Little Benny Riley.

"Hur-r-r-s-s-sh!" whispered Ma as Bilge's tones grew too loud. "One feller's come back. He's left the key in the door, so they must figure on comin' out in a minute, prob'ly to carry my remains to the reduction works."

"What do we do then?" inquired Wart, who assumed leadership of the trio. "What's the idea?"

"Why, we just stick round," explained Ma, his voice rambling as indicating the development of no clear campaign of action; "and when he comes back we bust him on the beezer. Don't hesitate none, you-all fellers, but bust him! He put a lump as big as an ash can on my after dome and I bled round like a stuck pig; besides which the

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 75)

other guy kicked in my slats so's my insides is all disarranged and I cain't set up hardly. Stand not upon the order of your bustin' either, but bust at once, the minute he opens the door."

"Isn't there some other way out of this hole of theirs?" inquired Bilge.

"There is," recalled Ma. "There is at least one other way; and here, I reckon, is a better idea than just waitin' for this guy to come back: You patrols go round to Mrs. O'Mahony's. The house is empty; most likely it's not locked. Go in and go upstairs, turn to the left—left, remember—and you'll find a door there. Go into a kind of storeroom like, full of the ghosts of cast-off furniture, and take off your shoes and keep still. Don't go gropin' round, but wait, or you'll fall over something and give the snap away. When you hear the devil of a row in front of you, why, crash, and crash quick, for that means that Bilge and Dyckman is in there givin' 'em both the Kaiser's saloot. You know what that is, don't you?"

The three patrols grinned appreciatively and prepared again to descend the ladder, when the now hypersensitive ear of Ma detected a sound somewhere back behind the door.

"Whist! Too late! They're comin' out," he whispered, and relapsed once more into the rigid figure of death, dousing the flashlight with a final wiggle of his thumb as Bilge, Dyckman and the three patrolmen flattened themselves against the wall on either side of the door.

After as much as a minute, perhaps, the door opened softly, and a man holding a light in front of him came out, and as if his business were with that grim presence yonder he pointed the luminous spot at the recumbent body of the sailor and moved two steps toward it, when Ma casually opened his eyes. The man started with a wheezing gasp at the spectacle of the dead awakening, and involuntarily recoiled, at the same time passing the light to his left hand while the right reached for his hip pocket. It engaged, however, instead of the grip of an automatic, the iron hand of Bilge.

"Quiet now," said Bilge soothingly. "Germany's game is up. This is where Uncle Sam takes on."

Dyckman at the same moment closed upon the hand holding the flashlight, in the rays of which, lifted for a moment as the spy struggled, he had a vision of three men in navy-patrol uniform with clubs poised above his head, and a shriek, half in terror and half in warning, broke from the throat of the astounded man.

"Look out behind!" ordered Ma sharply; and the three patrolmen, leaping the struggling heap where the spy was being borne to the floor, followed a patter of scudding footsteps back along a passage and in where a door was slammed suddenly in their faces.

"Bust it!" roared Ma, who had come tottering after with his light. "Bust it quick!"

The patrolmen threw themselves against it stoutly, but it resisted all advances till, Bilge and Dyckman coming in with a sullen prisoner, Bilge added his weight determinedly, and the panel crashed in.

"He went yon way, I reckon," said Ma, groping excitedly for the door in the opposite wall; but the fugitive had taken advantage of the delay at the other door to barricade this one by setting a trunk or chest behind it, so that the patrolmen were still engaged in forcing a passage here when shriek on shriek came agonizing up from somewhere beyond and below.

"*Poco pronto*, there!" prayed Ma. "He's murderin' Mrs. O'Mahony. There's stairs beyond the other door. Git down quick!"

Notwithstanding his weakened condition, however, he managed to clatter down the stairs almost upon the heels of the patrolmen, his blood congealing at the thought of the carnage his eyes would encounter. Instead, he beheld the fugitive prostrate and helpless, with Mrs. O'Mahony towering over, menacing the man with the poker, with which she had evidently felled him, and upbraiding her captive in words of reviling and tones of exultation.

"Ye thafe! Ye burglar! Ye murtherin' Hun! To come sneakin' and stealin' down through people's houses," she panted hoarsely. "Ye tried to kill me, so ye did! Ye pushed me head agin the wall hard enough to crack the nut of me, ye did; and it's the deil's own child ye are by the look av ye."

Her eyes grew large and round when she beheld the four sailors tumbling down upon her.

"Mercy! Mercy me!" she breathed. "Where the old scratch did ye drop from, I want to know?"

"This yere man's a German spy 'at you've caught, Mrs. O'Mahony," said Ma politely.

"A German spy, is it?" she demanded fiercely. "Wid me own Terence a corpril in the Royal Irish Fusiliers!"

Mrs. O'Mahony made as if she would demolish the spy's head entirely with another blow of her poker, whereat the fellow howled and pleaded.

"We nabbed another in the donkey house," explained Ma, "and was chasin' this one through some kind of a misfit furniture store upstairs."

"The retirin' room of McCarthy's ghost these twinty years!" explained Mrs. O'Mahony, still laboring under great excitement. "Sure and I thought 'twas old McCarthy himself when he come at me first, till I see these little weasel eyes that was never on any McCarthy, alive or dead."

There came a thunderous banging on the door outside. "Open! Leave open in the name of the King!" was bawled sonorously and long.

"Mercy! Mercy me!" quavered Mrs. O'Mahony, glancing weakly from one face to another and then at the closed door.

"In the sacrid name of the King!" roared the voice again; and the pounding began once more upon the door.

"Open it! Open it quick!" besought Mrs. O'Mahony, who seemed at this dread hail to have lost the power of action.

Wart Kessler opened the door, and a man entered wearing the uniform of an army officer, while behind him appeared the sergeant who had done the knocking and the bawling, and who was backed by a squad of men in khaki, with a glitter of brass buttons and fixed bayonets. The officer was Captain Hobbes, a red-headed, blue-eyed, quick-thinking boy of twenty-four, who was a veteran of Mesopotamia, of Egypt and the Somme, and who, with fourteen punctures by shrapnel healing in his anatomy, rested from actual fighting and kept a sharp eye out at this important post for enemies of the Empire.

"I am sorray, Bridget O'Mahony," said the captain in a bored sort of way, "but it has become necessary to arrest you for harboring spies in your house."

"Harborin' spies, is it?" gasped Mrs. O'Mahony weakly. "There's niver been a man in this house in weeks excipt this cray-chure here wid his bleedin' head, where I give him a knock wid me poker."

At this juncture Bilge and Dyckman, who had paused to make their prisoner secure by the tying of his hands, came down the stairs and crowded into the little room.

"For the love of St. Patrick!" wheezed Mrs. O'Mahony, who was growing apoplectic.

"This yere's the other one, captain," announced Ma, with a gesture of turning over the two prisoners. "I got suspicious of these birds here this afternoon, and we been layin' for 'em."

"Good work, men," said Captain Hobbes briefly, looking a bit surprised.

Bilge, having thoughtfully brought along an armful of evidence in the way of the receiving end of a dictaphone and a rather recklessly selected miscellany of letters, bottles and chemicals from the desk, passed the whole over to a man designated by the sergeant to receive it.

"'Pears to me," reproved Ma in that slow way of his, "that you-all are sort of careless when you let guys like that come into town and carry on the way they been carryin' on."

"It may interest you, Mister Yankee Sailor," said Captain Hobbes crisply, "to know that we have been keen after these fellows since before they came here from Dublin. We have read every line that went to them before they read it. We have read every line they sent out. We have a nice scrapbook of all the cute little letters they have been writing with invisible ink. We have only been waiting for their affiliations to develop, and we were getting ready to take them to-night. In fact ——"

Captain Hobbes paused dramatically and lifted his hand, for again there was noise and clatter above, banging rifle butts, rattle of scabbards and clumping of hob-nailed shoes, following which a corporal and a squad of soldiers came crowding eagerly down the stair.

"Gosh!" conceded Bilge admiringly. "You fellers are on the job all right!"

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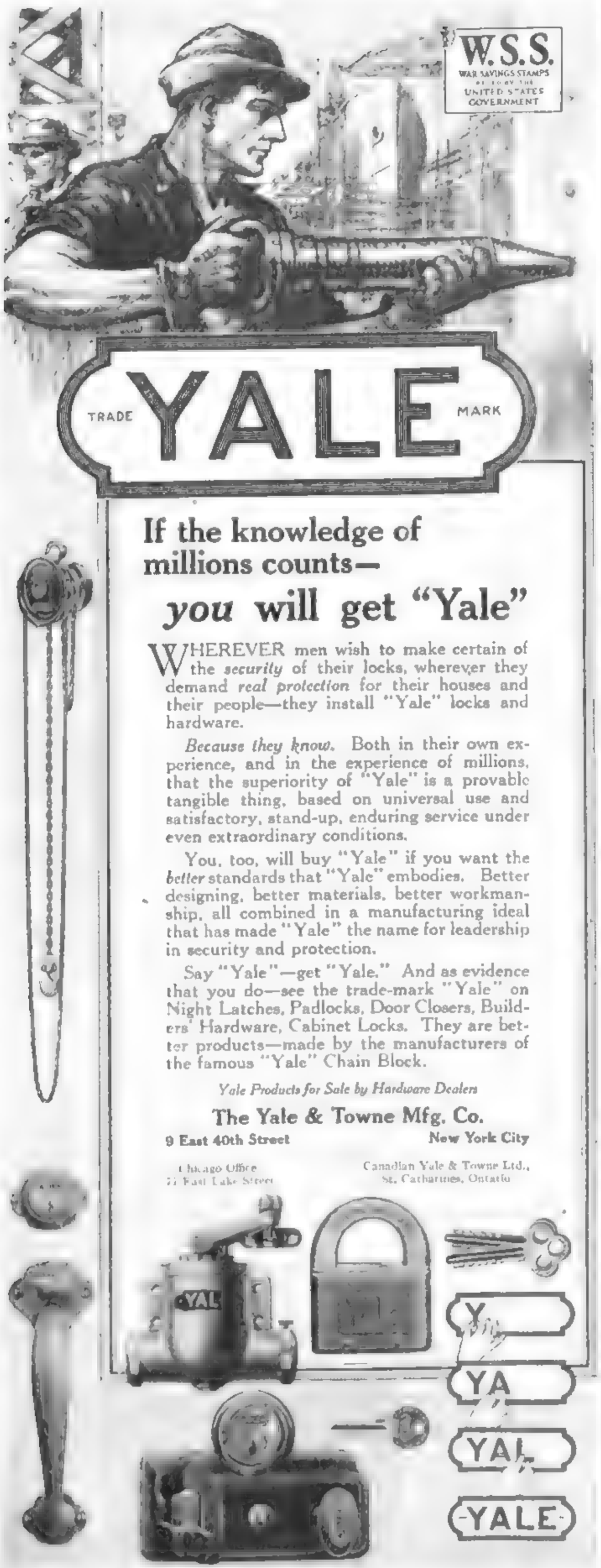
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"But we just naturally beat you to it, like us Americans always does," boasted Ma, childishly proud of his achievement. "I never seen these birds till five o'clock, and yere I hand 'em over to you and all the evidence at somewheres about a quarter to ten."

"You Americans are very wonderful," admitted Captain Hobbes, smiling good-naturedly, as though he were amused rather than offended at this exhibition of Yankee-sailor assurance.

"We wouldn't 'a' been so darn wonderful, though, if Mrs. O'Mahony didn't knock this guy down with a poker, thinkin' he was a burglar," Ma admitted honestly. "He would 'a' got plumb away. You ain't so certain about wantin' to arrest her now, in them circumstances, are you?"

"Perhaps not," confessed Captain Hobbes, and summoned his sergeant and the corporal into conference by a nod of the chin and a stride toward a corner a little apart.

Succeeding this conference the corporal and six men marched off with the prisoners and the evidence, while the captain ordered the balance of his force up the stairs to conclude the raiding of the spy's nest and made ready to follow after.

"We shall require your statements at headquarters to-morrow," he announced to the sailors.

"We shore would love to come, but I reckon that there's a subject on which you-all would wish to consult our force commander," said Ma with great dignity.

"It is," said the captain briefly. "Take the men's names," he nodded to the sergeant; and when this was done, he followed his squad clomp-clomp, rattle-rattle, up the stairs.

"It's about time we got back on our beat," suggested Wart.

"It sure is," agreed the two other patrolmen, and they hustled away, leaving Ma, Bilge and Dyckman confronting Mrs. O'Mahony, who, gradually recovering from her emotions of fear, excitement and surprise, seemed now to wonder what excuse for remaining this final trio of her guests could muster.

"Don't appear that we-all have got any particular business intrudin' on you, Mis' O'Mahony, a-clutterin' up yore settin' room," recognized Ma. "With your kind permission we'll borry the front door to git out of!"

"Help yourself!" said Mrs. O'Mahony rather dryly. "Help yourself!"

"Benny!" blurted Bilge suddenly, with an inquiring eye bent on Ma. "What become of Benny?"

"Benny!" exclaimed Ma. "By golly, Benny! I plumb forgot about Benny. I ain't thought about him for nigh onto an hour. You know anything about Benny, Mrs. O'Mahony?"

"'Deed and I don't!" snapped Mrs. O'Mahony shortly, and then looked toward the door, for it appeared that another descent of some sort was about to be made upon her privacy.

There was a note of revelry outside, of quick steps, of rapid-fire conversation, interspersed with snatches of song and excited laughter, succeeding which there framed itself in the upper half of the door, which had been left open by the departing patrolmen, the florid, amiable face of Father Brown, with just the faintest trace of a guilty conscience in his eye, as he gazed toward Mrs. O'Mahony with an embarrassed cough and an apologetic look upon his kindly features.

"Good evenin' to ye, Father Brown!" said the widow, dropping a very humble curtsy. "Sure and I suppose 'tis your own sweet, innocent soul that's heard about the goin's on in me house to-night and has been outraged by it."

"Mrs. O'Mahony!" replied Father Brown with a swelling voice and a determined air, as if both to cry that voluble lady down and to get a doubtful business over, "I have this night married your daughter Minnie to Mr. Benjamin Riley, the Yankee sailor!"

"Father Brown!" gasped Mrs. O'Mahony, and became immediately speechless with dismay and consternation. Yet the reproach that for a moment was in her eye faded out before the bland, steady gaze of her spiritual counselor.

"I thought it best," said the priest benignly. "Ye were far too hot against the lad. He will be a true son to ye and a faithful husband to Minnie. Good night, Mrs. O'Mahony."

"Father, father!" urged Mrs. O'Mahony, cringing as she detected the note of rebuke. "Ye will not misjudge me, will ye that? I always liked the Riley lad. 'Twas only that Patsy Cadogan ——"

"Benny Riley is your daughter's husband now," interrupted the father with his most beatific smile; "and here he is with his bride, and ne'er a sweeter one ever did I see."

Under the tall priest's arm, as if they had been hiding behind the skirts of his soutane, appeared Benny and Minnie. Mrs. O'Mahony with motherly arms gathered them both unhesitatingly to her bosom, bestowing presently a kiss on Benny that knocked off his round sailor hat and added greatly to his embarrassment, a state of mind which he covered somewhat by waving his hand out the door and shouting into the darkness, "Pedro! Bring in the eats!"

Immediately there presented himself the Filipino cook of the U. S. Destroyer Judson, with his assistants Juan and Eduardo, grinning under burdens of various suggestive shapes. Following them crowded in half a dozen other American sailors, Jimmie Jurgenson and Bunny McIntyre leading, and each with an Irish girl by his side.

Mrs. O'Mahony fell back abashed, murmuring incoherently, while the Filipino trio took possession of the table and began to build it out with other bits of adaptable furniture, and to spread thereon a destroyer cook's notion of a wedding supper in Ireland.

"Glory be!" sighed the widow as the feeling of helplessness and surrender to the inevitable surged again and again over her surprised and but recently embattled soul.

"Sure and the Yankees is takin' everything," she declared resignedly. "A minute ago they was takin' spies in me attic and bringin' the house down about me head. Now they might as well take my daughter and be done with it. Why, Father Brown, if one of these young sprigs should propose voylently to marry me, I have no sperrit left in me widowed heart that I should prevint them." The lady laughed hysterically.

"I believe ye, Mrs. O'Mahony," chortled the priest. "I have long perceived in yer conversation, though ye did not perceive it yourself, that ye had a secret admiration for the Yanks."

"Durned if I ever 'lowed anybody could call me a Yank half a dozen times in one night and get away with it," muttered Ma, of Texas, under his breath.

"This one in particular I've took a likin' to," said Mrs. O'Mahony, indicating the hunched and suffering Ma.

"Yes," retorted that one dryly. "You-all took a likin' to me this afternoon. You was aimin' for to express it with a bar mop."

"Oh! Acushla!" laughed Mrs. O'Mahony. "Ye should not hold an old woman's playful disposition against her. You Yanks is playful yourself."

And the lady moved off among her guests with some waking realization of the circumstances that just now obtained in her home, and that she owed some obligations to the company in general.

"Ma," said Benny with a fond handshake, "if it wasn't for you we might not be so happy all of us to-night."

And the bridegroom turned a reproachful gaze on the rapt and transported Bilge, who from the moment his eyes fell upon the bride had suffered a strange fluttery feeling on the port side of his bosom.

"Ma? Him?" retorted Bilge, darkling quickly; "he nagged me into the scheme himself. If it wasn't for that old horned toad I would 'a' been your best man."

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It is a most valuable asset to my
mind, to any ambitious man who wa
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thing for my fellow men w
Sincerely yours
Chas E. Murnan
Vice-President
UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, March ,
Alexander Hamilton Institute,
Astor Place,
New York City
The record that our people have m
Alexander Hamilton Institute
and
are in training for business careers,
but it is the most concise, instructive and
ted form of education, to my
been presented for the benefit
A man can get more for his money
out of your Course than from all other
similar things combined that I have ever done
in contact with
You are operating a power for good
and whoever has been responsible for this
deserves a great deal of credit
I would recommend the Course to
anybody if he had to borrow the money to
take it
Sincerely
Chas E. Murnan

From store clerk to Vice-president of a $52,000,000 Corporation

The start in life of Charles E. Murnan was no different from any other average American boy's. He began at the bottom; he climbed to the top *because he early realized that self-training is the one way to absolutely insure advancement in business.*

A few months after he enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Mr. Murnan wrote us the letter reproduced above. Read it carefully. Note especially where he says—

"I would recommend the Course to anybody, even if he had to borrow the money to take it."

Today, Mr. Murnan is Vice-President of this $52,000,000 Corporation. Read his letter above, written four years after his enrolment. He lays emphasis on these two paragraphs:

"I have spent a great deal of money in educational ways and consider any money spent for education a good investment; but I believe I have gotten more good out of your Course than all the rest of the money I have spent together.

"It is a most valuable asset, to my mind, to any ambitious man who wants to develop himself and grasp business opportunities when they present themselves. *I feel I have done something for my fellow-men when I recommend it.*"

What stronger endorsement could there be of the work that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is doing than these two letters?

Four years ago Mr. Murnan was a big executive with a big company—today he is a *bigger* executive with the *bigger* company.

The Course will also help you to become a bigger man

75,000 other men in all positions, representing every American industry, are finding the Course of great profit.

It teaches you the fundamentals of *all* business. No matter what your position is today, you cannot hope to get in your own department all the experience and knowledge you need in business. You need the experience of others.

The Modern Business Course and Service will help you just as it has helped Mr. Murnan—and hundreds of other big men. No man is too big to stop learning. Ceasing to grow means the beginning of decay.

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MODERN BUSINESS

The FIRST TRUCK WE BUILT

8th year—100,000 Miles—Working Every Day

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NO Indiana truck has ever worn out, so far as we know, for our first truck, in its eighth year of service, is still working hard every day. And so far as anyone can tell, it is good for another eight years of hard work. This is astonishing truck performance. But hundreds of similar instances come to us regularly.

Two other Indianas have substituted for a railroad for six years between Columbia and Campbellsville, Ky., over mountains and almost impassable roads; something every other truck had failed to do. They haul mail, express and passengers. Indiana trucks with five, six and eight-year-old records of 100,000 miles and upwards have become common today.

Great fleets of Indianas are being purchased today on evidence like the above. The secret back of this wonderful performance is a basic construction policy since we started business, of giving every truck

112% Reserve Strength

This tremendous reserve strength is built into every part of the Indiana, to wit:

100,000 mile rear axle.	High powered, heavy-duty motor, oversize, heavy-duty bearings.	Disc-type clutch, 4-speed transmission.
Gasoline saving carburetor.	Magneto of 100% dependability.	Heavy rolled special analysis channel steel frames.
70% of weight at rear.	Extra large brakes, straight line propeller shaft for maximum power.	Extra water-capacity radiators.

As a result the Indiana Truck Corporation is one of the seven largest manufacturers in volume of production in America. This indicates a startling value and an unusual truck. It is known today as America's Greatest Truck Value.

Book Shows *Your* Hauling Costs. *Write For It*

Our hauling cost book is yours for the asking. It will make money for you. Send for a copy today.

Models: 1 ton; 1½ tons; 2 tons; 3½ and 5 tons

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(The following letter is from O. Gordon of Gas City, Ind. The Gordon stores include complete house furnishings and hardware, and are among the largest in this section of the state. Gas City is the center of large manufacturing interests):

O. Gordon

Homes Furnished Complete
GAS CITY, INDIANA

Indiana Truck Corporation, Marion Indiana

Gentlemen,—We purchased the first truck which you turned out. This truck is now in its eighth year of service—sixth year for us—and was used as a demonstrator for two years before. It has been in use continually during this period except when being overhauled as a precautionary measure, and is good for more years of service. It works on heavy hauling and always gets there and back. It is economical in the use of gasoline and oil, although it is operated over all kinds of roads. I judge that this truck has been run between 75,000 and 100,000 miles.

Yours truly,
(Signed) O Gordon

Our Latest 2-Ton Model T Indiana Truck

INDIANA TRUCKS

The Wood of Many Meanings

By Maude Radford Warren

TO MY roused imagination the wood seemed to shiver suddenly and then stand still under a torrent of shattering sound. French cannon boomed to the right and German cannon boomed to the left, and about us the shells fell with a noise like the first half round of thunder or the double slamming of some monstrous and mighty door. Flying shrapnel clattered on the branches of the trees above us. I cowered among the grenade bags of supplies which I was carrying, hastily slipped one of the bags on top of my head, and spun round to see whether I could discover a dugout.

W——, my companion, who has no nerves and who is one of the slowest though best creatures in the world, looked placidly upward and drawled:

"The one day, too, when we haven't been able to borrow helmets!"

That is one of the pictures which spring into my mind when I think of that Alsatian wood I both loved and hated. In my early days of canteen work I did not realize what a compelling force the wood was to be. Then it was merely on the fringe of my consciousness—it was something that wasn't villages and wasn't people; something green out there on the horizon. Later, when I began to work on the rolling canteen, the wood, as it were, insisted upon forcing itself on me.

I realized that it was the green route through which all the soldiers of our division passed on their way to the trenches. I saw it as the last barrier between us civilians and the Germans.

The time came when I entered its outer borders; and then slowly it began to have for me a personality vivid and yet inscrutable. At first I was struck with the soaring quality of the green arches. Through its outer borders, on a floor of grass and flowers and the ancient brown dust of leaves, I could walk freely among the strong graceful trunks of the trees, as between pillars in a cathedral. The light shed itself down, amber-green and soft; the birds and little ground creatures were still; it was a place, one would suppose, for silence; for a sort of serene musing.

Walking among the outer margins, I felt about the wood an alluring elegance which made me almost unaware that it could have sharp or strong or even brutal meanings. It was easy to forget that it had a history. Yet it had been standing for untold ages; it was young when contending races and clans began to fight for the Vosges Mountains and their surrounding plains. It was here in mediæval times, when the German hordes were struggling, as they are now, to conquer France. Back and forth between its soaring arches forgotten armies have fought.

On the Edge of the Front

Within the memory of people still alive is the bitter fighting that took place under these very trees during the Franco-Prussian War between the Alsatians, who wanted to keep their integrity pure, and the polluting Germans. This slim beech tree that has stepped out into the midst of a brown path must have taken its first shoot about the time the Germans finally conquered the wood. That little maverick of a cedar must have been born when the French won back this part of Alsace.

But in these first days of exploring the wood I saw only its beauty; felt only its immediate living. I was as careless of its history as I was of its strength. I did not know that it was a wood of a thousand meanings, a thousand aspects. Its face near the fighting line I guessed was different; yet I did not realize its sinister side until I had gone well beyond its borders.

I had been transferred to W——'s rolling canteen because it developed that this route was the longest and hardest and the worst in need of two workers. Since we were not allowed to carry a map, we sometimes lost our way. This never worried us; we knew that some M. P. would send us back before we got into Germany.

One day we were looking for a certain battery and we turned into a beautiful wood road. We had shot down it about a mile when a horrified M. P. burst out upon us, pointing to the sky above us and to something that lay behind him. Above us was a German observation balloon; behind him evidently lay the second-line trenches; but I could hardly believe they were there. Under the lovely beech trees were shelters and dugouts, looking very like the log cabins about certain summer hotels at home.

I could see two privates, off duty, swinging in hammocks made of [illegible] wire. Two squads were eating breakfast at tables decorated with flowers. Other boys were shouldering bread in great baskets or, two and two, carrying ammunition; but the green wood somehow made their tasks seem play. The sentry in his little shelter, despite his bayonet and helmet, seemed only like some decorative part of a military show. Some little mascot puppies playing at his feet added to the illusion of leisure. In short, the whole effect was that of a carefree summer holiday. The M. P. made wild gestures and said:

"Beat it out of here quick, with that car! Why, the major wouldn't even allow the ambulance in this morning. Balloon's rubbering to beat the deuce; and if it gets on to the fact that we're here—well, good night!"

As it was impossible to beat it without making a noise, we called for volunteers to help us push the car, and twenty willing soldiers escorted us back to the margin of the wood, telling us the while of the great work their battalion had been doing against the Germans for the past week.

Lafe's Tribute

A trifle subdued, W—— and I departed from the wood. As we reached a certain smooth road, along which travel daily many ammunition wagons, we met a mule skinner walking. He was going in the direction of a certain military graveyard, where are buried Americans and French and Germans, Senegalese and Moroccans and Tunisians—Christians and Mohammedans. Over the mule skinner's right arm hung a French wreath. With his left hand he was leading a sullen-looking mule. As we were about to pass him our engine died. W—— got out to crank up and the mule skinner stopped to watch and to talk to us. Meantime an M. P. strolled down.

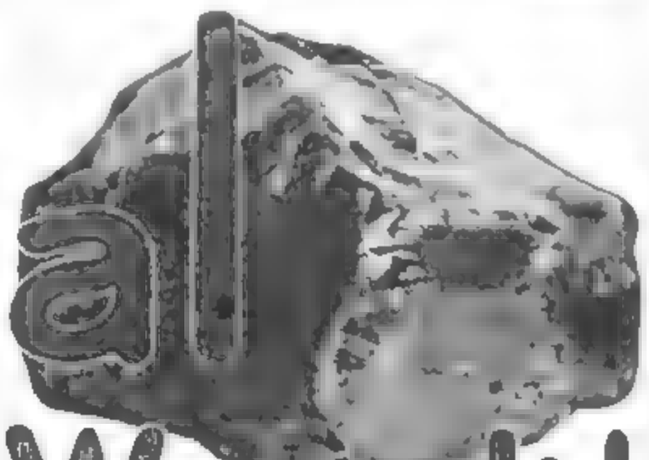
"Where you goin' with that, Lafe?" he asked, nodding at the wreath.

"Well," replied Lafe, with a hitch at the mule, "there was a damn fool I used to sleep with, and he got his two nights ago. He was a hell of a good fellow, and I bought this wreath to put on his cross."

W—— and I skirted the wood till we reached the town of ——, frequently shelled by the Germans. Some of the soldiers say the inhabitants always know when the shelling is to take place, and those who can do so depart for the time being to neighboring towns, while the others shelter in the cellars. W—— and I meant merely to pass through, since there is a Y hut in the place; but we found there Lieutenant G——, who pleaded with us to stay.

"The Y hut was all sold out yesterday," he said, "and the secretary has gone down to B—— for supplies. Some companies that weren't expected were piled in on us here and one of the kitchens is out of commission; so we are getting only two meals a day. We need the stuff. Besides, we never know when we'll be sent into the trenches, or how long we'll have to stay. Look at companies F, G and H of our battalion! They went up for four days and they've been in twelve already. I'm sure they didn't take up enough luxuries to last for more than a day or two. I'm advising my boys to stock up and go slow against the time they'll be in the same kind of luck."

W—— and I looked at each other; then I made a proposal that I suppose no man would have had the assurance to make.



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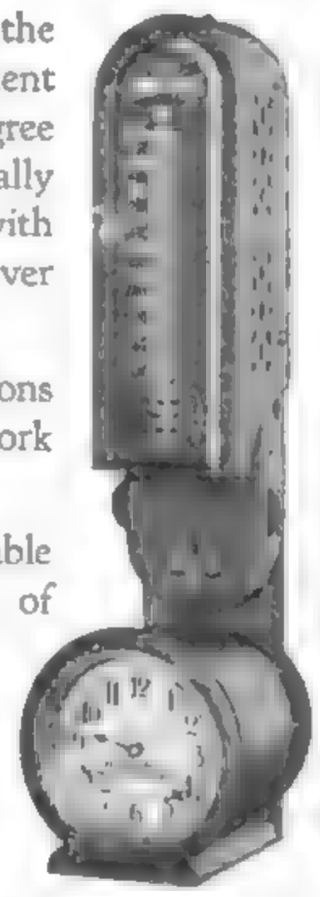

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1327 East 105th St.

ST. LOUIS
1412 Syndicate Trust

Maybe I couldn't have done it if I had not had the vision of soldier boys pent up in holes in the ground, with no chance for exercise and deprived of cigarettes, on which they depend, in a way, as much as they do on their bayonets.

"Lieutenant G——," I said, "we don't like to think about companies F, G and H with nothing to smoke and no chocolate, and no paper to write home on, and nothing to read. Won't you let your soldiers wait till to-morrow for supplies? And won't you give us a detail to help carry supplies down to those boys in the trenches?"

At the time all I was afraid of was that he would say the trench was no place for a woman, whereas all I wanted was that he should consider me a Y worker capable of carrying forty pounds. For the rest, I know I was expecting a good deal in suggesting that the commanding lieutenant of one company should lend me his men for the convenience of other companies.

I scarcely realized that each squad is like a family, and each platoon and company like a set of closely knit relatives. I suppose, trying as I did to live up to our slogan of "No favorites!" I assumed that his whole regiment must be precious to Lieutenant G. In a way, it was; but, in another way, to ask him to lend his men to help companies F, G and H was like asking him to give up a member of his family to go forth and do altruistic service in the wide, wide world. I did not know till afterward that, to oblige us, he had to call in his squad corporals and revise his plans for the day.

But the army has a real *esprit de corps*, and the kindly lieutenant gave us a detail of private soldiers and a guide. We took the rolling canteen to the farthest point where traffic was allowed and left it in the care of an interested M. P. We then put supplies in many grenade bags, loaded up our light packs, and set off down a road that led between wheat fields toward the woods. The guide ordered us to walk separated from each other at a distance of seventy-five paces.

"We're in full sight of the Germans here," he said; "if we were in a bunch and they could get us with a couple of shells they'd send them over. But if we're separated they'll think it hardly worth while; and they might think you were a German lady going out to work on the land."

The German women were working in beet fields that alternated with the wheat fields. As the eight of us plodded past there we heard the sharp resonant rhythm of a German plane, very close. As I learned afterward the others stood stock-still, expecting to be taken for trees, but I dived into the wheat. The ground was soggy, but I felt quite comfortable and safe there, peering up though the yellow wheat and red poppies at that bird of death. The wood had given me a feeling of confidence that morning. I was more sure that I was safe than I was that I could ever get up again with that weight of forty pounds.

A New Use for Helmets

The path we took ought to have given me pause, for it bore an irregular fringe of fresh shell holes. Moreover, from it we could look straight over No Man's Land into Germany. There was the line of German trenches and the fringe of trees that marked their wood, which was own sister to our wood. Nothing troubled me except the constant offers of the detail to relieve me of my load. I told them I had no reason for being in that place unless I was carrying cigarettes to soldiers who would have to do without them if I didn't go along. They replied that any woman who carried herself there, and who the boys would know wasn't just a trench tourist, had full reason for coming. They argued that I could travel as an entertainer and tell stories to the boys while W—— disposed of the goods.

What finally seemed to convince them was my argument that, if I could carry my godson, who weighs fifty-five wriggling pounds, up and down stairs, I could easily carry forty inanimate pounds any distance. To divert their attention I accused a big Scandinavian boy from northern Michigan of having too heavy a weight. He stopped.

"I ban see if she ban too heavy," he said. He took off his helmet and examined it. "No; she ban n't too heavy," he decided.

"How do you know?" I asked curiously.

"If my helmet she sweats," he replied, "the load ban too heavy."

By this time we had left the wheat fields and were in the wood. Besides the Scandinavian lad, there was a man from Kerry and four boys from Portland, Oregon. They all assured us they were glad to be with us and told us the kind of jobs they had been released from for the day.

We proceeded along a narrow slippery path by the side of which ran a buzz wire, which we were in constant danger of tripping over. A buzz wire is a telephone wire with an accompanying sound so jangled and discordant that no German tapper can listen in successfully to any conversation. Above the path raspberry vines, eye-high, waved back and forth. Here and there we crossed, running, a bare stretch of ground within range of the German snipers; and then we descended into a shallow trench and walked, bowed, in it till the danger spot was passed.

Presently we struck into a broad road over which the trees made an arching roof. Insensibly the distance between us all had lessened and we were holding a conversation; the Oregon boys and I were shouting back and forth comments on the roses of Portland when suddenly the guide made wild gestures, his face a horrified and warning mask. He ran back to us, whispering:

"Say, don't talk! There's some queer thing about the sound here, so that it carries to the Germans; and they always shoot if they hear a word."

We not only fell silent but we walked on tiptoe. After two or three minutes we came to some wayside dumps, over one of which bent a tall sergeant, evidently counting. He did not pay attention to us until I was passing him; then, seeing a woman, he nearly lost his balance.

A Look Into a Dugout

"A lady!" he said in a big booming bass that could have carried to Berlin. "Say, lady, just as soon as I get this gas and ammunition counted I'm going where you folks have got to —— Say, a lady here!"

The fear—paralysis—with which that bullet-inviting voice had stricken me passed. I fled from his amiable booming, the rest of the detail also making good time. I have a feeling that the sergeant watched us with open mouth; but there are times in one's life when one wants to stay, and other times when one wants to go. Never have I been so glad to leave anyone as to get away from that cordial sergeant.

We came at last to a trampled area, lightly concealed by trees, at the far end of which was a wide trench.

"There you are," our guide said; "there's the beginning of the first-line trenches. You wind along here from strong point to strong point in a semicircle till you get round to the canal. There're just a few fellows here at this first point."

As we approached the trench we could see a curly red head sticking up, which the guide addressed:

"Say, Pete, look round here. I've brought an honest-to-God lady to see you."

To which Pete responded gruffly:

"Go to hell! You're always trying to spring some rotten joke."

When I scrambled into the trench Pete's face grew as red as his hair, and he goggled and gasped. And then was repeated the same scene of cordial welcome that always ensues when our soldier boys see an American woman.

A young lieutenant rose from a dugout; behind him were two Frenchmen—an officer and an interpreter. The officer must have thought I did not understand any French, for he swore several times, and then remarked that he had lived in those trenches for four years, and that this was the first time a woman had set foot in that wood or descended into the trenches. And I must say that the look of the trenches bore him out.

"Wouldn't you like to go down and see our big dugout?" the lieutenant asked, waving toward a gash in the ground. "I have forty boys in it. They were out on a nasty sort of patrol last night and they're all asleep; but it's time for them to wake up now, for their mess is ready."

I scrambled down the slippery steps of the dugout, entered the low doorway and found myself in a dark narrow tunnel lighted by two bits of flickering candles. I could see long rows of brown-covered bunks in three tiers, glooming away into shadow. Upon each bunk lay a boy in khaki. I felt the way I do when I go upstairs to wake my two little godsons from their sleep. I looked down on the soldier nearest me. His young face was rather tired, and the hand flung at his side twitched as I watched him. Under my gaze he opened his eyes, stared at me, and muttered:

"Another damn dream!"

I suppose he saw presently that I was a real woman; and maybe he felt the choke in my throat, because his stare relaxed. He smiled, took hold of the end of my coat, and said:

"Hello!"

"Breakfast's ready, soldier boys," I told them.

I can see now one frowzy red head rising slowly off the pillow and a pair of round childish blue eyes that looked as if they were "seein' things at night." Other eyes stared; there were smiles and greetings, and presently we all billowed up into the wood again.

We women canteen workers always, I think, feel humble and undeserving because these soldier boys are so glad to see us and fairly hang upon our words. Perhaps they would be embarrassed and wondering if they knew how we feel; how we look on them as heroes and saviors, and as little boys that we'd like to protect—only we can't, because they have to protect us and the whole civilized world besides.

After we had decided upon the amount of supplies we could leave with this particular lot of soldiers, we went on, declining their invitation to mess. We had so much walking to do that we had time for only a sandwich on the march. The lieutenant warned me that I was going to meet some mud and lent me his hip-high trench boots.

A trench is no place in which to develop one's sense of direction or one's flair for geography. We had to proceed from strong point to strong point in a twisting ditch made of sticky red mud. The strong points seemed to be merely places where the dugouts were exceptionally deep and shell-proof and the trenches well riveted. In each we found "upstairs" a knot of half a dozen men; and as our voices floated down into the dugouts we'd hear a cry of "Company's come!" And by twos and threes half a platoon of men would swarm up, glad to see us and glad to have our supplies.

It was weary, weary walking. The lieutenant's rubber boots were considerably longer than my feet and twice as wide. They slipped in the trench and my feet slipped inside them, and I kept fearing that I could not walk so fast as the detail.

Never have I felt so tired. The monotony of the progress added to the weariness; just twisting red walls, the blue sky above, and, beneath, duck walks lost in puddles. Occasionally a shell tore into the wood; now and then we heard the sharp ping of a bullet. On such occasions the protective sense of those blessed boys obliged one or another of them to say:

"They're not firing at us, ma'am."

Now and then we would come upon a bit of trench that was well riveted, floored with a duck walk that did not slide under us, and roofed with swaying raspberry vines that struck at our faces as we twisted and turned. Again, the trench would be so deep as to the mud underfoot and so shallow as to the walls that we had to climb up and run a few feet along what ought to have been the parapet. When we did that I let my eyes flicker into No Man's Land—just a tangle of wire and grass, like the waves of the sea, and red poppies and blue cornflowers, and beyond the glory of color those silent German trenches. I always enjoyed getting back into the mud.

Part of my journey was solaced by one of the detail.

The Orderly's Fiction

"I wish any fellow that's a mamma-boy and thinks he's got it hard could have my job," he said. "I'm the major's mounted orderly and I have to ride and walk in all sorts of dangerous places. Just last night a sniper tried to get me. One of the bullets slammed into an oak tree not three feet from where I stood. Three nights ago, though, I sure thought they had me. I was bringing dispatches from Divisional Headquarters to the major when someone sniped me. I think it was an escaped German prisoner who had somehow got on to the value of the dispatches I was carrying."

He had dropped his voice and looked very important. I rather guessed I was in for a piece of fiction and I gratified him by asking:

"Were they very important dispatches?"

"You bet you! I'll tell you what was in them, but please don't let it out for a couple of days. The general sent word to our major that, unless he is obliged to countermand the order, three nights from now we are to bombard the Germans for eight hours steady. That's why the artillery has been hurrying up. We're to bombard them from Toul to here. Well, then we're to go over the top and practically end this here war. Our division is to do the main work and our regiment is to be given the place of honor. We have got a device that will test out whether —— is really mined, like they say. If it is we'll blow the Germans to blazes with their own mines before they evacuate. If it is not we'll save it from bombardment as much as we can, and go on and push the Germans out of it, and use it as military headquarters."

At last we left the trenches and found ourselves on a well-shaded road. It began as if it meant to run along interminably under green-draped trees; but suddenly it led us into an ugly triangular gap in which not a tree was standing. They lay on the ground, splintered and dying. Overhead a rude sort of camouflage had been attempted; but the burlap hung listlessly, as if it expected presently to be torn by shells.

On the outskirts of the gap were trees, half shorn. In their crotches dead branches had caught. Two or three broken observation trees still had bits of ladder clinging to them. On one of these trees some humorist had drawn in chalk a big grotesque face—a sort of Halloween pumpkin design. Low flat hillocks of dugouts rose, roofed with raw red clay, logs, boughs, sandbags or iron sheathing—all shrapnel-proof, but not proof against the direct fall of a shell.

Cigars Well Won

From these dugouts came a captain and two lieutenants, and a score of staring privates. Never had W—— and I received such a welcome.

"God bless you!" the captain said. "My boys have been in here twenty days and not a smoke among them. We've all been pretty nearly at our wit's end."

"We've not nearly enough supplies here for a company," I said; "but we've a good deal in our rolling canteen at ——" I made a mental wish that the officers would offer to get supplies for these platoons and retail them to the men. "There must be some way," I hinted, "of getting smokes to smokeless boys."

"There is," said the captain. "We'll pool all the money we have and get all the stuff you have. We'll send back a big detail with you."

"I'll have to borrow a detail from one of you two," said the first lieutenant, "for of course I can't take any of my stokes mortars out of their trenches."

"If I can borrow some money from you I'll lend you a detail," said the second lieutenant.

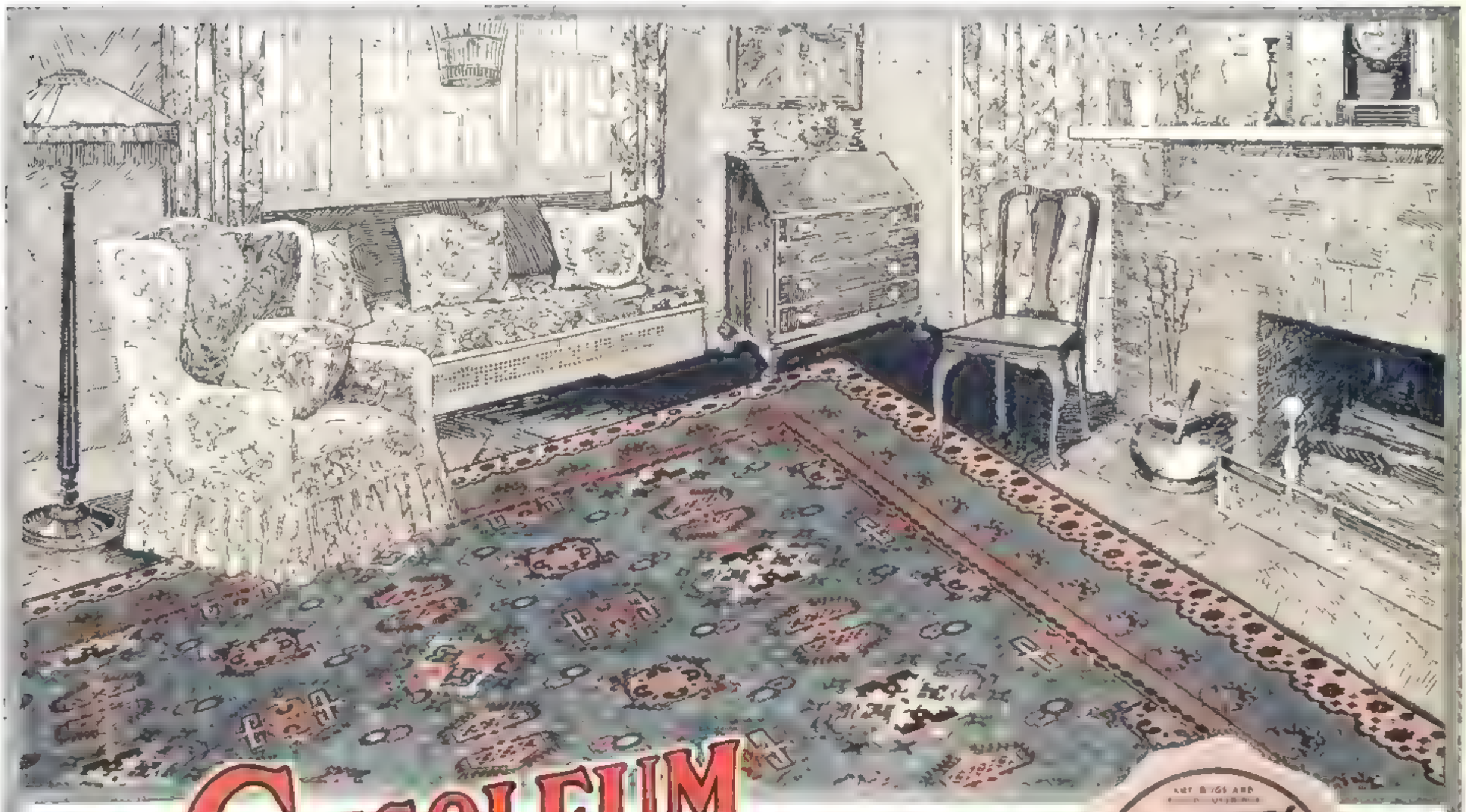
The first lieutenant launched on a eulogy of his stokes mortar.

"These boys," he said, "have been in that trench since the first of June. We've given up hope of being relieved. We believe that all the other trench mortars in the world must have gone into the infantry. There they've been, getting food when they could, without smokes, and all the time smiling and doing good work. Say! Those fellows know how to kill Germans! The reason why I want the best box of cigars you have, as my particular present to them, is because last week they turned the Germans out of their communication trench that they thought they had dug unbeknownst to us. They took off their dead and wounded, but they couldn't take off the pools of blood."

"I want a few cigars," said the second lieutenant, "for a squad I put out in a sap. I told them to stay there till I sent for them; then, when our company was shifted to some trenches lower down, I told a sergeant to call them in. He forgot it, and naturally the new company moving in knew nothing about them. Their food was to be brought to them at midnight. The first midnight nothing came, but a heavy bombardment was on and they supposed it was too hot for the ration detail; so they ate their iron rations and sat tight. Second midnight, nothing. On the third midnight a runner, with blood in his eye, arrived with his tale of woe. I believe the mess sergeant himself went down with food; but, still, I think something else is coming to those fellows."

The captain went off on some business while W—— and I and the two lieutenants retired into a dugout to estimate supplies

(Concluded on Page 85)



CONGOLEUM Gold Seal ART-RUGS

The rug on the floor is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 322. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails for $8.50.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED

Always look for this Gold Seal when you buy

Sanitary and Easy to Clean—

IT IS so easy to keep Congoleum Art-Rugs clean and bright. Dirt can get *on* them—but not *into* them. And to get rid of the dirt you simply *wipe* it off with a damp mop.

Think how much lighter that makes housework, with no rugs to sweep or take up and beat!

And how *much* more sanitary your floors are bound to be when covered with a rug that resists dirt as well as wear.

Beating Wears Out Fabric Rugs

The woven texture gathers dust and dirt, and you have to pound it out. That is hard work, wears out the rug, and really doesn't clean it very well after all.

A Formula for Sanitary Floors

Start with a Congoleum Art-Rug—some pretty, harmonizing pattern that you like. Just lay it—you needn't tack it down. When the colors are dulled with foot-prints and dust, apply a damp mop with an easy swish over the surface—and the pattern comes up clear and bright as new.

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are made in popular sizes and in patterns suitable for use in any room.

Look for the Gold Seal

To get Congoleum quality you must be sure to buy genuine Congoleum. You cannot make any mistake if you look for the Gold Seal of identification which is always pasted on the face of real Congoleum Art-Rugs, and on every two yards of Congoleum Art-Carpets and Congoleum (Two Yards Wide).

Remember, you clean all Congoleum products with a damp mop. If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs and Floor-Coverings, write us and we will.

The New Way

Send for Our Free Rug Color-Chart

If you want to see other pretty patterns of Congoleum Rugs before you call on the dealer, get this beautiful color-chart. Send your name and address to the nearest office, and let us show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company

Department of The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., San Francisco, Boston, Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

The Old Way

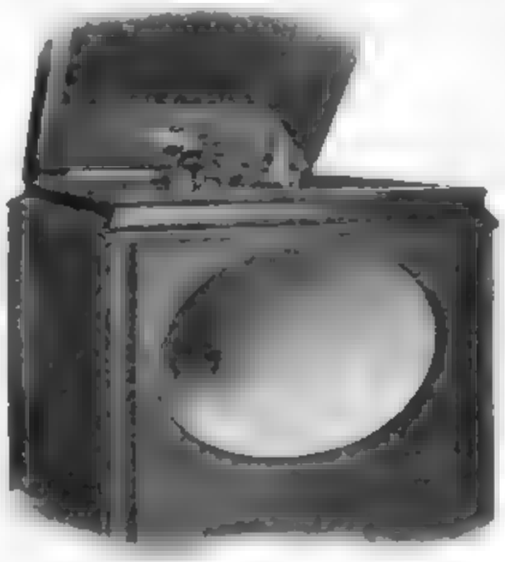
"Why I Chose a Brunswick"

By BURTON WYNNE

Adventures in Seeking the Super-Phonograph

FOR years my family has wanted a phonograph. Yet we hesitated. We were on the verge of buying often, but delayed.

We love music. And we value the phonograph for the wealth of world-wide talent it brings to the home.



But frankly, we waited during the last few years, hearing the different phonographs and weighing their different advantages—never quite satisfied.

We felt that sooner or later a better phonograph would come, overcoming all the current handicaps and setting new standards.

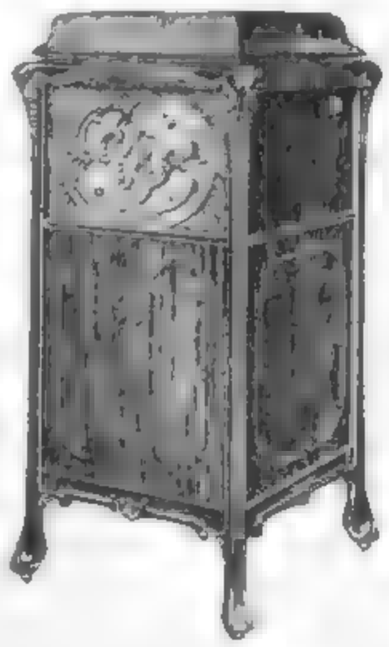
We never liked the idea of a phonograph which would play only its own make of records. No one catalog contained all our favorites. Each line of records offered its attractions.

Another thing we quarrelled with was tone. We were repelled at the strident tones of some. And others seemed to be nearly perfect, but not quite.

I realize that all this sounds like we were too critical and that we set ourselves above the thousands who were content with the phonographs we hesitated to buy.

But we wanted to be sure before we bought, so as to avoid regrets.

In our determination to find the superphonograph, we came upon The New Brunswick. It was announced as something different, something advanced.

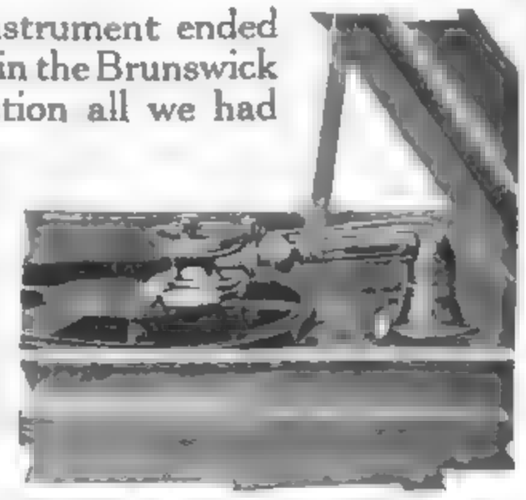


We read and heard of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which included the Ultona and an improved amplifier.

And so we investigated. We were somewhat skeptical—but we came away as proud owners.

For here, at last, was our ideal instrument—one which played all records at their best, one with incomparable tone.

This remarkable instrument ended our search. We found in the Brunswick Method of Reproduction all we had looked for and more.



The Ultona is a simple, convenient all-record player, adjustable to any type of record at a turn of a hand. And now we buy our records according to artists rather than make. Thus we overcome the old-time limitations.

I am convinced that the tone of The Brunswick is far superior, and due chiefly to the strict observance of acoustic laws.

The tone amplifier is built entirely of wood, molded so as to give the sound waves full opportunity to develop. No metal is used in this amplifier, so there are no stunted, metallic sounds.

My advice to every music lover is to hear The Brunswick before deciding. One's ear immediately appreciates the difference. And old conceptions of the phonograph are changed.

Brunswick dealers everywhere are delighted to play The New Brunswick for you and to explain its betterments.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors, Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto

The Brunswick

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE

(Concluded from Page 82)

and decide upon the number of the detail we should need. While we were there we heard some heavy though brief shelling above us. When our work was done we ascended to go in search of the captain.

A few score yards away we saw a camouflaged shed that had evidently suffered in the recent shelling, and not far away a circle of laughing privates, one of whom, a dark lad from the Middle West, seemed to be acting a charade. We drew near, and at his officer's behest he did it all over again, without any self-consciousness.

"It's funnier to a person who lives here," he explained. "You see that there torn camouflage, and the busted shed, and the busted tables? Well, that shed was for the officers' mess, and the kitchen outside was where all our food was cooked, and the tables was where they cut up the meat and bread. Well, the captain has a cook named Guffy, an old guy that is a grand cook; his hot biscuits and doughnuts would make you forget there is a war. Well, Guffy has had a hunch for a few days that something was going to happen to the shed. 'Cap'n,' he'd say three times a day—'better serve the next meal in the dugout, cap'n.'

"But the captain had no hunch; and he told him to go on with his hot biscuits and keep his shirt on. A little while ago Guffy went pleading to the captain to have dinner in the dugout. The captain shut him up. He went into the shed there and set the tables, and carried in a big pan of hot biscuits. The captain was sitting there, talking to the lieutenant, when—biff!—there came a shell and took off the corner of the shed and sent those tables to blazes.

"Guffy yells out: 'Cap'n, I'm agoing to put the dinner in the dugout!' And he lights out of the shed, the hot biscuits in his hand, and beats it to the dugout. I chased along after him; but I laughed so hard I couldn't run, for the shells came butting in on Guffy's party, and every time one hit. When the danger was all over, mind you, Guffy'd sunk down behind a tree, holding the biscuits out at arms' length. He did it graceful, like those prima donnas you see in a lot of swishing skirts. I pretty near expected his coat tails to rise up above him in a chiffon wave.

"And when Guffy got into the dugout he poked his head up and asked me to tell the kitchen police to see whether the kitchen was busted, and if it wasn't, to haul it down to the dugout, so he could warm up the biscuits."

Captain and Doctor Too

When we reached the captain's dugout we found him in the doorway, polishing his shoes. He was a big man from the Northwest, of Scandinavian blood, and presently he spoke almost as if he were carrying on his lieutenant's democratic exposition:

"I'm supposed to have a striker for this, of course; but, upon my word, there's something in me that won't let me order a soldier, over here to fight, to polish my shoes unless I can't possibly find time to do it myself.

"Of course," he went on, "there are times when I can't wait on myself. For example, the other night, about eleven o'clock, I got here after a hard day's work. I found one of my soldiers sick. I'm a bit of a doctor and I made up my mind that he had appendicitis. I knew it would be practically an all-night job to look after him; so I said to my orderly: 'I'm going to be busy for some time on this job, and I wish you'd see to my clothes until I've got time to get round to it myself.'

"Well, I had to get a doctor, and then I had to convince him that the boy had appendicitis and that he couldn't wait till to-morrow to be carried down to the hospital. Then I had to engineer things to get him taken straight to —— for the operation. So it was two in the morning before I got to my dugout. The striker had brushed my clothes and put a polish on my boots fit for a general to shave himself by. Somehow he'd rustled a clean pair of sheets for me and had even turned down the bed."

Inside the dugout we found that Guffy had contrived a tablecloth out of towels in honor of company and had picked a bouquet of poppies, cornflowers and some delicate little pink flowers, which no one could name. And there were the biscuits and the doughnuts. And I think Guffy was peeping through a crevice to see whether we enjoyed our food; but he did not appear, having learned that I had heard the story of his flight from the shelled kitchen.

As we went away we took a short cut and came presently upon implements of war—coils of barbed wire; dumps of ammunition; sheds; corrugated shelters; empty machine-gun wagons; a trio of mules in a dugout; and everywhere splintered trees. Usually the point at which the upper part was broken from the trunk was splintered into the shape of a worn-out palm-leaf fan, all irregular spikes, sticking up in a semicircumference.

We had just reached the road again when suddenly we heard the sharp bark of a machine gun.

Several times I have been under bombs and shell fire; sometimes only two or three bombs were dropped. The shelling has never lasted more than a few minutes, but I am always afraid. I always want to run away somewhere; even if my feet can't, my mind flies. And what I think of racingly is the bravery of our soldiers—yes, and of our enemies too—who can bear that roaring menace hour after hour. The actual killing and wounding is relatively slight contrasted with the number of shells that are cast; but the suffering from fear and suspense is unthinkable.

Regular Shock Troops

As W—— and I fled I looked back, and I felt almost as if it were palpable—the sinister power of the wood. Ahead, the road and the ripe wheat fields; behind, a green curtain let down in front of menace and horror! The aspect of peace had gone; the illusion of returning war had gone. It was as if the wood were pushing us out, so that it could go on with its dark work uninterruptedly.

There had been enough of play and content; the time had come for the sinister business of which the wood was both background and instrument.

That bombardment behind us brought back the details of the wood—the earth of it sunken into trenches and dugouts or reared into parapets; its barbed wire and machine-gun nests and batteries. I saw it now as a wicked camouflage for the cruel ends of war; and I thought of the many young men who through the centuries had died there, with their earthly lives all unlived, their heads low on the blue cornflowers. I thought of the wounded who have lain there looking up at the green arches and marveling at this war and at life.

All night, at intervals, they bombarded each other, our soldiers and the Germans. From the green of our wood and from theirs leaped the vivid fire of a barrage. A few miles away we lay safe, we Y people; and we pondered about the soldiers we knew and worked with. Out there in that bitter wood they kept watch in the strong points. Shell fire took toll of them in dugouts; machine-gun fire bit out at the sentries—and they waited, as silent and intent as the wood itself, for whoso might come out across No Man's Land. And no one came very far.

Those young Western boys went over the top and met the enemy on the very fringe of their own barrage, pushed them back into their barrage, bayoneted them and shot them and took them prisoners, all just before the gray dawn, with the wood rising behind them like a black wall.

It was a victory on no mean scale. It strengthened the sense of comradeship of our lads; it added to their sense of competence; made them surer than ever that the war ought to come soon to a victorious finish for the Allies.

Said a humorous one, when I visited him in the hospital:

"Well, General Pershing ought to know we're shock troops by this time, and take us out to another part of the line. I'll say I'm sick of this wood. There's something about it I plain don't like since this fight. I'm satisfied if I never go back to it. I suppose it's because I'm wounded; but I kind of think of it like a devil, grinning, and I'd like to smash its face."

I know what he meant. But I know, too, that for all its fresh scars since that fight—trees down and earth torn up—the wood can renew itself. It is sinister because Germany is an enemy. When Germany has been conquered the green peace will come back to those springing forest aisles.

It is as if this wood has known it was not meant for war. It has an inscrutable patience that we poor war-harried human beings do not know how to share. It is a wood of many meanings and it knows the power of waiting.

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the Fishing Boats to You

Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel —send no money—try the fish first.

Frank E. Davis PRESIDENT

It's thirty-four years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

Our Own Home Kind

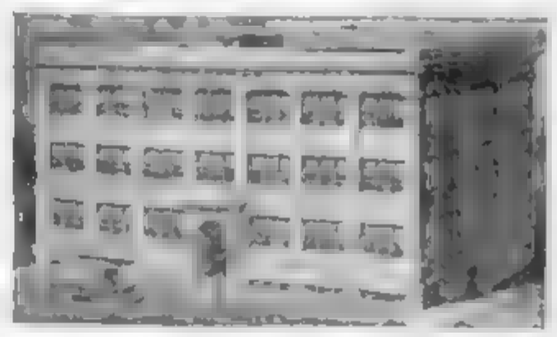
People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 85,000 families are buying from us today.

Fishmen for Generations

You see, I *know* fish. My folks, 'way back, have always been fishmen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking 'em out, cleaning and curing them the *right* way, has been my life's job.

Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.



Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning.

Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $4.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers. *Remember:* Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything* has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.

Mail the coupon now with your business card, letterhead or reference.

Frank E. Davis Co.
84 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.,
84 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Warm Sleeping Garments for All the Family

Coal economy and unheated sleeping apartments need result in no discomfort this winter. Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear assures comfortable nights of restful slumber. These soft, downy garments, full and cling[illegible], provide perfect warmth and permit you to sleep the way you should always have slept—the healthful, invigorating way. Prepare for winter at once by stocking up with Brighton-Carlsbad.

Look for the Brighton-Carlsbad label in blue—your guide to value. Now that even "cheap" sleeping wear costs three times[illegible] to, it is wise to pay a little more and be sure of the former quality.

Be Sure to See Our One-Piece Styles

"Pajunions" for men and women—one-piece[illegible] the best covered and warm.

[illegible] the union suit, but two binding, uncomfortable[illegible] at the waist and prevents[illegible] trousers from separating as in old style pajamas.

If your dealer[illegible], write for free[illegible] styles, so he can order what you require.

H. B. Glover Co., Dept. 5, Dubuque, Iowa

Dealers: *Write for samples and prices of this fastest selling[illegible] on the counter.*

Styles Shown in Photographs

PAJUNION (Top)—One-piece pajamas; coat can't wad up, nor trousers slip down; no binding draw-string[illegible] of fabrics and models for men, women and children.

Union Sleeper. Extra[illegible] flannelette and other fall[illegible] dainty patterns.[illegible]

CHILD'S SLEEPER (Bottom)—Double[illegible] shoulders, chest and back for[illegible]

"CONTACT!"

(Continued from Page 13)

grades. There is no place for malingerers, shirks, cowards or the members of the let-George-do-it fraternity.

Now, as I have said, these boats are long and lean, and they are jammed from bow to stern with machinery. They are tremendously powered, with great boiler capacity and enormous turbine propulsion. The machine space is by far the greater space on the ship, and though on the newer and larger destroyers the quarters for officers and men are adequate they are no more than that. There isn't any too much room. Man is subordinated to gear, and the destroyer is a complexly geared and delicately organized machine

It is of comparatively shallow draft and can be stopped and started quickly. Our newer destroyers are all oil burners and carry, as instruments for strafing the Hun, big guns and small guns, torpedoes and depth charges; to say nothing of a few rifles and cutlasses in handy position in case there should be a return to the old hand-to-hand stuff, as there has been on several occasions since this war began. "Repel boarders!" has been heard on the decks of ships in the seas about England notwithstanding the long range of the guns and the idea that that sort of naval fighting vanished with the wooden ships.

Our older destroyers were high forward, but the newer ones taper back with flush decks and without a break, and resemble a long sharp dart. There is not a great deal of freeboard, and they are most decisive and insistent looking craft as they move about, with their four stacks testifying to the engine and boiler push that is concealed within them, and their guns and torpedoes and depth charges proving the offensive power that is on the decks. In short, a destroyer is a most formidable-appearing instrument of warfare; and it is just as formidable as it looks to be.

When we first joined with the British Navy in foreign waters in the laudable enterprise of hunting the Hun the work of the destroyers was largely patrol work—that is, they went out on beats, like naval policemen, each to its section of the submarine-infested seas, and stayed out as long as ordered, patrolling with ceaseless vigilance, watching for periscopes, for the feather of them, for oil slicks, for any sign of the murderers lurking beneath the surface.

The Destroyers' Odd Jobs

Presently the convoy system was adopted and the work of the destroyers became largely defensive instead of offensive. They were detailed to go with ships, carrying either supplies or troops from America or returning to America in ballast for new loads. They meet the incoming ships at given points and guard them through the danger zones, and they take them out beyond the danger zones on their way back. The American destroyers have operated in greatest numbers in two specified areas, and are operating in those areas as I write.

Incidentally they have done all sorts of odd jobs, such as rescuing survivors, laying courses, guarding mining operations and other similar employments. The destroyer is the handy man of the Navy. He can do anything that any other ship can do—except tote as great guns as the dreadnoughts and cruisers—and a lot of jobs that other craft cannot do.

Viewed from the angle of the safe and steady shore the life on a destroyer is as hard as it is unstable, but they love it. One would think that the men, after banging about the rough seas on one of these high-powered, plunging, rolling, tossing instruments of death and destruction, would seek quieter berths, and more comfortable; but not those Americans. They go back to them by choice.

The adventure is there, and the chance of contact with the Germans. They may get a sub. Or, joy of joys, they may one day run smack into a gun fight with German ships. That keeps them at it.

You'd think to hear them talk that the opportunity of banging away at a German with their guns, and of being banged away at by the Germans, was one of the ineffable happinesses of life. They do not pray for their daily bread. What they pray for is a chance to bag a submarine or, if especially blessed, to get into a gun fight with a German and slaughter him and sink him and generally muss him up. The lust of blood is not upon them. They are clear-eyed, upstanding, two-fisted American boys. But they are also fighting American boys, and there isn't one of them who won't give six months' pay for an opportunity to lose it on a German ship and drill her full of holes.

Life on a destroyer isn't so bad when the weather is fair to decent, for the chance of getting something always buoys, and the work of convoying has the advantage of proximity, at any rate. The tough days are when the ship is off on her own, with nothing in sight. Then it is lonesome. With a convoy there are other destroyers, and the big ranks of big ships are company, and there is always signaling going on back and forth, and communication with folks. But life on a destroyer, when the weather is bad and the seas are running high, is real, stark, primitive, seafaring life. It is absolutely incredible how one of those long, lean, rangy things can roll and toss and wallow and shake from the pounding of the engines, and smell from the fumes of the oil and all the other fumes, and how wet it can be.

Wet! Why, it's drier forty feet below the surface of the sea than it is on a destroyer out in a storm.

Round Things to Sit On

I have forgotten most of my physics, but I suppose there is a point at which an object, rolling from side to side while suspended in an aqueous compound, will so far shift the center of its gravity as to describe a complete parabola—I trust my terms are correct. That is, after a ship, say, rolls to the starboard as far as it can go, it then can, if it tries, roll a bit farther, and keep on rolling until it gets to be bottom side up. Well, it is my opinion that these derned destroyers, on occasion, try just that trick. None of them has done the trick yet, but that doesn't keep them from trying it. Now this, of course, is the landlubber view of it. Speak about this matter to the officers or men of any destroyer and they will hoot you to humiliation, telling you that their particular ship is the best sea ship in the lot, that she makes better weather of it, is steadier and more seaworthy and far more comfortable than any of the other tubs that are bluffing their way along in the flotilla. And at the exact moment when they are enunciating this loyal doctrine their own ship is rolling fifty degrees or more.

There are no cushioned corners, or padded smoke rooms or neat little sheltered nooks on a destroyer. There is the deck. If you don't like the deck go below. If you don't like it below hop overboard. Those are the alternatives. If you stay on deck you are banged round until you imagine yourself giving an imitation of the gun that got loose on the ship—you know, the Victor Hugo piece we used to recite in school—and it isn't so much of an imitation at that. The only thing to do is to get hold of something and hang on. If you go below you have the walls of the ship to fall against—but hevings! How she shakes from the pound of the engines and how she smells from the fumes of the engine room and the various other contraptions that clutter the thing up from stem to stern! If you jump overboard—well, why not?

There is one place on deck where there is a chance to sit down, under the bridge, and usually there are a lot of round things to sit on. Sitting there, with the water coming—the very wet and very cold water—one ordinarily begins to debate with himself on the tremendous leverage that patriotism exerts on the life of the man. Here are these lads withstanding this sort of thing day after day and night after night—for what? Certainly not for the few dollars a month they get. And your thought takes flight until there begins to creep up from the back of your head a sort of benumbing query as to whether it is possible that these round things you are sitting on may be depth charges. They are round things—depth charges are. And they are full of T N T, and they make a horrible mess when they go off. And they do go off. Well, anyhow, you edge along into the spume and spray, and continue your exordium anent patriotism out on the deck, hanging to a stanchion and wondering what sort of an idiot a landlubber really

(Continued on Page 89)

Bumps that Drop Tons on the Axles

It's possible to drive a heavily loaded truck over a bump or hole so as to ease *the shock*—to give tires and springs a chance to do their work.

But it's *far more likely*—that the driver will go over the bumps at full speed, regardless of the fact that *spring action is not instantaneous.*

To all intents and purposes the truck acts as if it had no springs.

Bang go the wheels into the hole, and the savage impact strikes a sledge hammer blow on the axle from below.

Up goes the load as the springs recover, and *bump* it comes down again with another ten-ton shock on the axle, just as the wheel strikes the other side of the hole.

It is impossible for the springs to flatten out and recover before those shocks are transmitted through the superstructure to the axles.

Up and down the blows on the axle follow each other so swiftly as to be practically instantaneous.

And as speed increases, the force of these blows increases *much more rapidly*—at twice the speed, the blow is four times as heavy.

Even a worn spot on a tire or a piece gouged out of it, means a shock that can only be measured in *tons*—pounding the axle with every revolution of the wheel.

This picture is not overdrawn—it is exactly such conditions the experienced axle engineer must design axles to meet.

The housing of a Timken-Detroit Worm Drive Axle represents a knowledge of road and load conditions extending from the earliest days of motor haulage. That experience has produced an axle in the form of a hollow steel bridge, in which the greatest amount of load-supporting and shock-resisting capacity is obtained with the least weight of metal.

For the performance record of these axles in over six years ask any of the truck builders listed in the book A-9, "117 Users of Timken-Detroit Axles."

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Mich.

Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks

TIMKEN-DETROIT
FRONT and WORM-DRIVE REAR
AXLES
For Efficient COMMERCIAL Haulage

The Standard Spark Plug of America

After the successful termination of the war we will publish certain facts that will finally demonstrate AC superiority in terms so emphatic none can mistake them.

These facts, plus the testimony of the country's leading passenger car, truck and tractor manufacturers, who, as listed below, use AC Spark Plugs for standard factory equipment, will make more than ever significant our statement that AC is "the standard spark plug of America."

That AC superiority *is* already firmly established is made apparent by an ever-growing demand.

In these days of careful buying, car users see great importance in the truth that the majority of makes of good cars come factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

They realize that the chief engineer selects AC's only after harsh competitive tests in which every plug made has the opportunity to qualify.

While it is true that there are a few manufacturers who do not *as yet* equip their cars with AC Spark Plugs, time and again our dealers remark that owners of these cars are often the most enthusiastic AC users and endorsers.

Ask your dealer to show you the AC chart. There you will find the correct size and design of plug for the car you drive. There are various types of AC Spark Plugs specially designed for every make and style of motor.

Write for further information on AC Carbon Proof Plugs specially designed for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars; also for booklet "The Unsuspected Source of Most Motor Ills," by Albert Champion.

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U S Pat No 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U S Pat [illegible] 1,216,139, Feb 13, 1917 [illegible] Parents Pending

All these well known manufacturers use AC for standard factory equipment

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Anderson	Chevrolet	Dorris	Gramm-Bernstein Trucks	La Crosse Tractors	Murray	Paige	Samson Tractors	Stearns-Knight	Wankesha Motors
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Brockway Trucks	Continental Motors	Duesenberg Motors	Hatfield	Locomobile	National	Peerless	Sanford	Sterling Motors	White
Buffalo Motors	Crane Simplex	Federal Trucks	Haynes	Marmon	Netco Trucks	Pierce-Arrow	Saxon	Sterling Trucks	Wilcox Trux
Buick	Daniels	Ford & Son Tractors	Hudson	Maytag	Oakland	Pilot	Scripps-Booth	Stewart Trucks	Wisconsin Motors
Cadillac	Davis	Fulton Trucks	Hupmobile	McLaughlin (Canada)	Old Reliable Trucks	Premier	Seagrave Fire Trucks	Stutz	
	Deere Tractors	F-W-D Trucks	Jackson	Menominee Trucks		Reo			
						Riker Trucks			

Dealers: What does this mean to you in your endeavor to give your customers the best?

Continued from Page 86

is who goes to sea on one of these instruments of torture and tribulation. I haven't really classified myself yet. Each time I think I have the classification ready to set down another and higher degree occurs to me.

There is a rather commodious chart room up above on the newer types of American destroyers; and a spacious bridge, which is covered and canvased and affords some protection to the navigators. But in stormy weather a destroyer is no luxurious abode. Take that from me, if you please. Life on one is a perpetual shaking, tossing, pounding, careering, slipping, sliding, and everybody is wet, drenched, all the time. Men stay up until they are too exhausted to stay up longer, and then lie down and sleep wherever they are. Until one is exhausted it is impossible to sleep, and then after the exhaustion that comes from life on a destroyer it is possible to sleep anywhere.

Now think of all this, and then put it into a winter atmosphere. Make it a time when the thermometer is away down about zero, and the spray freezes as it hits the ship, and the wind blows not only a gale but an ice-laden gale, freezing the very marrow of you, no matter how warmly you may be clothed; when the ship rolls and plunges and buries itself in the raging waters of a sea that is gray and dour and insatiable, and colder than the gale; when the dark, sullen clouds hang low and threatening, and the snow comes horizontally at you, stinging and frosting wherever it strikes. Get that, if you can, and you will have something of an idea of life on a destroyer at sea, with nothing to do but stay out as long as ordered, and nowhere to go but into the teeth of the gale.

And they love it. They love it! Any Germans who come to battle grips with those young Americans are in for a very busy day.

They Who Shell Lifeboats

Long months of submarine warfare have taught the Germans many tricks, and the British and Americans as many more. In its simplest terms the German principle of submarine frightfulness is to be as frightful as possible without being caught at it, and the opposed principle of the Americans and the British is to catch the German before he can be frightful. From the very nature of the dastardly work the German submarine is a sneak, a viper in the water, that strikes and runs, a butcher, a murderer who hopes and plans to be unseen and undetected. He mounts guns, sometimes big guns, and he uses them for shelling defenseless craft, preferably lifeboats or rafts crowded with cold and miserable survivors. He carries torches that drip burning naphtha with which to burn, and bombs that fit to the sides of ships to destroy, both for use when he has by chance found a ship that is not escorted. He has many rounds of ammunition stored on deck in water-tight cases of galvanized iron. He has all the appliances for frightfulness, and each series of U-boats that is put in commission is an improvement in quality for butchery over the preceding one.

Thus the race for supremacy, for greater efficiency in frightfulness on the one hand and for offense against frightfulness on the other, is stern and unending. When the Germans began their campaign of unrestricted submarine attack they had excellent submarines, but their present newer ones are greatly improved over the first ones. Likewise, when the British began to fight the submarine they were not nearly so well equipped as they are now, and American inventive genius has helped in no small degree toward making the antisubmarine warfare effective. Both sides are constantly making improvements, adding appliances, but the Americans and the English have rather outdistanced Fritz in some phases, and the position of the marauder, which at the beginning of the campaign was that of a freebooter who could go about where he wanted to go and do what he wanted to do, has now become a restricted and a dangerous one, and Fritz must get what he can, rather than pick and choose; and while he is getting he is in constant danger of being blown out of the water or shattered and sunk with all on board.

There was a time when he operated like a highwayman on a road that had only scattered guards, holding up ship after ship and sinking them right and left. The submarine fighters did gallant, effective, glorious service, but the areas were too wide at the time, and the S O S calls came in from a dozen quarters at once. There is a classic in our Navy, an S O S wireless picked up by an American captain one day when Fritz was especially vicious and successful. The captain of an American merchant ship had been attacked by a German submarine. He fought gallantly, but was torpedoed. He sent S O S after S O S and had no reply; nor did any destroyer come to his rescue. His last message was:

"Sinking rapidly by the stern. Latitude—, longitude—. Have I no damn friends?"

But as the campaign of frightfulness developed and as the Americans came into the war there was constant development of devices to make the position of this wide-ranging murderer more difficult. Now, as I have said, the German submarine is a sneak, a coward, a lurker round the corner to strike when no one is looking or listening. Consequently the chief aim and endeavor of those fighting the German was to see to it that someone always was looking, and someone always was listening! That, and to develop methods by which to learn at just what particular corner Fritz lurked. Also, to make that corner uninhabitable for Fritz—or any other corner or area he might infest.

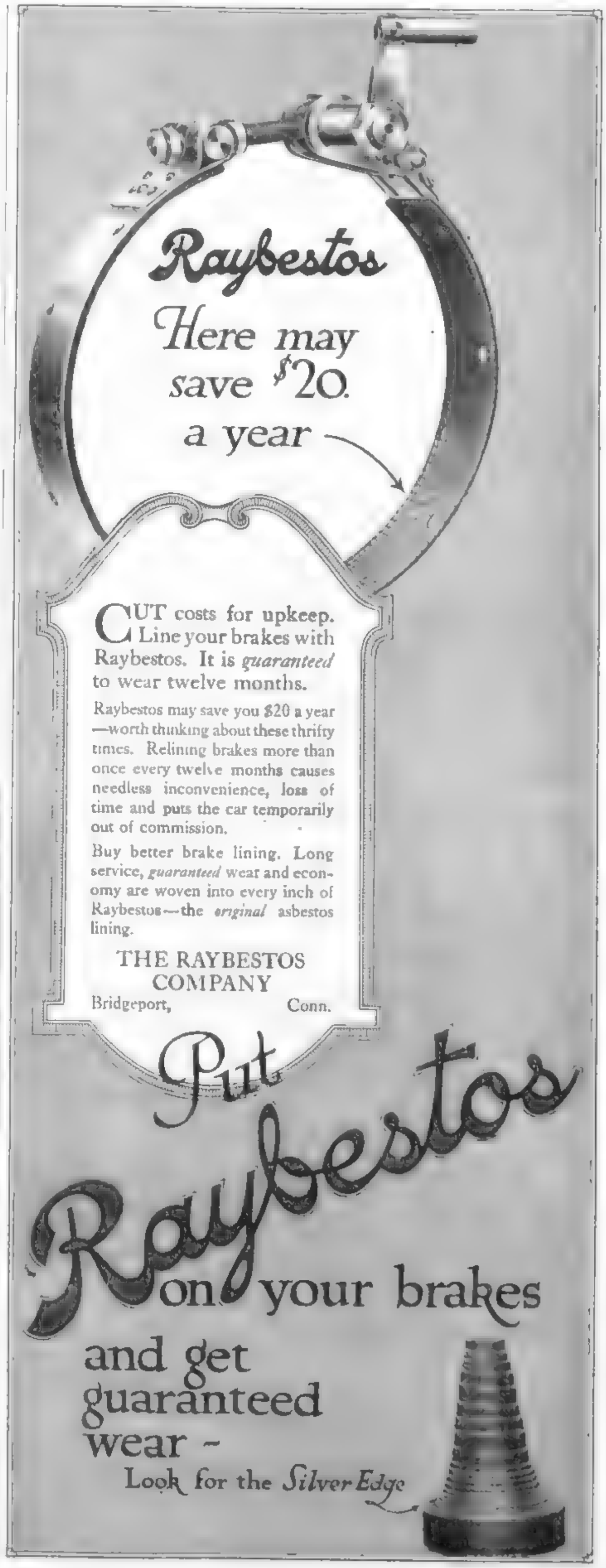
The Deadly Ash Can

Contrary to the popular idea, the submarine is not an exclusively underwater boat. Far from it. Most of its offensive operations are conducted when it is on the surface, and it uses its submersible qualities for hiding, for escaping, for avoiding detection until a quarry is sighted. If the subs were always on the surface there would be nothing to it, for they could be destroyed by gunfire or by ramming. The problem is to find him when he is under the surface or to get him after he has gone down. This has led to the development of detecting apparatus and appliances of various sorts, and to the production of the depth charge, an antisubmarine contraption that has caused Fritz to realize that unrestricted submarine warfare is not the picnic he found it when he began.

The depth charge is known in the Navy as the "egg" or the "ash can." It is a tremendous body of exceedingly high explosive, suitably incased, that can be set to explode at various depths beneath the surface of the water. It is projected overboard at times and in places where there is reason to believe there is a submarine beneath, and it has a wide destructive area. I have seen many of them exploded. The resultant column of water looks as much like the first great upthrowing of the Monarch Geyser in Yellowstone Park as anything I can call to mind. When one or more of these depth charges go off alongside or near *unter wasser* Fritz, it is good-by, Fritz. When a few of them explode only approximately in his vicinity the German beneath, even if he is not destroyed, is so shaken as to be out of commission for a time. They are grand little discouragers of frightfulness, those depth charges.

When a destroyer sees a submarine on or near the surface the proposition is a simple one, though the chances always are that Fritz has seen the destroyer by medium of his periscope before the destroyer has seen him. What the destroyer has to do is to get to the spot where the submarine was observed, firing as it goes from its guns, if guns can be brought to bear, and plaster the spot with depth charges dropped at the point of disappearance or wherever seems advisable, for there is no telling which way Fritz will go after he dives, and the wise and experienced destroyer skipper barrages the place, to make sure.

However, Fritz is not always on the water, but when he is observing and not hiding his periscope is sticking up. Now a periscope is a tube about four inches across at the top, and sticks a couple of feet out of the water. If you have ever looked for anything on the surface of the sea from the deck of a ship you will appreciate the extreme difficulty of picking up a tube four inches across at the top, sticking two or three feet out of the water, a mile or two miles away. Still, it has been done. However, if the submarine is moving beneath the water, with periscope up, the protruding periscope leaves a wake, which is known navally as the "feather," and the feather is often discernible when the periscope is not. Further, the submarine when running close beneath the surface leaves what is known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CUT costs for upkeep. Line your brakes with Raybestos. It is guaranteed to wear twelve months.
Raybestos may save you $20 a year—worth thinking about these thrifty times. Relining brakes more than once every twelve months causes needless inconvenience, loss of time and puts the car temporarily out of commission.
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We know how to make motor car enamels. Murphy materials are used on over half of the fine cars made in the United States. Da-cote consists of the finest motor car varnish, ground with the best pigments.

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as an "oil slick." That is, the oil that is discharged in the exhaust floats on the top of the water in telltale streaks or blobs, and where there is an oil slick there also is likely to be a destroyer; pronto—and the merry little depth charge goes down, in the hope of shaking and shattering Fritz.

"Oil slick" is American terminology. The British Admiralty did not approve of the use of the term at first, but nobody in the Admiralty could present a better descriptive phrase, so now it is officially recognized, but with due British reservations. After the war it will not be good form.

A depth charge on deck or in its crate is only potentially dangerous, for it explodes only under certain conditions, and has a safety pin which precludes its going off so long as that pin is in place. Indeed, you may hammer a depth charge or drop it—that is, you may, if you like—and it will not explode. Its business is getting Fritz beneath the surface of the sea.

Naval officers say it is harmless when it is safe—that is, it is safe when it is harmless, if you get what I mean. Personally I do not trust them. There is too much T N T in those eggs to impel me to be familiar with them. What they mean, of course, is that the depth charge while resting in its rack is innocuous; but they have their fingers crossed, just the same, and there isn't one of them who does not do honor to John Mackenzie, a chief boatswain's mate, who, with that spirit that is so apparent in the American Navy that only the very infrequent lack of it and not the possession of it by the men causes remark, saved his ship, saved his shipmates and won official commendation.

This ship is a converted yacht, not large but effective, and was one winter morning on convoy duty, in a sea that shook and staggered the tiny boat, tossed her about like a chip, flung her from side to side, lifted her to the top of enormous waves, to drop her with great shuddering thuds into the hollows. She had a depth charge perched on her stern in a crate or box, ready for dropping on Fritz, and when after one especially fierce onslaught by the waves the little yacht fell—literally fell—back into the trough of the angry sea from the crest of a wave the crate shook loose from its lashings. The crate bounced overboard, but the egg—the depth charge—in its casing fell inboard, and rolled about from side to side, banging from stanchion to stanchion, from rail to rail, back and forth across the wet and slippery deck.

A sailor near by shouted: "The pin's out!" That meant that the egg might explode, and everybody in that ship knew if it did explode the little yacht would be torn to pieces.

John Mackenzie's Gallant Act

"I'll get it!" yelled Mackenzie; and he steadied himself on the swaying deck, rushed forward, and flung himself on the rolling, charging instrument of death. Like a thing alive it dodged him. Mackenzie chased it about the deck—off to fifty degrees of a roll one moment and then tossed high, stern up—flung himself at it three times, and the fourth time tackled it, with arms round it, heaved it up on the flat end and sat on it. The skipper headed the little ship up into the sea, lines were passed to Mackenzie and the egg was firmly lashed.

"Had not Mackenzie acted immediately as he did," the report of the commanding officer said, "and the charge had remained on deck and been washed round with the sea, its buoy section no doubt would have become detached, and the depth charge detonated. Mackenzie in acting as he did exposed his life and prevented the probable loss of the ship and the entire crew, for had the depth charge exploded on the quarter-deck, with the wind and the sea that existed at the time, there is no doubt that the ship would have been lost."

Mackenzie is a hero, a typical American naval hero, but not the only one. There are dozens and scores of instances of similar heroism, to be recorded sometime, now buried in reports! Many acts of simple devotion to duty that no doubt will be recognized with naval honors in due time; for those American sailors over there in those stormy waters are gloriously upholding the traditions of the service.

There were the men of one destroyer, for example, who unhesitatingly jumped overboard in heavy wintry seas to rescue survivors of a torpedoed hospital ship; men of another who jumped overboard to rescue German sailors from a German submarine which had just surrendered; men who unhesitatingly have taken their lives in their hands time and time again to do heroic things. I could fill the pages with the stories of them had I the space, but it isn't necessary. All that I need say is that the American sailors in foreign waters are proving themselves to be true Americans, and that is all the commendation they ask.

But I must retell the story of "Rebel" Ingram, the gunner's mate who unhesitatingly made the ultimate sacrifice to save his ship and his mates. It is a simple chronicle of a man's devotion to duty, to his ship and to his comrades, and as heroic a story as our Navy boasts. One of our destroyers was torpedoed by a German submarine. The torpedo came aft. The depth charges on a destroyer, or most of them, are carried aft. A torpedo striking at or near them would explode them, with much greater consequent damage to the ship than the torpedo itself might cause.

Brave Ingram's Heroism

Ingram was on deck. He saw the torpedo coming, close inboard. He had two courses of action: He might run forward and save himself; he might run aft and try to save the ship and his shipmates. Unhesitatingly he ran aft to release the depth charges before the torpedo reached the ship if possible. There was no chance for Ingram, for even if he reached the depth charges and released them in time the impact of the torpedo, which could not be deflected, would probably kill or maim him; but he didn't stop for that.

He almost won his race. He reached the after big gun on the side of the ship the torpedo was coming. Just as he reached the gun the torpedo struck. The gun was hurled overboard and all that was seen of Ingram was a splatter of red—nothing more. He was blown to pulp.

There have been other Ingrams in our Navy, and will be plenty more, heroes who have met and will meet situations with the heroism that considers nothing but the duty of the moment—least of all their own lives. Simple, clear-eyed, straightforward chaps, modest but unafraid, doing their share toward winning the war in whatever station they may be, types of the best young manhood America can boast, from North, East, South and West husky, hearty and happy, and all American, from peak of cap to tip of shoe.

Nowadays when a destroyer goes to sea it goes with the basic idea of protecting a convoy—or a single ship, it may be—from the German submarines, and of getting any submarine that may dispute that protection with it. "When a destroyer goes to sea" is not a proper way of putting it, for that implies that a destroyer sometimes does not go to sea. It does. A destroyer always goes to sea. The highest ideal of the men in direction of the base from which the destroyers of which I am writing operate is a harbor clean of destroyers, and they see to it that it is clean, mostly. They send them out. Unless heavy repairs are needed forty-eight hours is a long stay inside. "Get busy!" is the watch word.

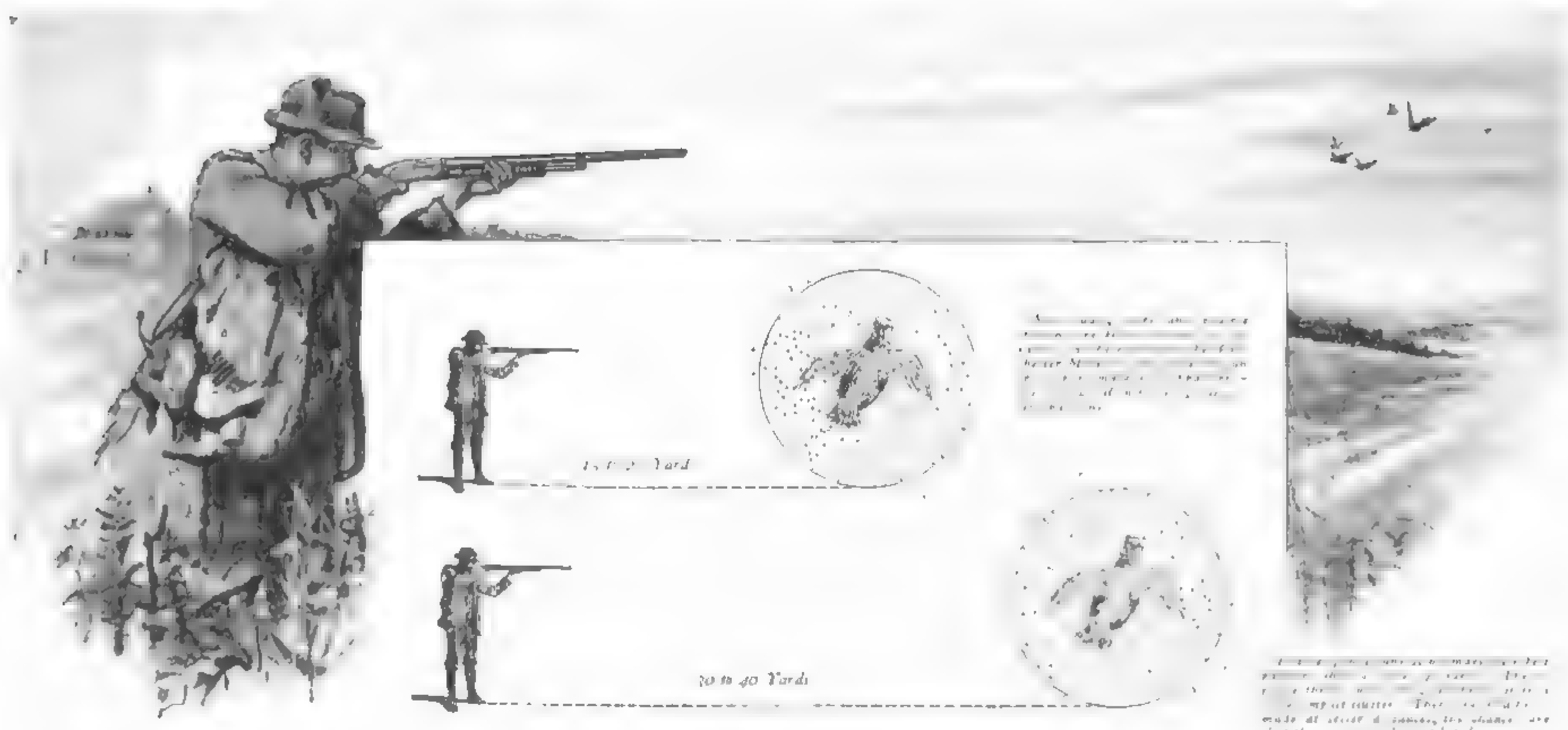
"Two of my boilers are down," reports a destroyer captain.

"Well, you've got two working, haven't you? What are you grousing about? Get out to sea!"

So, off they go, and pick up their convoys at the appointed rendezvous, three or four of them, six of them, or as many as may be needed; and always they are on time. At the moment the commander of the troop or merchant ship that is coming in has been told to expect them, there they are, popping up over the horizon in formation, and immediately they begin the work of shepherding and guarding the big fellows, who have their precious stores of troops or supplies. They circle round, always with a ceaseless lookout, herding, tending, protecting—reminding one of nothing so much as highly trained, intelligent and vigilant collies watching over and protecting a flock of big fat sheep.

If a periscope appears they dash at it. If a slick of oil is seen they bombard it with depth charges. If perchance a submarine comes to the surface they unlimber their big guns and shell it down, harrying the Hun ceaselessly and watching their trusts with unsleeping vigilance. And when they herd the convoys into port they signal "Good-by!" and dash off for another job.

(Concluded on Page 93)



Keener sport with the 20 gauge gun

SPORTSMEN who enjoy "sport for sport's sake" have taken naturally to the 20 gauge shotgun, especially for upland game shooting.

The 20 gauge gun makes its best shot pattern at from 15 to 25 yards, a distance at which a skillful wing shot can easily get onto his game.

Even to the average hunter there is no appreciable handicap in the quick opening shot pattern, for the light weight 20 gauge gun is quick to handle and easy to point, and this offsets the quick spread of the shot.

Slow, deliberate pointing, however, is penalized. If your bird gets away to a distance of 40 yards, you may miss. That is why shooting with the 20 gauge gun is a more fascinating sport than with the 12 gauge gun.

Still other advantages make the 20 gauge gun appeal strongly to the sportsman. Shooting a lighter ammunition, it reduces the cost of shells. It has little recoil. It does not mutilate the game at the usual ranges at which birds are bagged. Both gun and ammunition are lighter to carry.

Admirers of the 20 gauge gun — and there are many of them these days — point to the Winchester Model 12 as the ideal gun of this type. Sportsmen who have used this gun in the 20 or 16 gauges, or the Model 97 hammer-action gun in the 16 gauge, find it difficult to go back to the heavier 12 gauge gun.

An axiom of gun making

Men who know guns realize that the accuracy and durability of a gun depend primarily upon the barrel. To them the quality of the barrel measures the quality of the gun. With Winchester the barrel *is* the gun. For years this has been an axiom of gun building in the Winchester shops. Through the most unremitting attention to boring, finishing and testing, Winchester has developed a single standard of barrel quality which prevails in the highest and lowest priced Winchester models.

How the barrel is bored

The barrel of the Winchester Model 12 is bored to micrometer measurements for the pattern it is meant to make. The degree of choke exactly offsets the tendency of the shot to spread. Until its pattern proves up to the Winchester standard, no gun can leave the factory. The nickel steel construction preserves the original accuracy forever.

The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a life-time.

What (W) means

Look for this mark on the barrel of a Winchester gun. It means that the gun has been subjected to the *Winchester Definitive Proof test.* It stamps the gun with Winchester's guarantee of quality, which has 50 years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

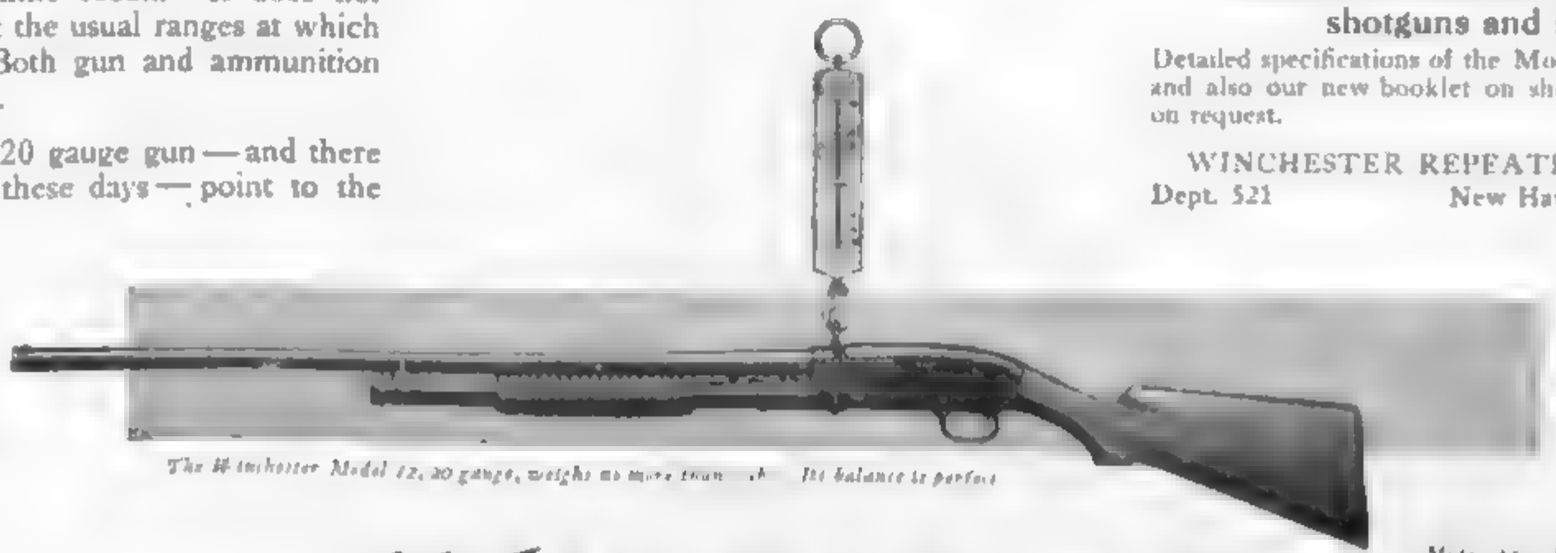
Every gun that bears the name Winchester, and that is marked with the *Definitive Proof* stamp, has been fired many times for smooth action and accuracy. It has also been fired with excess loads as a test of strength. At every stage of Winchester manufacture, machine production is supplemented by human craftsmanship. *Every Winchester gun is perfected by the test and aqjustment process.*

It is this care in manufacturing that has produced the Winchester Model 12, 20 and 16 gauge, and the Model 97, 16 gauge for those who prefer hammer action. Both shotguns have won the admiration of sportsmen everywhere.

Write for details of Winchester shotguns and shells

Detailed specifications of the Model 12 and Model 97, and also our new booklet on shells, will be sent free on request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept. 521 New Haven, Conn., U. S. A



The Winchester Model 12, 20 gauge, weighs no more than ... Its balance is perfect

Model 97. Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating shotgun with a hammer

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

Model ... Hammerless Take-down Repeating Shotgun. Made in ... gauge ... about ... lbs.; in ... gauge, weight about ... lbs. ... favorite with shooters who prefer ... repeating shotgun with ...

The measure of a man

There is a look of pleasing manliness about this Ralston shoe. It's attractively American. "Show me your shoes and I'll tell you what you are," say the French, our fighting Allies.

And the Ralston *look* reflects the Ralston *feel*,—the comfort American feet demand. Fitting the foot properly, this shoe is bound to be snug but-easy, and sure to wear well because it will fit just right, and, therefore, hold its shape. It is made in a way and of materials—that our half century of shoe-making experience has proven *right*. Knowing how counts. It insures a little more than money's worth

And the happy-medium price of Ralstons—from $7 to $10—cannot help but attract thousands of thrifty-wise men who today are bent upon making their dollars return them the very utmost in all-around shoe satisfaction—the greatest possible shoe style, comfort and wear for every penny that leaves their pockets

Ralstons—*on your feet*—will prove their worth. The Ralston dealer in your neighborhood will fit you carefully. Write at once and we will direct you to the Ralston Agency and at the same time send you the Ralston Illustrated Catalog and Style Book

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Dealers—Write for the Ralston Agency Proposition

Ralston

-the utmost in looks, comfort and wear at a happy-medium price

W.S.S.
ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Longwood Model

(Concluded from Page 90)

never resting, never lingering at once hawks and shepherds.

"Good-by!" signaled the young American commander of one of these protecting flotillas to the commander of the convoy, who he thought was a merchant captain. "Good-by! Congratulate you on your excellent seamanship. Worthy of highest praise."

"Thank you," came the reply from the flagship of the convoy, a big passenger liner. "Praise appreciated."

And the signature to that signal was that of one of the best-known rear admirals in the British Navy!

Apprehension of what the submarine may do to them is never within the calculation of a destroyer crew. They have no fear of Fritz, and hold him in contempt so far as sinking a destroyer is concerned, but recognize the craftiness, the alertness and the sneakiness of him just the same, and know that at any minute he may bob up in the middle of a convoy and get a ship or two. The greater danger is collision. Fogs come, and the destroyers are constantly moving about, restlessly charging up and down and all round the convoy, and the ships run dark, and it is so easy, in such circumstances, to run into another ship, or for another ship to get afoul of yours. It is a ticklish, nerve-racking business, and no wonder the men come in pale and drawn, dead for sleep, and with their nerves ajangle; particularly after a foggy escort over a submarine-infested sea; for fog also is what Fritz likes and what gives him cover for his nefariousness.

There have been collisions. Ships have run afoul of one another. Two of our destroyers came together, and the stern of one was blown off by the explosion of her depth charges; but marvels of seamanship are matters of the moment with these young skippers, and collisions are by far less frequent than is to be expected. They do do wonderful things in handling those high-powered, sensitive, virile destroyers, maneuvering them as skillfully as a juggler spins his plates—here and there, back and forth, zigzag after zigzag, circle after circle; and when Fritz appears they pounce on him like wolves, and depth-charge him to the bottom.

Courtesies of the Sea

The sign is oil. If after a depth charge has been dropped oil in large quantities comes up it is fairly certain that something approximating a hit has been made. If oil and wreckage come the certainty is greater, but the thing all strain to see is the submarine itself rising from the water with the Huns scrambling out of it. Failing that, if a man or two come up—or a few of the flat hats the German sailors wear—the proof is good; but when the only evidence is oil or wreckage they barrage that spot unceasingly with depth charges, nor go away for hours and hours. They stick, those fellows, and leave nothing to surmise.

The way they handle those ships is marvelous—nothing less. And funny things occur. One night in a heavy sea an American destroyer with a lot of survivors on board signaled to a British destroyer: "Can you take off some of our survivors?"

The British captain knew it would take some very fancy seamanship to lay his destroyer alongside the American, with the sea that was running, without banging into her and possibly injuring or sinking both ships. He was not keen about it, but he figured that the American thought he could do it or he would not have made the signal, and that being the case it was not in the book of an English naval officer not to try anything an American naval officer suggested, and hence must think he could do.

Meantime the American captain was a bit jerky himself. He had more survivors than he could handle, and he wanted to transship some of them, but he knew how dangerous that laying alongside by the English destroyer would be. He stood on the bridge, nervously smoking a big black cigar, and watched the English destroyer maneuver. It was pretty seamanship. The English destroyer came round, came up and laid alongside as gently as if the maneuver were taking place in a lake instead of on a sea where the waves were tremendous. The English captain stood on the starboard end of his bridge and the American captain on the port end of his, talking, while the survivors were transshipped, the American still puffing at his big black cigar.

The transshipment was made with the captains conducting a conversation under difficulties, as at one moment the Englishman would be far above the head of the American and at the next moment the American would be up and the Englishman down.

"Would you care to come aboard?" asked the American.

"Thanks, no," replied the Englishman. "I must be going now. I like your company, but the fact is I can't stand that cigar of yours."

And off he went.

There is plenty of humor about it. After a stormy trip, participated in by British and American destroyers, when the destroyers were about to go their separate ways a joshing American on one of our destroyers signaled to a British compatriot, miles away: "Thanks, sweetheart."

Not to be outdone in courtesy or josh the English destroyer came back seven miles and signaled: "Good night, darling."

Pretty Well Known

An almost stereotyped report of a destroyer captain is as follows: "Destroyer dropped depth charge over swirl left by conning tower. Turned with full helm to port. Followed heavy slick. Dropped second and third depth charges. Wreckage and much oil came to the surface; but after cruising in vicinity till daybreak nothing more was seen."

That briefly summarizes much of the encounter work of the destroyers. Sometimes there is more to report, sometimes there is less. But always, whenever there is a reasonable excuse for it, either in sight of a submarine submerging or of a periscope going down, or the feather of one, or the swirl of the water after submersion, or an oil slick—the depth charges are sent on their errands of Hun-getting.

Even if the depth charges do not totally disable the German submarine two or three discharged in the vicinity of one have the effect of so shaking up the men and of disorganizing its delicate machinery that it is practically out of commission for a time. And the depth charges are so set for explosion that they follow the submarine down a long way if desired before they agitate, wreck or demolish it. Not a German submarine officer or man, captured and taken aboard a destroyer, but has looked at the eggs with shuddering curiosity.

And all the time the men are out, keenly and unceasingly, for a "Known." Attacks prove themselves. For example, there was no doubt about the British patrol that, while picking up survivors from a torpedoed ship that had been hit in a convoy, sighted a periscope. The patrol jumped over to the spot and dropped depth charges. The submarine came up suddenly, almost in the middle of the great mountain of water the charges threw up. The British destroyer fired several shots. One hit and split the submarine's conning tower. Then, to make it good and sure, the British ship rammed the submarine and cut it cleanly into two parts. Both parts sank. That was a "Known" without any qualifications.

Thus they go fighting, rescuing, always hoping that some German destroyers may heave in sight so they may get a gun fight, always happy, always full of pep and spirit, careless of the hardships and discomforts, at it day and night, night and day, and looking at it all with the true American sense of humor, great boys on a great job, and doing it—doing it—doing it!

Everything seems a laugh. A sailor stood at the rail of a destroyer watching a torpedo fired by a Hun coming straight on. Fortunately something happened, and the torpedo passed by.

"What did you do when you saw it coming?" I asked him.

"Gosh," he replied, "I couldn't think of anything else to do so I stood pat and drew in my stomach."

But everything isn't a laugh. It is stern, hard, devoted work, and the men have the vision of it. When the Destroyer Jacob Jones went down an officer died from exposure and wounds. He was on a raft. Just before the end came he lifted his head and whispered to the few shipmates suffering with him on the raft: "Say, can you see the Statue of Liberty? I can." And then he died.

So can they all—so can they all! And they are fighting to maintain that Statue of Liberty as it is, and by their efforts ever shall be—the Statue of Liberty enlightening a world that they helped to save.

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THE man in the service knows firearms. So, when it comes to selecting a revolver for the defense of his home, a revolver that women can handle without fear, he unhesitatingly chooses the Iver Johnson.

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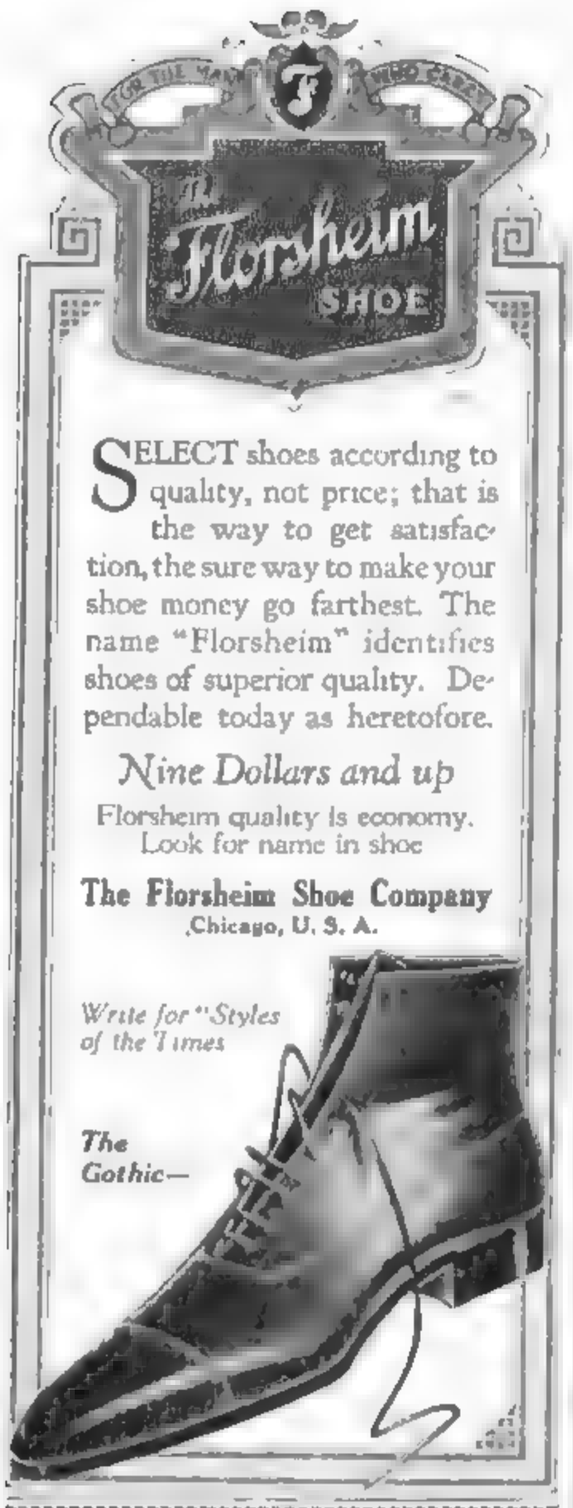
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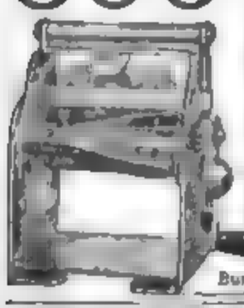

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FOOD AND FUEL

(Continued from Page 22)

of this cereal out of the normal consumption. When we take into consideration the facts that, generally speaking, our 1917 crops were far below average and that in spite of such failures we shipped abroad $1,400,000,000 worth of food, the accomplishment begins to loom large. There was an increase of 844,600,000 pounds in our exports of meats and fats, and a further increase of 80,900,000 bushels in our shipments of cereals and cereal products. This achievement in a year when the total nutritional production of the country was nearly nine per cent below the average of the three previous years is a gratifying result.

Though these accomplishments are splendid, and speak volumes for the coöperative spirit of the American people, we are not out of the woods. Our crops are going to be better this year, and the British grain crop is the biggest since 1868. It is certain, therefore, that in the coming months we shall have bread of improved quality. The chances are that all of the allied nations will use the same formula, and the mixing of flour with substitutes will be done systematically at the mills instead of in our kitchens. It is likely we shall have to continue the stint on sugar until the war is over, but such fruits as raisins, prunes, figs and dates may well be used in place of sugar; so the sacrifice here will not be great.

In no line are we facing actual want providing the good work continues.

Just how the little savings mount up is evident from the fact that if each home in the United States saves one ounce of meat daily it means 465,000,000 pounds annually; one slice of bread saved each day means 365,000,000 loaves annually; one piece of butter saved daily amounts to 114,000,000 pounds annually; and one cup of milk saved each day means 912,000,000 quarts, or the product of 400,000 cows each year.

More Chewing and Less Eating

The average person to-day has a very different idea of food from the one that prevailed before the war. We now look upon the human body as an engine that must be repaired, stoked, oiled and regulated. We must have fuel food, building or repair food, and regulating food. The desk worker needs only one-half as much fuel as the blacksmith or the soldier. The average woman who takes little exercise needs only one-third the food required by the average man engaged in muscular work. Children need a lot of fuel, as they burn it quickly. A girl of fourteen will require more than a full-grown woman, and a boy of fifteen needs more than a business man. People thus vary in their needs very much as different types of automobiles vary in the amount of gasoline they require.

For fuel we need starchy foods, sugars and fats. About eighty-five per cent of the calories required by the body should come from this group. For repair work we need proteins and mineral salts. These include beans, peas, lean meats, fish, eggs, milk and fowl.

For regulating purposes water is the most important food. It is thus evident that in feeding the human engine we must have not simply a sufficient quantity but a proper mixture of food. We must utilize the fuel so that we shall secure full value of it without clinkers, or waste, or injury to the machinery.

There can be no proper conservation of food if we just swallow it. Some people put food into their stomachs as they would pack a trunk or fill a hod with coal. Mouth, stomach and bowels must do team work or there will be waste. Eating is a lot of fun and worth doing well, but unfortunately the average person does not chew his food long enough actually to taste its real flavor. The person who bolts his food generally consumes one-third more than is required. If we bring good cheer with us to the table, dismiss worry and kick out all the grouches our food and doctor bills will be materially reduced, waste will be less and Mr. Hoover will be pleased.

Not only are we learning a lot about the things we have always eaten but war has taught us that there are other foods that we may properly introduce to our menus. Experiments by the Department of Agriculture show that we may successfully prepare food from the common soy bean and use this product as a partial substitute for meat. These soy-bean dishes are well suited for canning, and the matter has been brought to the attention of the National Canners' Association. Of no small importance are the experiments with sunflower seeds. The Muscovite eats these seeds much as we eat peanuts, roasted or raw. Sunflower seeds, ground to flour, make a palatable and nutritious bread.

In Russia hundreds of thousands of acres are planted with two varieties of sunflowers, one yielding small seeds suitable for oil making, and the other large seeds for human food. Sunflower oil compares fairly well with olive oil and is also used for making soap. An acre of land is said to produce fifty bushels of seeds, and each bushel will produce one gallon of oil. The residue is an excellent fodder for cattle, and the plant stocks dried in stacks yield a ton of first-class fuel to the acre.

Novel Sea Foods

Our great oceans, covering as they do so much of the globe, are naturally being looked to more and more as a source of food supply. We have discovered a considerable variety of edible seaweeds, and it develops that Japan has been awake for some time to the value of seaweed as a food. On certain parts of our own coast rockweed is now being gathered in large quantities and prepared for market.

Over in Sweden an interesting experiment is under way. An attempt is being made to break the high meat prices through the distribution of seal meat. More than a quarter million pounds of this meat have already been sold, and reports indicate that a considerable quantity of this food is going into Germany. The seal meat is said to be nourishing and, when not spoiled by an oily taste, much resembles beef, the only objection being its darker color. The seal meat costs a quarter as much as beef. Practically unlimited supplies of seals are to be had on the coast of Sweden. Germany is more than likely to attempt sealing operations on her own account, as she will be able to bring home the catch in the security of neutral territorial waters once she gains the shelter of North Cape.

In the United States, however, we are endeavoring to lessen the call on livestock by attempting to increase the consumption of the varieties of fish found in our own waters. Among the elements of difficulty in the Food Administration's fish program were the naval needs for men and boats, the scarcity of materials for nets, high prices of fish, due to increased demands, and state restrictions. Notwithstanding such handicaps the Government's efforts have succeeded in popularizing a number of varieties of fish that were little known, just as wholesome and far cheaper. The countries that eat less fish per person than ourselves are Belgium, Spain, Holland, France, Germany, Italy and Russia. On the other hand, we appear to be slackers in this fish-substitution game, when we compare our average national consumption of 18 pounds per capita with that of the United Kingdom, where 65 pounds are eaten per capita annually. Canada consumes 57 pounds; Sweden, 62; Norway, 44; Denmark, 39; and Portugal, 37 pounds. Yet in the value of the yearly catch the United States shows $150,000,000 as compared with $52,000,000 for Great Britain, $50,000,000 for Japan, $50,000,000 for Russia, $40,000,000 for Canada and $33,000,000 for France.

Germany's annual fish production at the outbreak of the war was valued at $12,000,000, and that of Norway, Sweden and Denmark at $25,000,000.

Up to the present time we have little more than touched the possibilities for food relief that exist in the fish industry. Take the migratory fish found in the coastwise waters at or near the surface or in the sounds and bays adjacent to the shore. There are more than fifty varieties in this group, but the principal sales center on only two—bluefish and mackerel. Let us take a second group—the ground-fish varieties which inhabit the bottom areas of the sea and are almost entirely captured on fishing banks or grounds at various points in the open ocean. The public has an intimate acquaintance with only two varieties of ground fish—cod and halibut; but there are at least a dozen varieties well suited for food.

Of the fresh-water fish there are fully three dozen kinds that provide wholesome food, but the public insists on eating either whitefish or trout.

Lessened Restrictions on Fishing

I do not believe any act of the Food Administrator has been more beneficial than his licensing of fishermen, which enabled him to bring the fishing industry under Federal control and permitted the doing away with state restrictions. The supply of fish was seriously threatened by substantial losses through the recruiting of fishermen for naval service, and the requisitioning of deep-sea trawlers and other vessels for government use. This has largely been made up, however, by the employment of purse seines and several other forbidden forms of producing gear which may now be used without regard to closed seasons.

The ban was also lifted on night fishing and torch fishing.

Up to this time the country was threatened with a fish famine. Prices were rising and the outlook for relieving the beef situation through the substitution of fish was not good. Some of the state conservation laws were a menace instead of a help. Red tape was prevalent. One boat off Atlantic City caught two hundred barrels of weakfish, and the game warden compelled the fishermen to throw away this catch of 40,000 pounds because the fish were caught within the three-mile limit. These fish could have been sold for three or four cents a pound and would have relieved a lot of poor people who were paying thirty cents a pound for meat.

Such handicaps, however, have been removed and the present increased production and consumption of fish by Americans are permitting the export of important tonnages of meat to our soldiers and our allies in France. So long as we people on this side of the ocean continue in our fight with the same enthusiasm and patriotism that are

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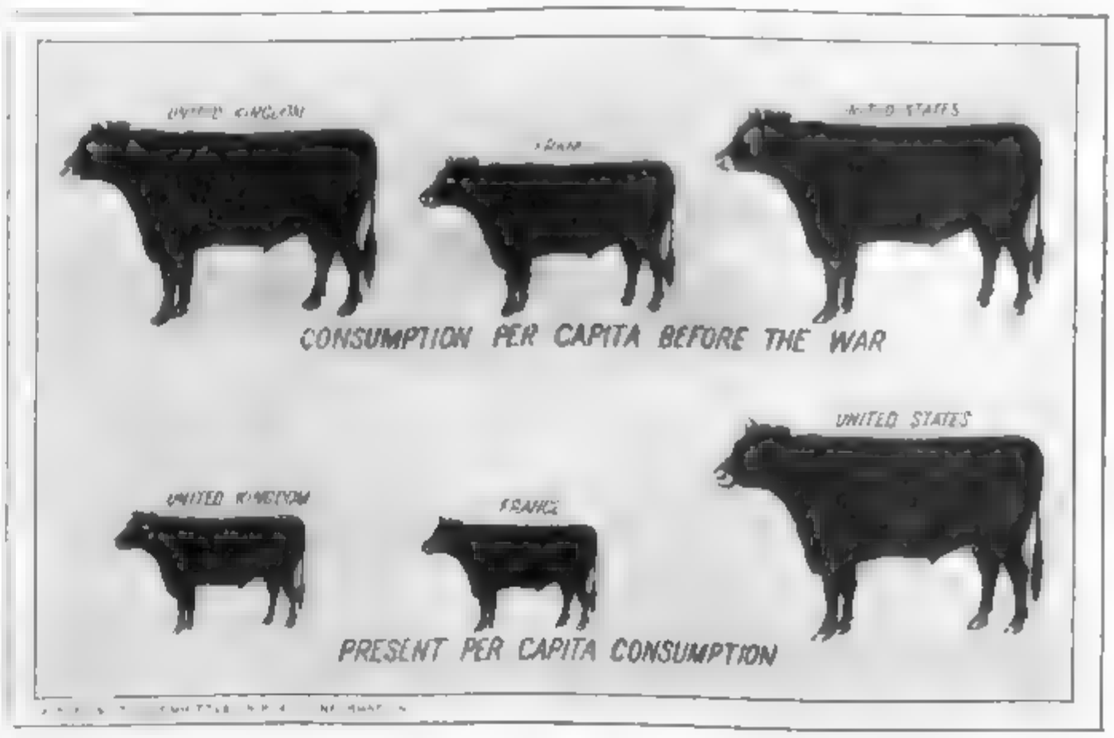

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There's not an instant's delay, however, if your house is one of the many which have proved the wisdom of using Hammermill Bond for all their printing needs. In this event, the Chicago letter, written on paper of a distinctive color, is instantly picked out.

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(Continued from Page 94

now being displayed by most of our citizens our men on the battle front will not lack food, and the people working here at home will not have to imitate the Teutons and adopt mental suggestion as a substitute for food or invent special drugs to allay the pangs of hunger.

We can render effective service in numerous ways, but none is more important than close supervision of our vegetable waste and garbage. Of cities with a population of more than 100,000, twenty-five throw away $2,400,000 worth of grease, $1,000,000 worth of tankage, 8,000,000 pounds of glycerin and 200,000,000 pounds of soap-making material. Twenty-nine, with a total population of 17,000,000, discard annually 1,000,000 tons of garbage, which would produce 70,000,000 pounds of grease, valued at $8,500,000, and 150,000 tons of fertilizer, valued at $2,250,000.

Some Big Leaks

Excluding cities of 100,000 population and over, the garbage wasted would produce annually 120,000,000 pounds of pork, worth $20,000,000 at prevailing prices. The output of glycerin in garbage now wasted would supply 8,000,000 pounds of nitroglycerin annually and would yield soap stock for the manufacture of 200,000,000 commercial cakes of soap weighing twelve ounces each. Every city should have its own reduction plant and save this enormous waste. In the matter of vegetable waste one of our leading chemists after conducting an exhaustive investigation says that there is marked fertilizing value in such common refuse as banana peels, orange peels, grapefruit peels, lemon peels, apple parings, cantaloupe rinds, potato parings, pea pods, bean strings and stems, tea leaves, coffee grounds, eggshells, bones, peanut shells, tobacco and fruit stones. When spaded into the soil they give not only chemical plant food but valuable humus. Much of our kitchen waste is valuable feed for poultry.

Another serious food problem deals with the question of feed for our horses. Twenty-seven million horses are literally eating their heads off in the United States to-day. One horse consumes hay enough to supply a cow, and one cow furnishes milk and butter enough for a whole family of children. The oats and corn fed to a horse will supply cereals and flour for a family. Every motor truck that supplants three or four horses solves the food problem for at least two families. Every automobile that releases horses now used for passenger travel or that aids the railroads accomplishes a similar service. It is interesting to note in this connection that a movement is on foot to condemn horses that are defective and have no market value. These animals could be utilized for food, and in addition would afford quite a supply of oil, leather and glycerin.

Dean Hoskins, of New York University, asserts that every barren animal and every old horse conserved is a liability we cannot afford in our present emergency. He gives eight reasons why horse meat should be used as a food, some of which are: The large foreign population already is used to it; the flesh is rich and nutritious; it is cheaper than any other meat; it would solve the problem of the humane societies in that horses unable to work could be condemned and sold for food; it would conserve oats needed for human consumption in the form of breakfast foods; and every crippled horse kept by its owner in the hope of recovery consumes in weight eight times as much food a day as would sustain a man.

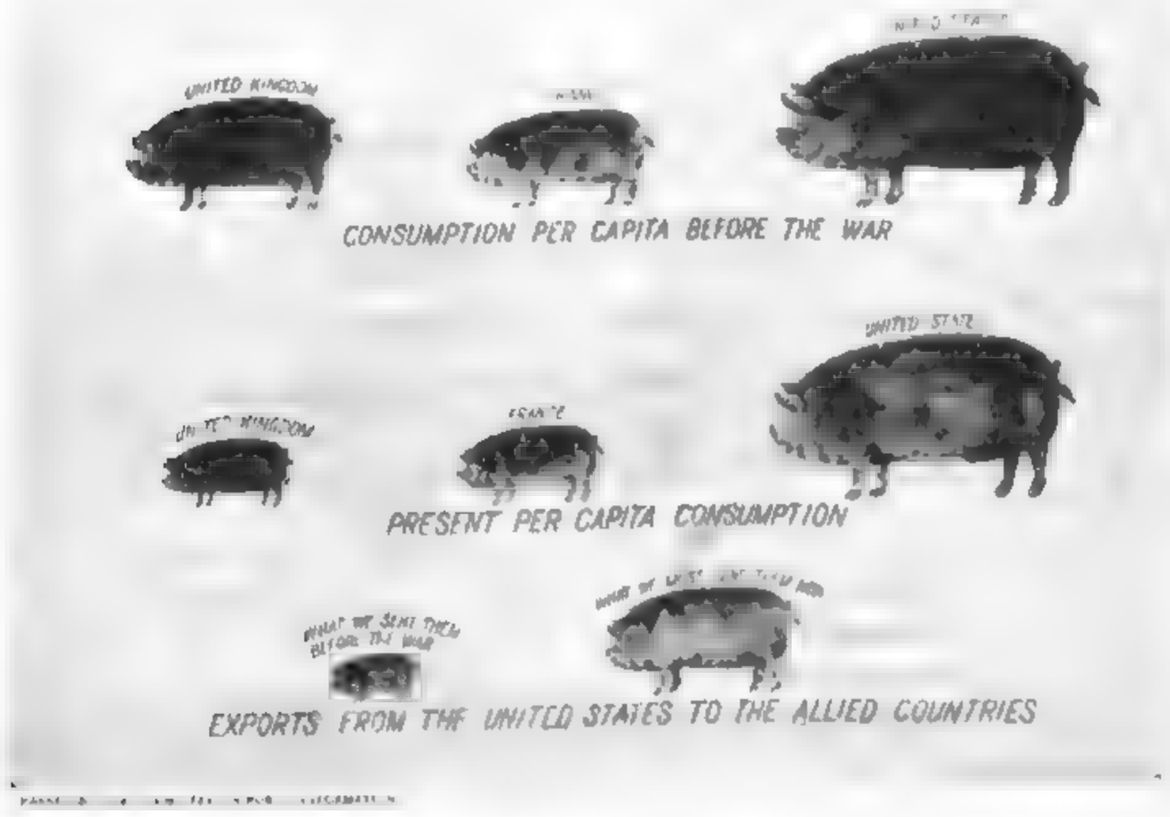
From being a nation of wasters we are progressing slowly but surely along the road to economy and thrift. True, we still keep cats, which are parasites, and object to pigs, which are producers. Many towns have suspended ordinances prohibiting pigs and have thereby shown that they place their duty to the nation above their local prejudice. We have more than 400,000,000 acres of unimproved land in this country, and our farmers are making great strides toward getting a considerable part of it under cultivation. It is estimated that the land occupied by one average stump will produce twenty-five to fifty cents' worth of food a year. Of course, there is already a shortage of farm labor, and we must abandon crops requiring large amounts of hand labor and substitute therefor crops that can be grown with less man power to the acre. Peas and beans play important parts in this changed farming, as they produce food for both man and beast and can be raised with little effort.

There is the closest kind of relationship to-day between the man with a gun and the acre with a crop.

Our Coal Situation

Taking it all and all, the American farmer has rendered a splendid service this past year. The war has caused him to find many sources of waste which a few years ago were considered negligible. As an instance of this, $20,000,000 was saved last year in Kansas alone by cleaner wheat threshing. To encourage cleaner threshing and to educate wheat farmers to the value of going over the fields a second time and of rethreshing straw in the stacks, the Food Administration organized a Grain Threshing Division. It has added millions of bushels of wheat to the supply available for threshing and has added millions of dollars to the pocketbooks of American farmers. In Kansas at least 3,500,000 bushels were saved by raking and cleaning up the fields, through tight-bottom bundles and wagons, and through inspection and repair of machines. In addition to this the conservation of wheat previously wasted in the straw stacks and not cleaned up round the threshing machines was estimated at more than 5,000,000 bushels.

So much for a few thoughts on food. Let me now proceed to touch on several high spots in fuel conservation. Above all else it is essential that the American people should understand that the scarcity of coal is not due to any falling off in production. While all the other important coal-producing nations in the world have been showing material decreases in their fuel output this country has been forging ahead at a faster pace than ever before in history. In 1914 we produced 513,525,477 tons; in 1915 we mined 531,619,487 tons; in 1916 our production was 590,098,175 tons; and last year the output rose to 652,000,000 tons.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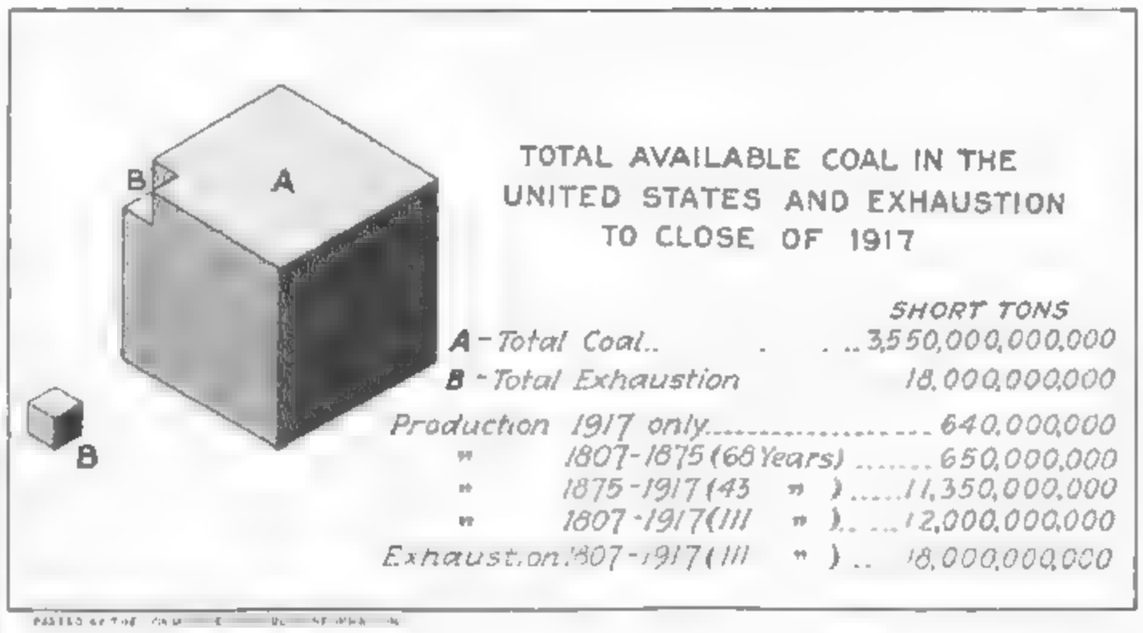

These figures are in short tons and include both anthracite and bituminous coal.

The Fuel Administration started its new coal year April first, at which time a number of important rulings were put into effect. A careful survey of all our national fuel requirements resulted in the establishment of a coal-production figure that stands as a goal toward which the Government and the coal industry are striving. This preliminary estimate of total requirements calls for 735,000,000 short tons of coal for the year ending March 31, 1919. During the first four months of this new coal year the United States mined 205,694,000 net tons of bituminous coal and 31,666,560 net tons of anthracite.

This means that we are producing at the rate of approximately 712,000,000 tons annually, or about 23,000,000 tons less than our estimated requirements. On the other hand, let us not forget that we have fewer men in the mines and that so far this year we have shown a gain of 18,000,000 net tons over the output of coal in the United States for the same period last year.

What Shall We Do About It?

More than one-third of our new coal year has passed, and these months have been the time when we look for maximum production. It requires a full measure of optimism, therefore, and no small amount of imagination to initiate the belief that we can get the coal industry on a higher plane of production this fall and winter, when more cars will be carrying our Western foodstuffs to the seaboard and our transportation systems will be battling with snow and ice. If the estimated fuel requirements of 735,000,000 tons are correct we shall be compelled to save in some way 25,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons of coal this year. What have we done and what are we doing to meet this critical situation?

Every mine owner and miner in America to-day looks upon a ton of coal not as a unit quantity of fuel but as a ton of material from which we can make twenty-five three-inch shells or two hundred and fifty steel helmets for our boys in France. The people of America must view coal in that way. The fireman in an industrial plant must say: "This ton of coal I am going to save will drive a 15,000-ton troopship loaded with 3500 soldiers two-thirds of a mile." Every family that saves two tons of coal this winter gives Uncle Sam the fuel necessary to carry twelve tons of food to France. If each household in the United States were to save one ton of coal next winter the sacrifice would not be formidable and the sum total of such conservation would be about 15,000,000 tons of fuel released to Uncle Sam for essential war work.

More Moisture and Less Coal

It is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down a fixed set of rules for house heating and then insist that everyone everywhere shall religiously observe such regulations. It is but natural in our Northern States, where the winters are more severe, that the people should want a higher inside house temperature so that the individual coming in out of the snow and cold will be able to warm up. However, the fact remains that we have been prodigal in the use of our domestic coals, and as a people we have paid little attention to the question of temperature and humidity in our homes. In our modern houses we are apt to get an excessive amount of heat and an insufficient amount of moisture, which not only makes the air oppressive and uncomfortable but accounts for a large percentage of catarrh, colds and other diseases of the nose and throat. Dry air at seventy degrees may feel cooler than moist air at sixty degrees. Mother Nature has provided the people of this earth with a great bed blanket in the form of moisture; take the blanket away or thin it out and we all get cold. Moisture is extremely necessary to life.

It is for this reason that a thermometer is not a true guide to the problem of warming a house. Our artificial habits have made us extremely sensitive to heat and cold. Luxuries have become necessities, and we have gone on trying to remake our bodies to meet existing conditions. We manufacture heat for our homes and run the temperature inside our houses up to seventy degrees and often more. Let us assume that the outside temperature is twenty-four degrees and the average outside humidity is seventy-eight per cent, which means that the air is seventy-eight per cent saturated with moisture. A person comes from this atmosphere into a house where though the temperature is

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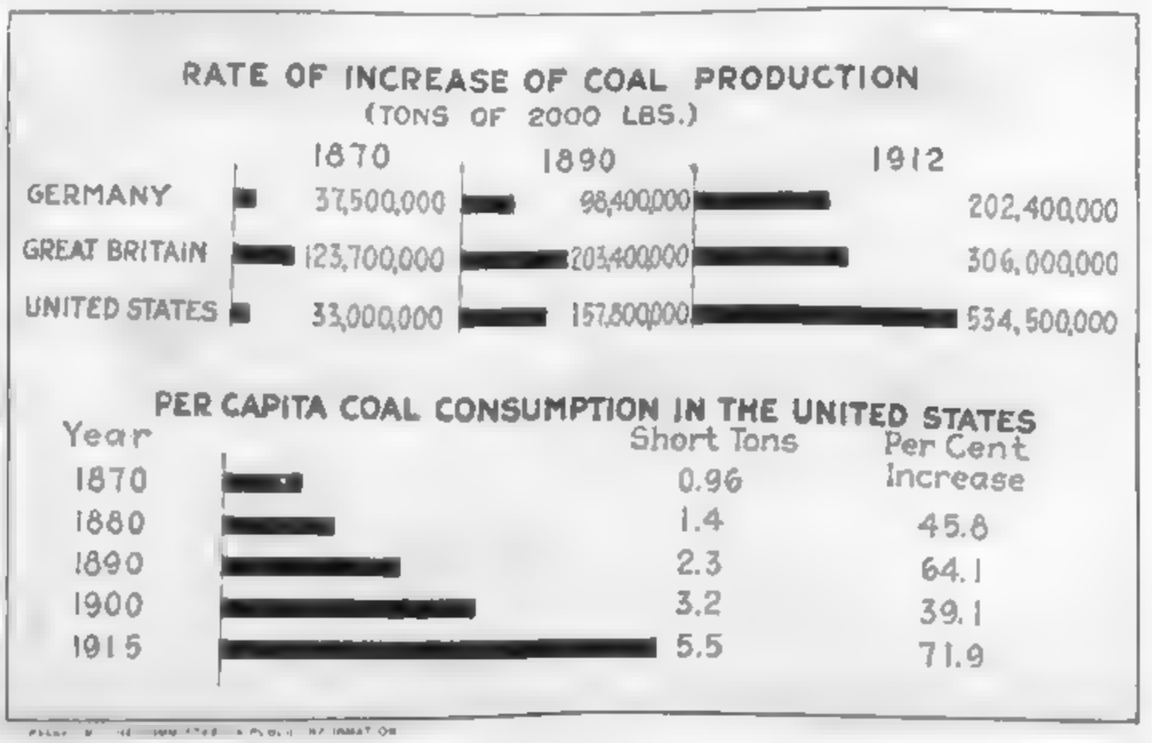

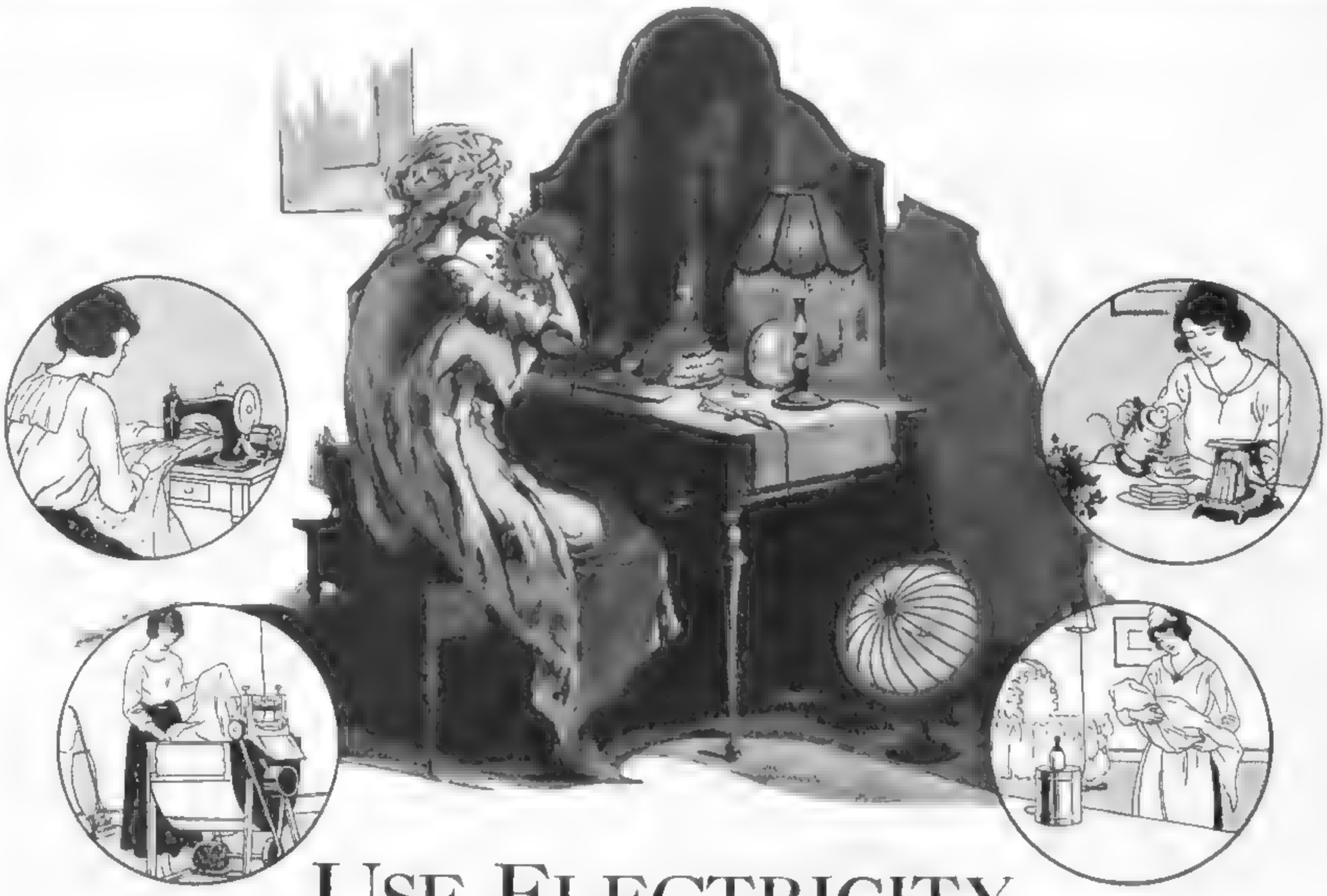

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Many electrical devices are announced in the advertising pages of the magazines and newspapers. They are safe and efficient. Give them your attention.

Have your electrical contractor or dealer show and demonstrate the actual equipment for you.

If you are building or remodeling, ask your architect to sketch for you the possibilities of electrical power—and give him a free hand in planning and executing.

Remember that electricity is no longer a luxury—it is a wonderful, economical aid in the home.

Efficiently utilized, it increases human capacity and *raises the standard of living*.

* * *

REMEMBER, also, that quality in every item of electrical equipment is *essential* to economy and satisfaction in operation.

Only materials and equipment made by the most highly perfected methods of scientific precision and skill can deliver continuously full-measure service.

Such a product is Habirshaw Wire. A standard of the electrical industry from the very beginning of its development, Habirshaw Wire is used by skilled and experienced contractors throughout the world.

Be sure to employ only qualified electrical contractors upon all electrical work. Be particular about small jobs as well as important installations. And always specify that all materials and equipment shall be of the Habirshaw standard of quality—and you will be assured of the utmost in service that the wonderful, modern power of electricity can give.

FOR more than 30 years—practically from the beginning of the electrical industry—

HABIRSHAW
"Proven by the test of time"
Insulated Wire

has been accepted as the standard of quality all over the world.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
The Habirshaw Electric Cable Co
INCORPORATED
10 East 43rd Street, New York

Habirshaw Code Wire distributed by
Western Electric Company
INCORPORATED
Offices in all Principal Cities

Now Uncle Sam begins arming the country's factories to conquer the Hun!

THE minute the United States declared war, the factories of the country became an important element in the struggle. On their output of munitions, food, clothing, airplanes, ships, etc., depended in a great measure victory or defeat.

For a time every effort was centered on production, on speeding up, on increasing output. But in this one year Uncle Sam saw tens of millions of dollars snatched from his war-machine by fire. In one year he saw thousands of irreplaceable fabricating-machines and tools wiped out by fire. In one year he saw fire take from his fighting men shipload after shipload of vitally needed finished products.

One year was enough!

Uncle Sam learned in a twelvemonth what many business men have not learned in a lifetime. He learned that insurance money could never re-create the victory-winning, Hun-crushing supplies that have gone up in smoke.

He learned more. He learned that such destruction was as foolish as it was dangerous because there is an infallible answer to this challenge of fire. His War Industries Board found out that more than 35 years ago Frederick Grinnell had invented a weapon—the automatic sprinkler—by which fire would annihilate itself.

At the beginning of the second year, Uncle Sam acted. Today sees the entire resources of this industry devoted solely to the work of rushing sprinkler equipments into factories, warehouses, grain-elevators, etc., specified by the Government. This requires the total output of our factories.

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

The General Fire Extinguisher Company
277 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

"We are as proud of the 1500 men putting in these systems throughout the country and of the 1500 employees in our seven great plants fabricating these systems as we are of the 500 men we have with the colors in France."

(Continued from Page 98)

seventy degrees the humidity is only twenty per cent. What happens? The warm dry air in the house steals the moisture from the individual's body and dries the person out, very much as wet clothes are dried out on a wash line. In other words, the moisture of our bodies evaporates into the air very rapidly at the surface of our skin. As evaporation causes loss of heat it is quite easy to see why we feel chilly and uncomfortable when at the same time the thermometer in the house is up in the seventies. Often in the summer, with the outside temperature at only seventy, we have noticed how excessively hot it seems. Yet in the winter in our homes with the thermometer at the same point we sit, with windows and doors shut tight to keep out the cold air, and shiver. The sole reason for this is the great amount of moisture in the air in the first instance and the lack of it in the latter case.

When Humidity Helps

In the matter of health this subject is important, for excessive dryness has a very deleterious effect upon the lungs and the delicate lining membrane of the throat and nasal passages. Furthermore, the high dry heat of our homes, offices and public buildings frequently shrinks and damages furniture, books and pictures. Cracks in the cabinetwork of houses are caused by the dry air drawing out the particles of moisture. It is for this reason that in our museums and great art galleries much attention is paid to the interior moisture conditions, for we cannot afford to have our expensive pictures ruined and our valuable art treasures, furniture and mummies become worthless. Sometimes we take better care of the dead than we do of the living.

Since it is true, therefore, that the temperature at the same point will produce varying sensations of cold and heat, depending on the amount of moisture existing in the air, it is foolish to attempt to lay down a fixed standard of temperature for comfortable living without due regard to the moisture. Every house should have a hygrometer as well as a thermometer, and as much attention should be paid to humidity readings as to temperature readings. All schools, theaters and large buildings can install a mechanical apparatus for producing the right humidity in the interior air. This simple solution of the problem for the average householder is not possible, due to the cost of such an equipment. However, there are a number of simple remedies that may be applied. One satisfactory way to "humidify" a house is to place a heavy, thick, soaking-wet bath towel over the radiator and leave it there long enough to dry out. It can then be moistened again and again if necessary. If hung over the back of the radiator it will not be unsightly and may not be noticed. Let us not forget in this connection that moist air retains its heat much longer than dry air; hence less coal is needed to keep such air warm.

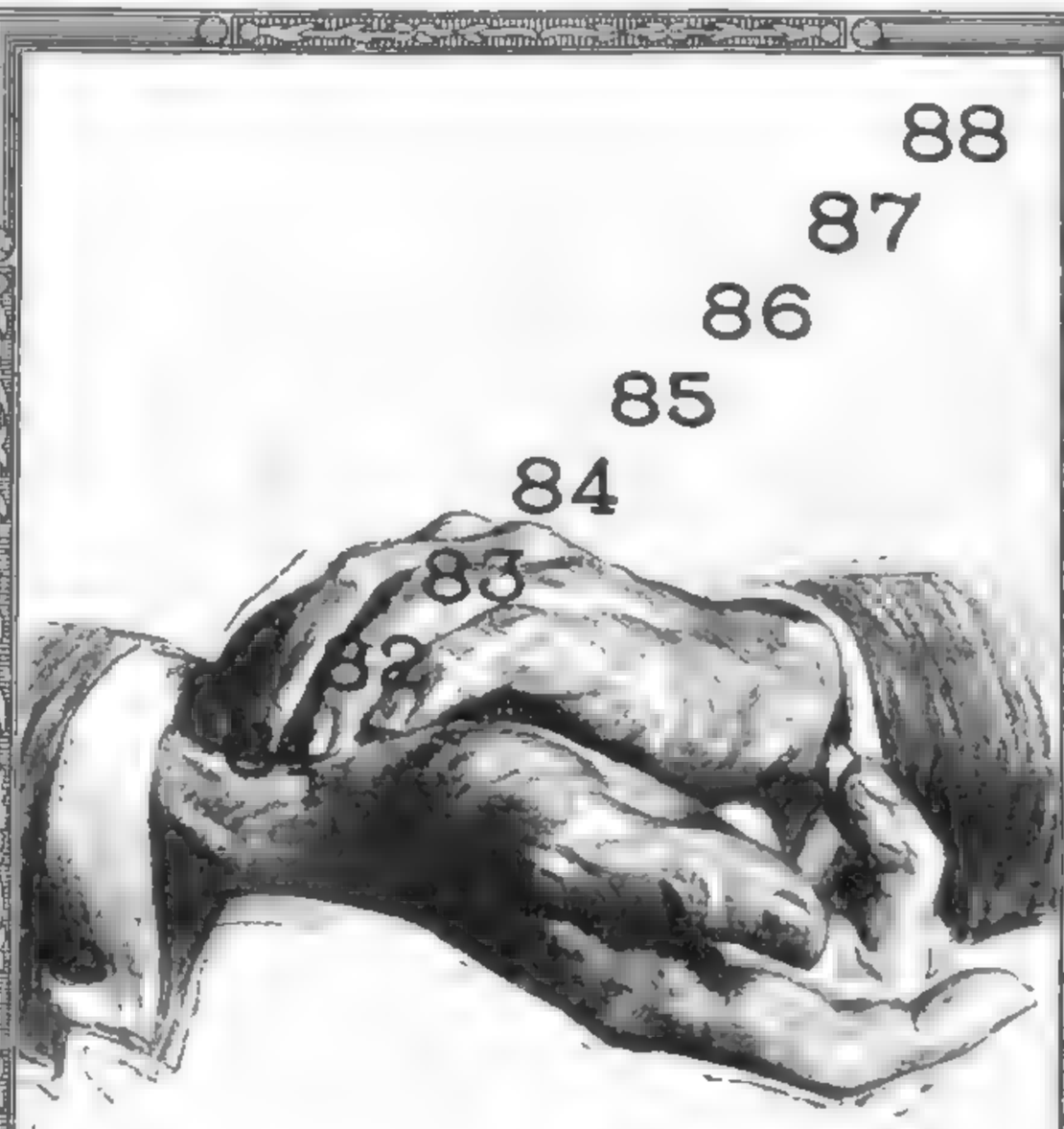
If air is used for heating it is necessary to open up the register and put in a lot of soaking-wet muslin, such as an old sheet, and allow the heat to pass by it, so instead of being delivered dry into the rooms it is moisture laden. By this means the percentage of moisture in many instances has been constantly held at fifty-four degrees when the temperature of the room has been sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit. Plates of silica and sand made under a patented process have been successfully introduced near the firepot in hot-air heaters, with the result that humidities of forty-eight to fifty-six degrees have been maintained in the whole house. These plates are very porous and in many instances water exceeding thirty quarts has been evaporated from them in twenty-four hours. Even a boiling kettle in a room is helpful, but not always practicable. When plants droop we water them; let us give a little of the same attention to ourselves. By so doing our coal bills will be less, our health improved and our body comfort increased.

Now let us assume that we have a fair understanding of the question of humidity and that the atmosphere in our homes will be maintained with an adequate moisture content. What then is the best temperature to fix as a sort of objective in our house-heating plans? As before stated, I do not believe in any inflexible rules or maximum limits. Strong, healthy people can live in a temperature of fifty-five or sixty degrees; children in school need sixty-eight to seventy degrees; and old, anæmic or sick persons may at times require a temperature as high as eighty degrees. As a general rule, however, in an atmosphere containing proper moisture a temperature of sixty-four degrees is scientifically best for the human race. This is what may be technically called our "optimum" temperature, or the degree of heat in which we thrive best. Above or below this temperature we cannot fight, or run, or digest our food so well. Excellent authorities maintain that the "optimum" temperature for maximum mental activity is forty degrees, but I am afraid most of us would find this quite uncomfortable as a steady thing.

Furnace Draft Regulation

As to one thing, however, there is very little difference of opinion. The rooms we sleep in should never be heated above fifty degrees, if at all; and the windows should be wide open if the weather permits. This overcomes the bad effects of living in a temperature that is too uniform. It is well known that variations of temperature are stimulating and improve health. Colds and other diseases of the respiratory organs come with twice the frequency to those who live in rooms with a uniform temperature. Changes brought about by frequently opening the windows are extremely healthful and provide that variability of temperature that enables a person to resist disease better.

In the actual consumption of coal for house heating there are numerous other ways to save fuel besides maintaining a lower temperature and increasing humidity. The average consumer should be as careful as possible in his selection of a proper coal. In many regions where coal is not scarce such care in purchasing fuel can be exercised to great advantage. In the matter of firing coal no one set of rules will work satisfactorily in all cases. The kind of heating apparatus has a great deal to do with it.



"'That won't do!' said the doctor counting my pulse—

"—Then he looked at the cigar I was smoking and told me it was too strong for me. So I switched to Girards."

Here was another case of a man smoking *the wrong kind of cigar*. And it was showing up in his heart action and his nerves. Normally, his pulse should have registered around 72 beats per minute. But here it was climbing clear up to 88.

"Broker," Actual size

Men sometimes come to us with an air of great surprise after trying Girards, and say something like this: "By jingo, it *is* a fact, that cigar of yours *doesn't* get on my nerves!"

And there is still another quality in the Girard that surprises a good many men—men who have always thought of a *mild* cigar as a "tasteless" cigar. To these men the Girard brings the surprise of a lifetime. For here is a mild cigar full of flavor and rich in bouquet; a mild cigar in which a man can find whole-souled tobacco satisfaction—without jeopardizing health or efficiency.

"Broker" size 11c to retain its goodness

Get a box of your dealer today. Any cigar man in America can sell you Girards. If he hasn't them in stock he can get them for you from us.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf

Established 1871 Philadelphia

The Girard Cigar

Never gets on your nerves

When Belgium Stemmed the Tide

Four years ago the Belgian Army, war-worn and weak in numbers, confronted the Germans on the Yser. From Liège to the last narrow strip of their country they had resisted the invaders inch by inch, glorious even in retreat.

At the Yser the Belgians performed a signal service to the Allied cause by holding the Germans while the gaps were being closed in the Franco-British lines to the rear.

Four years have passed, and the same nations are still at death grips along the Western front. America, too, is there, and has this opportunity because the Belgians kept the enemy from crossing the Yser long ago.

The same unfaltering courage, the same inspiration for sacrifice in our army abroad and in our citizens at home will give us victory.

The complete mobilization of the whole people is necessary and the telephone service has an increasingly important part in speeding the national effort.

More than 12,000 members of the Bell System are in military service. Those that remain at home must fill the gaps and do their utmost, with the co-operation of the public, to help win the war.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

W.S.S. THRIFT STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

LEPAGE'S GLUE
is made by the
RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS.
who also make and guarantee
SIGNET INK

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE
not only lessens the accumulation of tartar, but also sweetens the whole mouth by antiseptically cleansing the tissues.
Highest Award
Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Send for Interesting Folder about Rats.

Fires and Food—Rats and Mice Cause the Dog and Destroy the Other

Rat Bis-Kit

should be always on hand and ready for instant use in every home, store, office and shop.

DECK PAINT
for porches, floors and walls
DRIES HARD OVERNIGHT
A beautiful, sanitary surface for floors and walls. Can be scrubbed with soap and hot water. Try it for the kitchen, laundry, bathroom. Hot steam won't affect it. If you don't know who sells it in your town, write us.
THE BILLINGS-CHAPIN CO.
Boston Cleveland New York

No factor in the operation of a house-heating furnace is more important than draft regulation. The majority of furnaces have three dampers. One of these is on the ash-pit door, one on the firing door and one in the pipe connecting the furnace with the chimney. It is impossible to formulate any rule for the exact adjustment of the dampers. The proper practice must be ascertained by trial. In general the way to make the fire burn faster is to open the damper in the pipe leading to the chimney and open the damper in the ash-pit door. The damper in the firing door is not so easy to adjust because there is no simple way to determine the completeness of combustion. However, when bituminous coal is fired this damper should be slightly open all the time. In burning anthracite or coke, enough air for complete combustion may enter the furnace through various leaks, even when the firing-door damper is completely closed.

With most coals fires should be cleaned only once or twice in twenty-four hours. If alternate firing is employed the cleaning should be done just before firing the fresh charge, and only one-half of the grate cleaned at a time. This method prevents the creation of smoke and the resulting losses because the side of the fire on which there is uncoked coal is not disturbed. Do not poke and slice the fire more than necessary, and do not break the bed with a bar from the top. See that the maximum firing charge is not more than four or five inches thick. Break all lumps into pieces. Firing large lumps is wasteful. Have all doors on the boiler fit snug and do not allow material to wedge between the doors and the furnace frame; this would admit unnecessary air and cause useless combustion. Prevent the accumulation of clinkers in the fire and do not allow too much ashes on the grates. Be careful in shaking the ashes and do not shake through unburned fuel. The first glow in the ash pit is a warning to stop. In winter weather maintain the fuel bed ten to twelve inches thick. In mild weather decrease the depth of active fuel by keeping a layer of ashes on the grate under the live coals. Keep flue clean by brushing once a week and remove ashes from the ash pit frequently.

Other Simple Economies

A very important saving in coal will result if all families living in large houses will heat fewer rooms. If only five rooms are heated in a seven-room house the family can get along comfortably and not have to endure any real hardship. Let us not forget that consumptives are cured by living outdoors. If the house temperature is maintained at sixty-five degrees instead of seventy-two degrees the resultant saving in coal will amount to about eighteen per cent annually. A further economy will come from shortening the heating season. In most homes the furnace is started too early in the fall and is continued in operation too late in the spring. If even one grate is available in the house the solution for a short season is at hand, for all that is necessary is to light a grate fire for a few hours on chilly evenings.

The conservation of domestic coal must not end with our simply giving careful attention to the household furnace. We must watch all our lights and use only the most economical bulbs. These latter should be of as low candlepower or wattage as is permissible. Gas fixtures should be in the best condition and mantle burners should be substituted for the open-flame burners. The flat-flame burner uses more than twice as much gas as a mantle burner, and gives less light. Every mantle burner substituted for a flat-flame burner saves a couple of ounces of coal daily. In the kitchen, fireless cookers should be used if feasible. Considerable fuel can also be saved by arranging the cooking so that the stoves are heated for the shortest possible time each day. Coal should be purchased as near home as practicable and the householder should buy a full wagonload if he can; this reduces labor and cost of delivery.

If the scraper for cleaning the smoke passages in the kitchen stove is lost, buy another and use it often. Do not run the range for the single purpose of heating tank water. Be economical of hot water in all cases. To heat one gallon of water from, say, forty degrees to one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit requires about a quarter pound of coal in actual practice. If we use ten gallons of hot water in taking a bath, at the above rate we consume approximately two and a half pounds of coal. It is therefore plain to be seen how great is the fuel waste when we allow hot water to run indiscriminately. Even in our use of cold water we should exercise care, for some of our small municipal plants consume as much as a pound of coal in pumping twenty-five gallons of water. How often do we leave the faucet open for no particular reason at all; or perhaps we want a cold drink and waste five gallons of water to get it. People stopping in hotels are perhaps the worst offenders along these lines, for here such things as water and towels add no extra charge to the individual's bill.

A few timely suggestions to the American housewife relative to economy in operating the ordinary kitchen range have been prepared by the United States Bureau of Mines. Among other things the bureau includes the following information: "With a big fire a little air is needed over the coal as well as through it. If soft coal is used in the range allow just enough air to come through the damper over the fire to make the flames so short they will not reach the second row of stove lids. Close the top draft damper when the flames get shorter than the first row of stove lids. When it is necessary to carry a fire overnight fill the fire box with coal, cover over tightly with ashes and close all dampers. To start the fire, open the damper below the grate and the one in the stovepipe. Break up the coke in the fire box with a poker, rattling the ash into the ash box. Save what coal and coke you can from the ashes and use when you have a good fire. When the fire is well started close the damper in the smoke pipe as much as you can to maintain the fire you need. Open this damper to prevent smoking while putting in fresh coal. Damper control is the secret of economical heating."

If any American believes that the Government is asking of the individual more than it should let such person ponder over the fact that nearly sixty per cent of the families living in Berlin last winter cooked, ate and slept in the same room. Too many of us continue to talk of our troubles and are grieved because the world doesn't stand at attention while our personal distress is relieved. Thousands of Americans look out upon the horizon of their lives and seeing a glowworm think it is a conflagration. What does it matter if the mortgage is due? That is nothing to the sorrow of Mrs. Smith next door, who has a wonderful son already sleeping in a grave in France. If business is bad and prices are high, remember here in the United States we have more of the good things of life right now than anywhere else on earth, and do not forget that more people have died of starvation in Europe and Asia this last year than have succumbed to enemy bullets.

No Victories for Weepers

This is no day to whine and practice self-pity. It is a time that calls for decision and action. All worth-while things are difficult. We learn by trying. Every day we delay our fight means a stronger enemy. The trouble is not our inability to bear adversity but rather our inability to forget prosperity. Sorrow like bad weather comes without being sent for, but it will pay no debt and add nothing to the force of our effort. We might as well try to catch the wind in a net as to expect victory from a nation of weepers. It is our sacred duty to strangle the grumblers and mourners. Griefs appear swift and remedies slow, but time tames the greatest sorrow. No mine or mill or factory can set a new high figure for production if the men working there are morose and dreary.

Let us chase away the joy slacker. We must pool not only our material forces but our glee forces. The man who holds the ladder is as bad as the one who climbs up it into your house and steals your goods. Any person in America to-day who goes about shrouded in gloom is as much a member of the Kaiser's Army as the surly Prussian who carries a gun. We are up against a dehumanized nation—a country whose soul has been shriveled and benumbed by the poison of hate and self-worship. We are fighting a people devoted to scientific barbarism—a government whose record of broken treaties and hideous cruelties goes back as far as its history. In order to win and silence forever the Huns and their Kaiser, who impudently anoints himself as the "Sword of God," we must forget our petty troubles and present a self-sacrificing and cheerful nation behind a brave and cheerful army.

Let us grin and work and fight.

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

How in One Evening I Discovered the Secret of a Good Memory and in Six Months Increased My Business One Hundred Thousand Dollars

As I look back on it today, I can hardly believe that it is only six short months since I first met David M. Roth, the famous memory expert, and learned from this course—in one evening—how to make my memory do wonderful things, which I never dreamed were possible.

That first meeting, which has meant so much to me since, was at a luncheon of the Rotary Club in New York where Mr. Roth gave one of his remarkable memory demonstrations. I can best describe it by quoting the Seattle Post Intelligencer's account of a similar exhibition:

> "Of the 150 members of the Seattle Rotary Club at a luncheon yesterday not one left with the slightest doubt that Mr. Roth could do all claimed for him. Rotarians at the meeting had to pinch themselves to see whether they were awake or not.
>
> "Mr. Roth started his exhibition by asking sixty of those present to introduce themselves by name to him. Then he waved them aside and requested a member at the blackboard to write down the names of firms, sentences and mottoes on numbered squares, meanwhile sitting with his back to the writer and only learning the positions by oral report. After this he was asked by different Rotarians to tell what was written down in various specific squares, and gave the entire list without a mistake.
>
> "After finishing with this, Mr. Roth singled out and called by name the sixty men to whom he had been introduced earlier, who in the meantime had changed seats and had mixed with others present."

It was just such a meeting that I attended at the Hotel McAlpin, when Mr. Roth started me on the "Road to Better Memory."

My own progress in memory building since that time seems like one of those pleasant dreams about picking up basketfuls of money. You know the kind—when you lie still and try to stay asleep so you can keep on dreaming (and picking up money). But it *is* reality all right for I have the *proof*. I can now go into a room with from 30 to 50 people, and one hour after being introduced to them—or a week after or a month—call their names instantly, almost without a single mistake on meeting them again, wherever it may be or however unexpectedly I may run into them.

But I find I am not the only one who has had this strange and quite unbelievable experience.

Only yesterday I was sitting at the desk of Mr. Roth's publisher, the president of the Independent Corporation, when we were interrupted by the ring of his telephone. I had come to discuss some of the finer points in Mr. Roth's code for linking up numbers with names and business facts. When the Publisher hung up the receiver he said, "That was Terence J. McManus speaking, of the law firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus and Ernst. You have heard of him, of course—a striking figure in many famous criminal trials in New York City, and a hard man to beat when it comes to a test of wits or memory.

"He says he regards our service in giving this Roth Memory Course to the world as a 'public benefaction.' The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired appeal to him tremendously. He says he has already had occasion to test out the effectiveness of the first two lessons in preparing for trial an important action in which he is about to engage. (You see I am pretty good myself at reporting telephone talks—thanks to Mr. Roth!)

"But that is an everyday occurrence now. We have just received this letter from E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company. He says:

> 'At one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words in Mr. Roth's first lesson forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method outlined is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment I have gotten from the first lesson.'

"The gratifying, and inspiring, part of it is," continued the Publisher, "that they all say substantially the same thing. Here is a basket of 1000 letters from Roth enthusiasts received by us in the past 30 days—selected at random from the many thousands who have written in ordering the course. One man says, 'It can't be true!' and returns the course. The other 999 tell in glowing terms what the Roth method is doing for them, in many ways, and how quickly and delightfully they have mastered the big idea.

"A good composite of the general type of these letters is furnished by this letter received several months ago from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 became the President of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous fire extinguisher. You know the letter, but read it again. He says:

> 'Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have *enjoyed* the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends.'

"I tell you, Mr. Jones, it is a great experience to read these letters that pour in every day from every corner of the land—especially when I think how simple this method is and how few people among those who need it so badly have imagined before that such a thing could exist."

*****

All this was no surprise to me. In fact, it seemed rather "tame" compared with my own experience with the Roth Course—which was as follows:

It sent me ahead in my business like a twin-six "on high" and to a degree that I would not have believed possible. And all in *six* months!

I *know* it was the Roth Course that did it. I will take my oath on it. Because I cannot account for the change in my whole business life in any other way.

I had suspected that the letter I saw from "Multigraph" Smith (H. Q. Smith, Manager Multigraph Sales Company of Montreal) was over-enthusiastic. But I know now—from my own actual experience—that he didn't put it a bit too strong when he wrote:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

The cold fact is that my new grip on business came in the six short months from the time I took up the Roth Memory Course.

In that brief period—and my cashier will vouch for this—I increased my sales by $100,000—and that in war time, mind you, with anything but a "war bride," and with German drives sending cold shivers down the public spine and submarines knocking holes in business confidence and buying habits.

The reason stands out as brightly as a star bomb. Mr. Roth has given me a firmer mental grasp of business tendencies and a better balanced judgment, a keener foresight and the ability to act swiftly and surely that I never possessed before.

His lessons have taught me to see clearly ahead; and how to visualize conditions in more exact perspective; and how to remember the things I need to remember at the instant I need them most in business transactions.

In consequence, I have been able to seize many golden opportunities that before would have slipped by and been out of reach by the time I woke up.

You see the Roth Course has done vastly more for me than teaching me how to remember names and faces and telephone numbers. It has done more than make me a more interesting talker. It has done more than give me confidence on my feet.

It has given me a greater *power* in all the conduct of my business.

Mr. Roth's course has endowed me with a new business *perspective*. It has made me a keener observer. It has given me a new sense of proportion and values. It has given me visualization—which after all is the true basis of business success.

Now, dear reader, do you not think you can use this Roth Memory Course in *your* business? It doesn't cost a penny to try it out. I am willing to lay a large wager—right now—that if you will send for the course and spend *one evening* on that fascinating first lesson, they won't be able to get it back from you with a team of horses. And you will vote that $5 (which I know you will send eventually) the best investment you ever made.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Division of Business Education, Dept. 1910, 119 West 40th St., New York

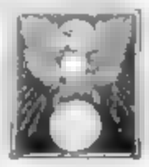
Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly).

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name_____

Address_____

Post 10-12-18



Columbia Batteries

Dry Batteries

Be it auto, truck, or tractor, that spare set of Columbia Dry Batteries will be a good investment and save lots of trouble when ignition troubles come.

It is the work of a moment to wire in a set of Columbias. With these on the job, you're through with ignition troubles *until the last hot spark is drained from the cells.*

To run a stationary engine; to speed a motorboat; to ring bells, light lanterns, or make telephones talk—use Columbias.

They're the ready, steady battery—the easiest form of power to buy—the simplest to use. They require no technical knowledge. Keep plenty of Columbias on hand. They're dependable in every service.

Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts, on request, no extra charge.

Storage Batteries

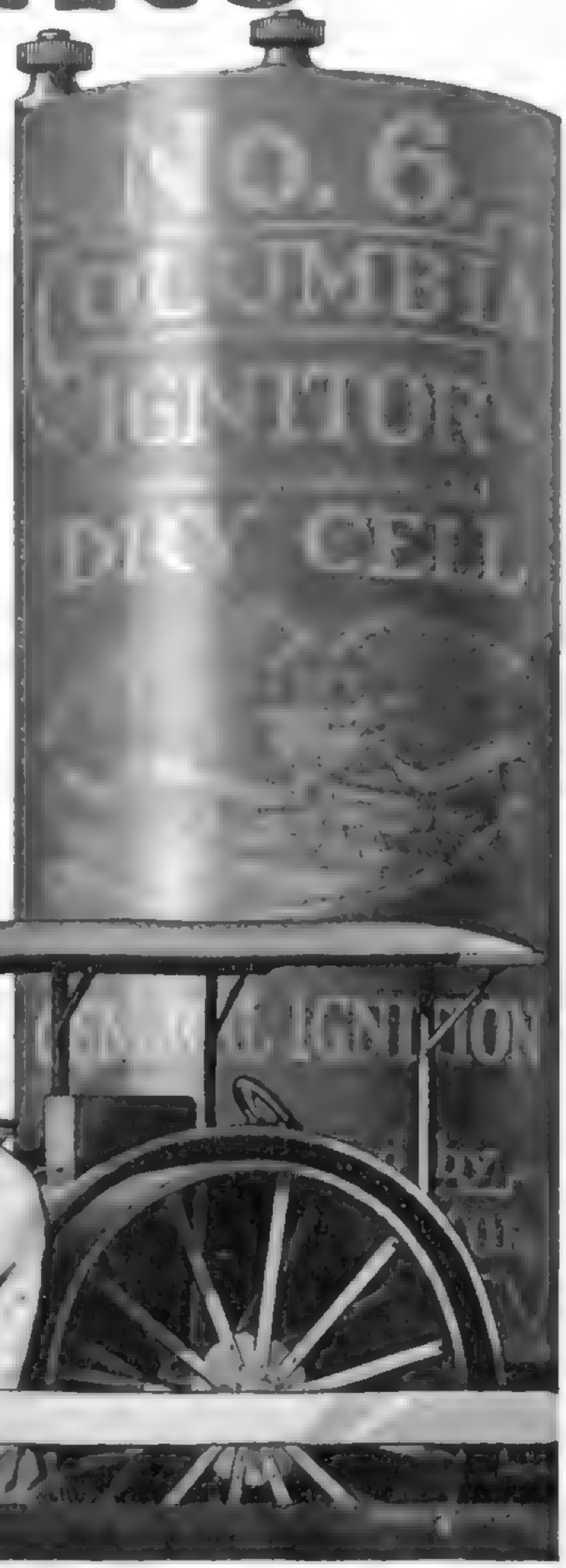
The Columbia Storage Battery is guaranteed to do definite work for a definite period. If it fails to live up to the guarantee, another battery will be furnished without additional cost.

It is supported by a common-sense system of service. Columbia Service is rendered by Service Stations in the larger cities, and by Service Dealers in the smaller cities and towns. Columbia Service Dealers will inspect your battery, charge it if necessary, supply distilled water, and give every attention ordinarily required—except actual repairs which necessitate the tearing down of the battery. If this is necessary, your battery will be sent to a nearby Columbia Service Station, where it will be in the hands of experts—insuring you actual service at a reasonable price.

Columbia Service Stations or Service Dealers will gladly tell you about the Columbia, the service and guarantee back of it.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario



THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

(Continued from Page 5)

his intention to do this act of justice. He issued an imperial decree in which he declared that "in consideration of the former constitutional position of Bohemia, and remembering the power and glory which its crown had given to his ancestors, . . . he gladly recognized the rights of the kingdom, and was willing to confirm this assurance by taking the coronation oath." Thus the head of the house of Hapsburg formally recognized the historic rights of the kingdom of Bohemia, so persistently and continuously infringed and contemned since 1620, and agreed to be crowned king in Prague, as he had been crowned king in Budapest. Arrangements were to be made whereby Bohemia should gain the same rights as Hungary, independence in domestic affairs and union with Austria and Hungary for certain general purposes. The Dual Monarchy was to become a Triple Monarchy. A beginning was to be made in the federalization of a country where the principle of federalism was absolutely the only one that could assure contentment, justice, equity to the various component races.

When men nowadays, in their solicitude for the integrity of Austria, state that all that is needed there is not the independence of the long and grossly maltreated races but the application of the federal principle, they speak as if this were an easy possibility. They ignore the teachings of history, of the history of the past fifty years: teachings which show that their optimistic expedient has been knocked galley-west and is as dead as Queen Anne. Austria was far nearer becoming a federal state in 1871 than she has been at any moment since, and nearer still than she is or could be at the present moment or after the present war.

Betrayed by the Hapsburgs

In 1871 Austria was on the verge, as stated, of adopting the federal principle. What happened to arrest her? The two inveterate, age-long, implacable enemies of the Slavs intervened peremptorily to veto this project—and Francis Joseph was false to his promise, thus adding to the despicable record of the Hapsburgs for faithlessness and treachery. The Germans of Austria, the Magyars of Hungary announced that they would never tolerate a self-governing Bohemia. The Emperor's plans were bitterly opposed by the Germans of Austria, who, as the dominant class and also as a minority of the whole population, feared the loss of their supremacy, feared the rise of the Slavs, whom they hated. The Slavs were bitterly opposed also by the Magyars of Hungary, who feared that the recognition of the Slavic state of Bohemia would rouse the Slavic peoples of Hungary, among whom were the Slovaks, the Croatians and the Slovenes, to demand the same rights, and the Magyars were determined not to share with them their privileged position; were, on the contrary, determined to make them Magyars by compulsion, to stamp out completely their separate identity and personality.

The decree which was to place Bohemia on an equality with Austria and Hungary never came. The Hapsburgs betrayed the Slavs once more—not, however, for the last time.

For the past fifty years the history of the Czecho-Slovaks has been the history of a people essentially one—one in race, one in language, one in aspiration—yet artificially divided and both subject to the control of forces outside themselves. The fortunes of the Czechs have been determined by their connection with Austria; the fortunes of the Slovaks by their connection with Hungary. The former have fared better than the latter, inasmuch as oppression in Austria has been more difficult to practice than it has been in Hungary, owing to various reasons. In both countries there has been oppression, and in both the spirit of nationality has steadily grown under circumstances highly adverse.

In Bohemia the history of the fifty years has been the history of a linguistic and national feud. Slav has confronted German during all these years in continuous and angry opposition. These internal racial struggles of Bohemia have foreshadowed in miniature the gigantic racial struggle of to-day. The spirit of freedom versus the spirit of autocracy, the right of the Slavs to the enjoyment of life, liberty and property versus the claim of the Germans to hegemony, have been the conflicting forces that have dominated the internal politics of the land of Huss. Bohemia has been a veritable caldron of superheated passions. A climax was reached as early as 1903 when, on the floor of the Austrian Parliament, the Pan-Germans, infuriated by the claims of the Czechs, cheered the house of Hohenzollern.

The Compromise of 1867 was, then, a victory for the Magyars and the Germans; and not only for the Germans of Austria but for the Germans of Prussia. During the war of 1866 Bismarck had sought to play off the enemies or dissatisfied subjects of Austria against that country. He published a manifesto to the Czechs at the moment Prussia's armies were about to cross into Bohemia, promising to respect their "historic rights" and announcing that the victory of Prussia would mean that the hour would have "struck" for Bohemia and Moravia, as for Hungary, to realize their national ambitions. However, the hour had struck for Hungary, but not for the other two, and Bismarck had supported the stronger and now sided with her. He desired Austria as an ally, and as such she could be serviceable only if she was a strong military power and if the domination was in the hands of the German element. Here we have in process of formation that Austro-German alliance which since then has been the basis of the political system of Europe.

Tremendous was the indignation of the Czechs at the grand refusal, the treachery of the governing authorities; but they were powerless. This indignation was prevented from becoming something more dangerous by a vigorous employment of all the powers of the state, preventive censorship, arbitrary condemnations of contumacious Czechs, confiscations, dissolutions of societies, manipulation of offices and office-holders.

It was difficult, however, to silence the voice of a proud and indomitable race whose sons were willing and ready to face suffering and even death for their country. Austria did not dare abolish outright the local legislatures of Bohemia and Moravia, but her ministries displayed every art in gerrymandering electoral districts, in using immense government pressure in tricking, intimidating, nullifying the voters so as to get those legislatures under their control. Every conceivable attempt was made to assure the domination of Bohemia by the German element of the population over the Czech element, which constituted the overwhelming majority.

The Czechs' Long Fight

The Czechs stuck to their guns, firing them off whenever they could, sometimes with considerable explosions. Year in, year out, under all kinds of political weather, they kept their courage, they intensified their tenacity, they clung to their aim, the autonomy of Bohemia. They did not rebel—the odds would have been too great against success—but they prepared for happier days. They labored incessantly to increase their economic strength and prosperity; they used what political rights and power they possessed under the constitution to get larger rights and greater power. They seized every opportunity to block the work of the Bohemian Diet or of the Austrian Parliament until some concession of importance was made to them—either the appointment of Czechs to minor offices or the right to use their language in the schools or in public offices. As Austrian ministries had a way of falling into distress, as from time to time they needed Czech votes, they were forced to pay the price.

Thus as decade after decade went by the Czechs developed not only their national consciousness, which hardly needed development, but their economic and their intellectual and general social individuality, more and more richly, more and more sharply. The obstacles in their way were numerous, the deceptions and disappointments unhappily recurrent; they were fighting men who had no scruples and whose promises were written in water; but despite all they steadily progressed. In 1914 the Czech nationality was riper, better equipped, more insistent than ever. The history of

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these tense years cannot be summarized. Suffice it to say it was the history of a nation that had once been captain of its own destinies and was resolved to become captain again.

Two obstacles were constantly in the way—the pretensions of the Germans and the pretensions of the Magyars, pretensions that the Dual Monarchy belonged to them and that the Slavs, the majority, were not to have a "look-in"; were to sit in the seats of the lowly and be content with being governed by their betters. The struggle has been implacable and it has been renewed with each rising sun. As the racial hatreds grew to such a pitch, parliamentary institutions, which gave them opportunity for expression, were more and more infringed by the Hapsburgs, and long before 1914 constitutional government was virtually dead in Austria.

In Hungary the reign of violence was, during these years, still more open and shameless. In 1867 the Magyars became absolute masters of Hungary, and they have remained such until to-day. In that country the situation of the non-Magyars—that is, of the Slavs—has been intolerable. It is time for the Western world to discard one of its illusions—namely, the belief, derived from the times of Louis Kossuth and entirely unjustified even in his day, that Hungary is a land passionately pledged to the service of freedom. The Magyars wanted then what they still insist upon—freedom for themselves, freedom to oppress others.

The violence of their rule has finally become generally known. The fundamental and absorbing purpose of the Magyars has been not to live and let live, but forcibly to compel the other races to become Magyars. This policy of Magyarization they have steadily persisted in. They have insisted upon the use of the Magyar language in public offices, courts, schools and in the railway service—wherever, in short, it has been possible. It is stated that there is not a single inscription in any post office or railway station in all Hungary except in the Magyar language. The Magyars have, in fact, refused to make any concessions to the various peoples who live with them within the boundaries of Hungary. They have, indeed, tried in every way to stamp out all peculiarities.

Magyar Chicanery

For nearly fifty years this policy has been followed, and it has not succeeded. Hungary has not been Magyarized, because the power of resistance of the other races has proved too strong. But in the attempt, which in the last decade has grown sharper and shriller than ever, the Magyar minority has stopped at nothing. It has committed innumerable tricks, acts of arbitrary power, breaches of the law, in order to crush out all opposition. Political institutions have been distorted into engines of ruthless oppression, political life has steadily deteriorated in character and purpose under the influence of an overmastering purpose which has recognized no bounds. Hungary, which boasts itself a land of freedom, has insured freedom only to the dominant race, the Magyars, and, as a matter of fact, to only a small minority of them. For every other race Hungary has been a land of unbridled despotism. Every imaginable instrument has been used to crush the Slavs or convert them into Magyars—corruption and gross illegalities in the administrative service, in the control of elections, persecution of independent newspapers, suppression of schools, the firm determination to prevent these subject peoples—for such they virtually are, though theoretically fellow citizens—from developing their own languages, literatures, arts, economic life, ideals. The situation has been galling to the Slavs and the other peoples. Magyar misrule has steadily increased in intensity, has in our time vitiated and corrupted the national life and has made Hungary a tinder box of disaffection and racial animosities.

Among the subject peoples so outrageously governed are the Slovaks, twin brothers, as already stated, of the Czechs. The Slovaks have not been allowed their own primary schools except in a few cases; much less have they been allowed secondary schools. They have not had their own courts, all law appointments being reserved for the Magyars. Their press has been muzzled or suppressed. Their leaders have been hounded into prison on the flimsiest pretexts. Even their local administration has been in the hands of the Magyars, and in the national parliament in Budapest they had before the war just two members to represent them, though they numbered three million people and the Magyars only nine millions.

It is no wonder that in 1914 the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary desired the destruction of this monstrous political and social system which was the synonym of shrieking injustice and inhumanity; no wonder that there rang through the Czecho-Slovak countries the cry that "This war will at last deliver us from the yoke of the Hapsburgs, the Germans and the Magyars." Austria-Hungary cumbers the earth and should be swept off it. It has never given freedom to its peoples, and this world must and shall belong to the free. The Hapsburgs, as well as the Hohenzollerns and the house of Osman, have been tried and emphatically found wanting. The Czechs, who in 1870 indignantly protested against the rape of Alsace-Lorraine by the Germans, should have the support in their struggle for independence of all those who are resolved to right the wrong done in 1870. This gigantic contest of our day should not end until gigantic changes are made in the map of Europe and until the bounds of human freedom are gigantically expanded. When that is done the Allies will have acquitted themselves like men, conscious of their opportunity and of their responsibility. Having accomplished that they will receive the praise of "well done, thou good and faithful servant," and the world may look forward to a long stretch of peace.

The Pan-German Plot

The record of Austria in Bohemia, of Hungary in Slovakia, is a record of oppression, continuous, implacable, unbridled. The present war was begun by this arch-oppressor of the Slavs. In 1914 Austria-Hungary attacked the Serbs, another and related branch of the Slavic race. In doing this she was but continuing beyond her borders the policy long followed within them. As the Slavs stood right across the path of her present ambitions and those of her ally, Germany, they must first be swept aside. In addition, the opportunity would be offered of using the Slavs of Austria-Hungary in a crusade which had as its fundamental purpose the triumph of Germanism over Slaviam throughout the world. Then let the Teutonic Powers extend their rule over Southeastern Europe and begin the conquest of Asia.

In this anti-Slav combination the Magyars, the fiercest haters of the Slavs, played an important and aggressive rôle. Despite the systematic persecution of the Slavs for fifty years the latter were nevertheless growing stronger in intelligence, in wealth and in community of feeling. Pan-Germanism was the sworn enemy of Slavic development anywhere and everywhere, and Pan-Germanism was the most aggressive force in Europe. The creation of Central Europe was on the cards in Germany long before the outbreak of the war. Germany's intimate connection with Austria-Hungary, with Turkey and with Bulgaria, where ruled a German prince, was steadily becoming closer. A war of aggression and aggrandizement would make it tight and permanent. Central Europe would emerge as a fact and would easily be made impregnable.

Certain obstacles stood in the way—Serbia, which must therefore be crushed; the Czecho-Slovaks, opposed for centuries to the Germans and therefore not to be won over to coöperation in any such scheme—they could be crushed by a war and then Germanized; also the Poles could similarly be controlled by a war and their fate settled once and for all. All Slavic nationalist aspirations could thus be completely annihilated, and the path of Pan-German progress would open wide and unobstructed.

This scheme involved, then, the annihilation of the Czecho-Slovaks. The Czecho-Slovaks understood this clearly, and since August, 1914, they have done their utmost to thwart it. They have rendered every service in their power to the Allies. Their present activity in Russia and Siberia is only the latest and most sensational evidence of their devotion to the cause for which France, Great Britain, Italy, Serbia, Belgium and America are fighting. For them the war, which was intended by those who plotted and began it as their death knell, became instantly a war of independence. By the aid they have given the Allies, unasked, unexpected, and though

(Concluded on Page 109)

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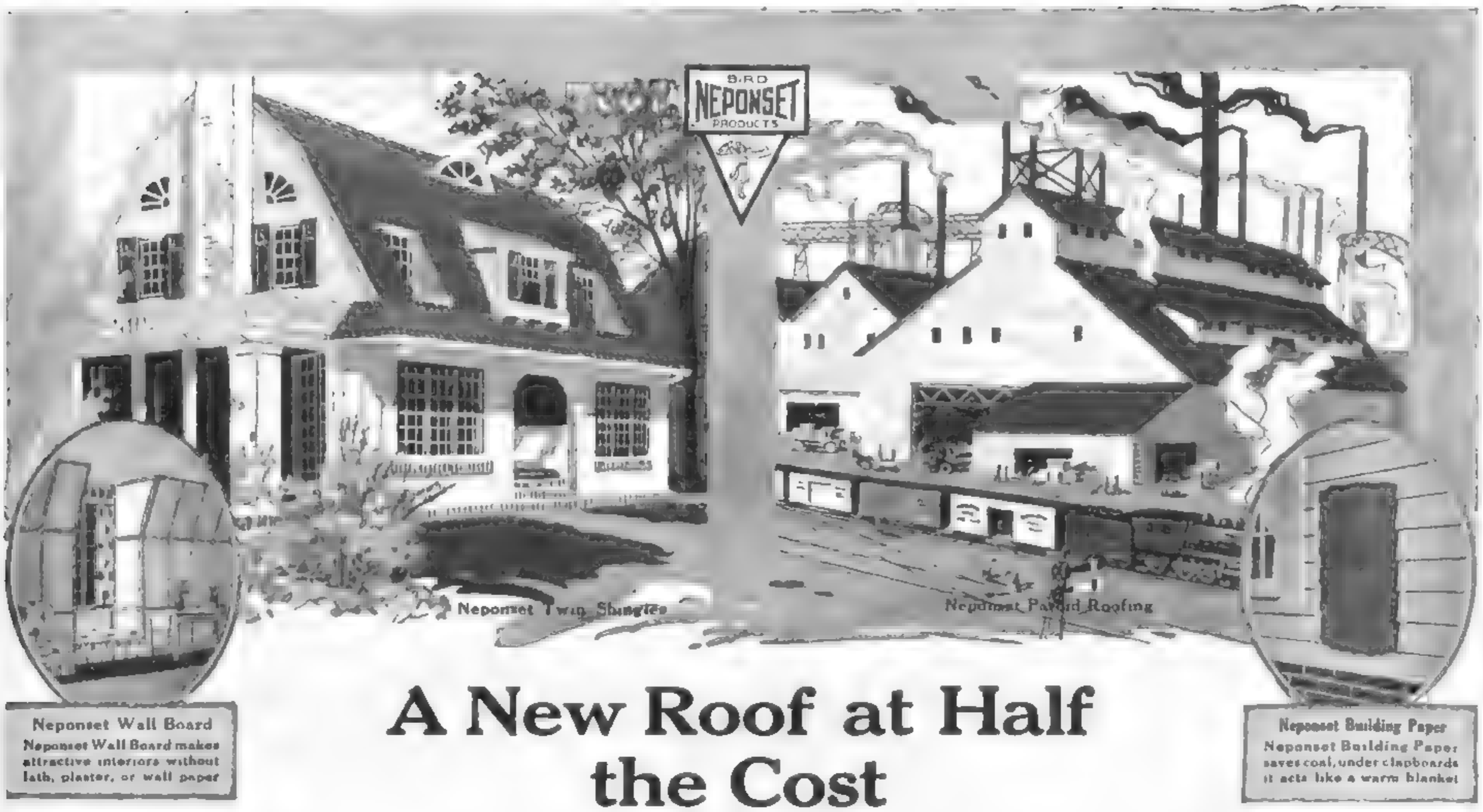
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(Concluded from Page 106)

long cavalierly treated by the Allies, they have placed the latter under the heaviest obligations. Only by plain and incredible treachery to sorely tried friends can the Allies consent to a peace that would hand them back to their former tyrants. If the Allied world is willing to abandon them, then at least let it cease to talk of fighting for international morality, for freedom and for democracy.

The Czecho-Slovaks have, since August, 1914, done what they could to block the plans of Berlin and Vienna. Owing to their geographical position between the upper and nether millstones, their action for a long while could be only passive; also, owing to the political fact that they had no control of the government but that the authorities of Vienna controlled the machinery and were able to mobilize the Czecho-Slovaks as units in the Austrian armies. Nevertheless, their passive resistance has been a great service to the Allies and has also tested the strength of the resolution, the devotion of the Czechs to our cause. They refused to swear loyalty to Austria. They refused to subscribe to war loans or to surrender their foodstuffs. And, far more important, Czech soldiers, wherever and whenever possible, refused to march and fight for Austria.

Austria's Bloody Revenge

They thus did what they could—and it was much—to bring about the disasters that befell the Austro-Hungarian armies in the first year of the war. They contributed greatly to the disorganization of the Austrian Government and society. If this record could be told in detail the world would see how much it owes to this valiant people. They have constantly shown their hostility to Austria. Repeated popular demonstrations in little villages as well as in Prague, refusals to fire on Serbs and Russians, attacks upon their German officers, surrender en masse to the enemy whenever possible—such have been their methods

Of course, the Austrian Government pronounced all this high treason, and fearful has been its revenge. Czech soldiers in large numbers have been shot down as traitors; Czech civilian leaders have been arrested, imprisoned, shot, or have fled the country by the thousands. Despite all this the nation has stood firm and has accepted the leadership of a self-constituted National Council, with Professor Masaryk at its head, a man long respected and very influential, who early escaped from Bohemia and has been directing affairs from abroad, mainly from London. Masaryk's life has been declared forfeited by the Austrian authorities, but he goes his stormy way and has at last won the official recognition of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States for a government that exists as yet only in the minds and hearts of the Bohemian people, that does not control an inch of Bohemian soil, that does not wield any part of the governmental machinery of Bohemia, but that is at the present moment a powerful and an increasing factor in the world struggle.

The National Council has declared the independence of the Czecho-Slovaks; England, France, Italy and the United States have recognized it. Czecho-Slovak armies are fighting on the Western Front, under their own flags, side by side with the Allies. But as all the world knows they have been performing their most wonderful service in Russia, alone and unaided until the last few weeks. There, in that maelstrom of disorder and darkness, they have pointed the path and carried the necessary work a long way forward.

Early in 1917 there were more than three hundred thousand Czech prisoners in Russia. Many of them were enrolled in the Russian Army; all of them would have been had not the old imperial régime been disinclined to use them. However, in spite of opposition a Czech legion was early formed. The services of these soldiers to the Allied cause were praised in the official Russian communications of February 2, 1916, and March 29, 1917. A large number of Czech soldiers have been decorated. In the fighting in the Dobrudja, in October, 1916, many thousands of Czechs took part and were praised in the order of the day for having "fought heroically."

In France a Czecho-Slovak legion was early created. On the very day after the declaration of war in 1914 four hundred and seventy-one Czech residents in France volunteered and joined the French Army, and by October they were in the trenches in Champagne. In May, 1916, they took part in the offensive near Neuville St. Vaast, sustaining heavy losses; later they were in the battle of the Somme. Many Czechs have been sent to Saloniki. It has been estimated that their losses in killed, wounded and disabled amount to more than fifty per cent. The Czechs have enlisted in English, Canadian and Italian armies. Wherever they have seen a chance to serve, thither they have hastened.

In return for this their country has been fearfully punished. The persecutions to which Bohemia has been subjected by Austrians and by Germans have been similar to those visited upon Alsace-Lorraine, Poland, Serbia, Belgium. The prisons have been packed, executions of civilians and of soldiers have been very frequent. Many of the condemned are women. The houses of Bohemian patriots have been raided, their papers seized, their property confiscated, their families, friends and relatives persecuted.

Notice that in all this the Czecho-Slovaks have been peculiarly isolated, have stood alone. Not until very recently have they received any official recognition from the Allies. They were representatives of a country which aspired to independence but whose independence did not exist in fact, and whose independence none of the Allies for whom they were working recognized. Indeed, at various critical moments in the past four years the Allies, including the United States, have toyed with their oppressor and have shown that they were willing to recognize the integrity of Austria-Hungary if Austria-Hungary would only withdraw from Germany. The integrity of Austria-Hungary means just one thing—the continuance of racial tyranny in a redoubled and more envenomed spirit than ever. To the Czecho-Slovaks, and to them alone, belongs the meed of praise and appreciation that they are now receiving. But the praise and appreciation have been forced slowly and reluctantly from the Allies. The Czecho-Slovaks have hitherto done far more for the Allies than the Allies have done for them.

The Prediction of Palacky

A people that has shown such intelligence, such an appreciation of the issues involved in the present struggle, in which the Allies have made such errors of judgment, have so often hesitated, delayed, backed and filled; a people that has displayed such unanimity of feeling and such a sense of subordination to its leaders, is a people worthy of independence, and which, under most perplexing and unfavorable conditions, has given every evidence that it will know how to use its independence wisely when it comes.

For four years, along with fighting and suffering, the Czecho-Slovaks have gradually been building up the fabric of a state which only awaits victory to be put in power. The Czecho-Slovaks will not be found unprepared when the time arrives for the statesmanship of the country to grapple with the problem of political construction. All that remains to be done is to pry Austro-Hungarian control loose, and then Bohemia will be free. The famous remark of Palacky, one of the greatest of Bohemians of fifty years ago, will then receive its sanction and its proof: "We existed before Austria, and shall exist after her."

An independent Czecho-Slovak state will have a population of eleven or twelve millions. In its political principles as well as in its historic souvenirs, in its outlook upon life and in its aspirations, it will take its place naturally among the freedom-loving peoples. In 1848, when Palacky, the great historian and statesman, started the modern phase of the struggle against the Germans, the Magyars and the Hapsburgs, he chose as his motto that of the French Revolution—"Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." The new state is pledged to democracy by every fiber of its being. It will be a republic too. Thus it will represent, in the very heart of Europe, the principles of government and society to which our own country is forever dedicated. We should count it an inestimable honor as well as a priceless opportunity to be able to contribute to the full extent of our powers to the erection of that state. If we care anything about the progressive liberation of the world our responsibility is great and our duty clear.

Why Teeth Lose Their Glitter

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Leave the Film

Why do well-brushed teeth discolor and decay?

Why does tartar form?

Why does pyorrhea start?

Millions of people are asking those questions, and the answer is this:

A slimy film constantly forms on your teeth. It clings to the teeth. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays, and your brushing doesn't remove it. And most tooth troubles are due to that film.

That film is what discolors—not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, and many internal troubles are due to them.

These facts have been known for years. But dental science found no way to effectively combat the film. A vigorous dental cleaning from time to time was needed to remove it.

Now a way has been found to combat it. That way is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. You can prove it, as thousands have, by a simple one-week test. This is to urge that you do it—at our cost.

See the Difference

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Ordinary pepsin will not serve. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth.

But science has now found a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, employed in Pepsodent, makes teeth-cleaning vastly more effective.

Able authorities have made clinical tests of Pepsodent. In thousands of cases they have watched its efficiency. Now we are urging all people to prove it in their homes. It means results you do not get without it, and they are all-important.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

That film is your teeth's chief enemy. One week will show you that you can combat it. Then you will always clean your teeth, we think, in this scientific way. Cut out the coupon now.

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A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

(135)

Champion "Minute" Spark Plug Cleaner

See What a Simple Job It Makes of a Long Mean One

You don't even take the spark plug apart—just screw it into the socket at the end of the cleaner, after half filling it with gasoline, and shake.

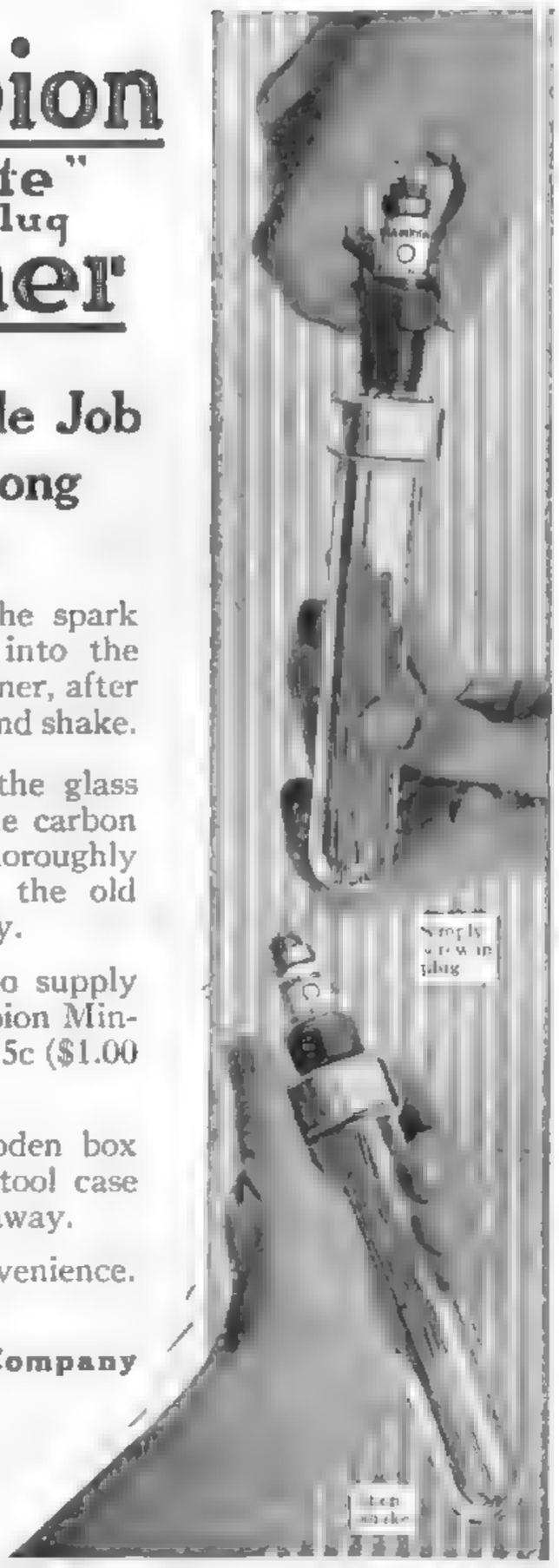
Little steel needles in the glass tube of the cleaner pick the carbon off and clean the plug more thoroughly than you could do it in the old laborious way—and in a jiffy.

Your garageman or auto supply dealer will sell you a Champion Minute Spark Plug Cleaner for 75c ($1.00 in Canada).

It comes in a neat wooden box that fits snugly into your tool case when you want to pack it away.

Get one—it's a great convenience.

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio



Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada Limited Windsor, Ontario

18----------45

¶ Most of our representatives fall between these ages. Scores of them are already in France. Others will follow soon.

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THE ROARING ROAD

(Continued from Page 9)

"Oh, daddy! You mustn't!" Dorothy, it is to be feared, had been listening outside the door. "You're—it—it's dangerous! You're just doing it to give Toodles his chance. I won't ——"

"Dorothy, child, the water's boiling," gently reprimanded the Bear. "What's the matter with you kids? When a man gets past forty-five and sprouts a few gray hairs everybody thinks he's on the last lap. Everybody thinks the old motor and the old man have run their last race. Some folks have been carrying round a shovel all summer looking for an easy place to dig a hole. Rot! Here's where we fool 'em."

"But daddy," Dorothy protested, "it's been over six years since you drove in a regular race. And they're framing against you. Isn't that what Toodles says?"

"All the more reason why I should jump into it," roared the Bear. "If they frame on me I'll let 'em have it. Don't you suppose I've learned a few things in my time? Pshaw! I'm not tied to a rocking-chair. I'm only forty-eight. There's many an old grayhead that'll be roaring along in the lead when you younger bloods are in the pits. If I can't win on youth I'll win on brains. Now you kids trot along home. And just naturally keep your heads shut. I'm not in my second childhood."

The next morning when J. D. entered the salesroom he was greeted by a gasp of astonishment. His grizzly hair was clipped short, the characteristic felt hat had given place to a nifty cross-barred cap, and he wore a light suit that in smartness rivaled the triggest salesman's. Ten years—outwardly—had dropped away from the Bear.

"Well, sonny," he greeted the astonished Toodles with the title that never failed to rouse the young man's ire, "some class to grandpa, huh? How's the new motor's digestion this morning? Able to hold down a soft boiled egg?"

"You'll hear from us later," Toodles flared. "You'll notice the dust."

"Good news—good news," chided J. D. "I was fearing you might quit."

He climbed to the Bear Den, sat down and gripped his cigar. In his eyes there blazed the fierceness of battle. Strategy, strategy—that was it. Toodles and the Kummer he did not even concede to be dangerous. But brains alone could defeat the might of the allied Fargot and Kodick teams. Patiently the old strategist set himself to exploring the highways of his long-past racing days. One car against six—that was a handicap. Hour by hour he crouched in his chair, burning cigar after cigar as incense before the illusive idol of Imagination. Suddenly a knock jarred its way rudely into his dreams.

"Come in!" he growled impatiently.

The door swung open to admit a dark-skinned, slim young man, dressed in echoing gray plaid.

"By thunder!" murmured J. D. to himself. "Think of the devil ——"

Aloud he did not speak.

"Howdy, Mr. Ward," greeted the young man. "Heard you were looking for a driver for the Vanderbilt. Decided I'd drop in and talk it over."

J. D. sat back in his chair, stared vigorously, then grinned a strange hard grin. "By gad, Roget," he said slowly, "you've got nerve."

"Never mind that, Mr. Ward," returned the young man calmly. "You want a driver. I want a job. Let's ——"

"A job!" J. D. bellowed. "Have you quit the Kodick team?"

For this was Aristide Roget, the great American-French driver and chief lieutenant of the hateful Kodick-Fargot combination. Roget had just walked calmly into his office and asked for a job. It was incredible. But J. D. kept down his resentment.

Roget's dark face clouded. "No, I didn't quit," he snapped. "I was fired. I'm the goat. Those three bright drivers of yours are on the Kodick pay roll. Do you know how they got there? Simply let it be known they were going to file a complaint with the A. A. A. board. Of course they had evidence; it has been pretty rotten, I guess. The Kodick would be barred from the track. So they're on the pay roll, and I'm off—me and Ben Griggs. Canned like common chauffeurs."

"Well, by thunder!" rumbled J. D. "That's justice hot off the stove! But it's my cars you've been framing against. No sympathy for you here, young man."

"I'm not looking for sympathy," returned Roget angrily. "I want just one chance to hit back. One wallop at that gang."

For a long minute J. D.'s eyes bored into the flushed face of his old enemy. Was this another elaborate scheme to place spies behind the steering wheels of his cars? Or was it a real opportunity? In either case it would bear testing.

"You and Griggs come over here tomorrow morning," he ordered. "I'm going to drive one car myself; but I've two empties. I'll take a chance on you fellows. We'll settle the salary question to-morrow."

There was no trouble over salary. Roget and Griggs hardly looked at the figures on the contracts before scrawling their names. Both were prime drivers. But—they had illegally framed against the Darco all summer. Scowling over his office desk the fact loomed ever larger to J. D. that he had now two drivers whom he couldn't trust—Roget and Griggs. Could he trust the third?

"I'll lick myself into shape," he muttered. "It's time to get busy."

Forthwith he plunged into the reorganization of the new team. With the enthusiasm of a boy he doffed the natty gray suit and became a grease-smeared, beoveralled fanatic. Presently a mystery developed that attracted the attention even of Toodles, busy as he was finishing his new Kummer. Every morning at eight o'clock the three Darco cars would roll out of the garage and disappear for the day. Round five they would return. Finally Toodles decided to do a little special investigating.

Hiring an inclosed rent car he followed; the chase led to the gates of Ascot Park. Toodles climbed on top of his car and peered over the lofty fence. Lined up on the cement mile track before the vacant grand stand was the Darco team. A roar rose in unison; the three cars rolled round at fifty miles, then as they entered the home stretch were off to a flying start. Toodles gripped the fence. It was a race! Ten times the cars whizzed round, then in the last lap J. D.'s big Number Eleven crept out from the others and finished a good three lengths ahead. Later the Bear took the track alone, and shot round twenty-five miles at tremendous speed. Toodles snapped a stop watch on one of the laps—forty-four and three-fifths seconds! Gasping he climbed down and drove back to the salesroom.

"Only two-fifths of a second behind the record for the course!" the young man mused. "And somebody said they never came back!"

Engrossed in his work J. D. all but dropped Toodles and the Kummer from his mind. His worries were elsewhere. Plot and think as he might, no strategic idea had developed. Then one morning Roget walked in, grinning.

"Say, chief," he hailed, "what do you know? Those ex-drivers of yours are worrying. Or so I hear. Not about us—it's this new Kummer wagon. It seems Toodles Walden went down to Santa Monica the other morning before the motor cops were out, and shoved his new bus ten laps at about ninety-two per hour. Oldham's real fussed."

"Who said so?" J. D. growled.

"Jimmy Barnes, Oldham's mechanician. He was trying to pump me."

"What did you tell him?" asked the Bear quickly.

"Trust Little Arthur," laughed Roget. "I filled him so full I bet he busted on his way home. I told him I wasn't supposed to talk, but the Kummer was a Darco. I said it was good for better than a hundred miles an hour and would win the Vanderbilt sure, but we were keeping the new motor covered so we could sell all the old Darcos on hand before springing it."

"By gad, Roget, I'll raise your salary for that!" roared the Bear.

"Then raise mine, too," objected Griggs, crawling out from under the car. "I started that story. Walden never went down to Santa Monica. I ran into Oldham downtown and he seemed so swelled up that I thought I'd take him down. So I sped up the Kummer to ninety-two miles. Say, boss, what's a Kamp motor? Oldham asked me if the Kummer had a Kamp motor. I never heard of it before."

But J. D. was staring at nothing. For a long minute he stared. From the fountain

(Continued on Page 113)

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—would not be worth as much as the Weed Chains of Steel you use on the tires of your passenger car and truck.

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A nation-wide shortage in Weed Chains means the use of makeshifts — a harmless rope, or ruinous non-creeping chains that give a certain amount of traction, but cut the tires to pieces.

Conserve your Weed Chains

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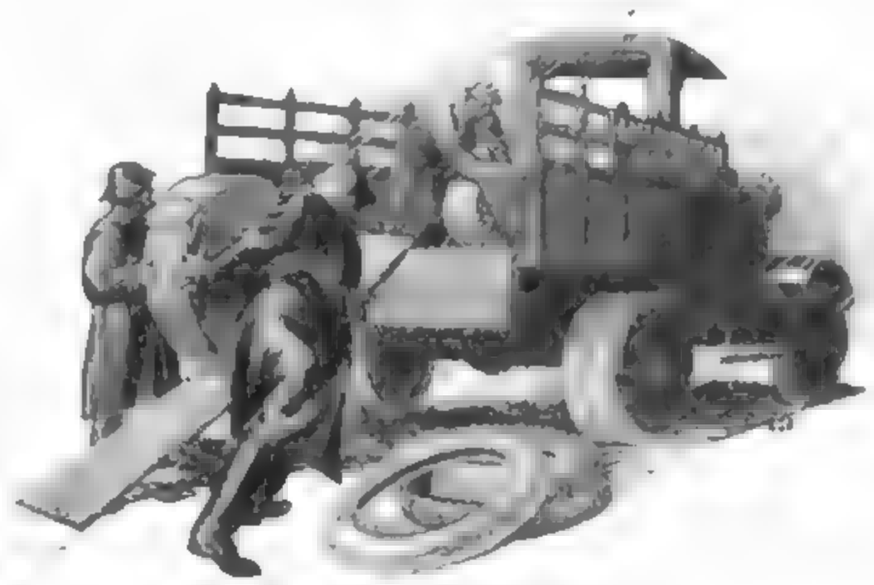

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(Continued from Page 110)

of his subconsciousness was trickling an idea, drop by drop; gradually the drops merged into a compact rivulet, and on its crest came riding the great scheme.

"How about it, boss? Don't I get that raise?" Griggs persisted, but J. D. was already on his way.

"You sure do!" he roared back over his shoulder. "What's more, you'll get that chance you're after."

He rushed into his office and seized a pencil. In five minutes a telegram was on its way to Detroit, demanding immediate shipment by fast express of the two Kamp motors—the provoking experiments that had such resemblance to the engine under the hood of the Kummer.

The Kamps arrived the day before the practice trials were to begin for the Vanderbilt. They were hauled out to a little private garage behind Toodles' new bungalow in Hollywood; Roget's and Griggs' two Darcos followed, and the Kamp motors were swiftly installed.

"Now, Old Sleuths," J. D. addressed his two drivers, who had been poking inquisitive noses round the strange new engines, "you've got two fancy bunches of metal that are the fastest power plants ever put into a racing car. But—this is confidential, understand?—the durned things won't stay together more than fifty miles at high speed. Why? I wish to God I knew! Now, you show up at Santa Monica for practice to-morrow, and every morning; and rave about the new Darco motors. Get up little races; take bets. Do two laps at top speed. That's all—understand? Two laps. You'll make your fortunes."

"That's nice," said Griggs, "but what's the big idea?"

"Oh, nothing," parried J. D. His doubts still haunted him. Could a wasp be made stingproof by calling it a fly? "Tell you, boys," he growled, "you'll put it over better if you don't know the inside stuff. I'll let you in the night before the race. Meanwhile it's good pocket money."

All three left the place, grinning.

It remained in those next days for J. D. to drop round the track and behold his great scheme developing with marvelous smoothness. Roget and Griggs were born confidence men. For three successive mornings in their Kamp-equipped Darcos they burned the pavements at a pace that left Ritz, Oldham and the rest in a state of panic. The first morning the mighty Ritz of the Fargot team had snatched up the bet, with the instant loss of a week's salary and the unwelcome gain of some pounds of California dust. Oldham and Kerhoff in their Kodicks had shared the same dust. Even Toodles and the Kummer had suffered the first heart-breaking of their young careers.

It lasted only two laps; but it was impressive. Darcos had never traveled so fast before. So fully did Roget and Griggs usurp the center of attention that nobody noticed Old J. D. in the third Darco, jogging round the course at the sane snail's pace of eighty miles an hour. Nor did anyone hear the soft-spoken pledges J. D. whispered to his old Pal. But the tried old motor seemed to understand, for whether it chuckled along at sixty or plunged thunderingly ahead at ninety it missed not a single bark from its heavy iron throat.

The evening before the great race the two Darcos were run once more into the little Hollywood garage, and their own rightful motors reinstalled.

"Now they'll last more than fifty-one miles," growled Old J. D.

The hard training of those weeks had done wonders for the Bear. His rough old hide looked brown and hard.

"I said I'd give you the inside stuff. Well, you've probably guessed it. Ritz and Oldham have plumb forgotten their combination—that's most of it. They're trying to figure out some way individually whereby they can grab better than fourth place." He turned away, casually adding: "I've instructed Tom Darby to tell somebody to tell Oldham that those were only Kamp motors after all."

"For the love of Mike, boss," Roget exclaimed, gaping, "what did you do that for?"

"Here I've gone and built up the Darco a new reputation, and you throw it away like that!" mourned Griggs, half-angry.

Old J. D. regarded them amusedly. "I'm plumb ashamed for you boys," he said indulgently. "You forget Oldham knows all about the Kamp motor and its weakness."

"That's what we're telling you!" shouted Roget.

"Very well," retorted the Bear coolly. "Put yourselves in his place. You're out on the track against two cars that you think can go like the devil—for a sixth of the distance. What, naturally, will you do?"

"Open up and try to run 'em down," suggested Griggs.

"Sure you will! And then suppose they aren't flimsy motors after all, but durable motors; like my old Darcos, for instance?"

"Whoop!" exploded Roget. He saw the scheme in a flash. "Oh, boy! The Darco is the strongest motor of them all! What a licking we'll hand 'em!"

Griggs, too, was grinning, but ruefully, as befits one about to be thrown to the wolves. So J. D. concluded the great scheme:

"Now, see here, any licking that bunch gets will depend on you fellows. I'm going to win that race. But I can't do it unless you boys keep going wide open until something busts. Every mile they chase you will count. It's a race to see which wears out first. Now, you boys have motives of your own. But I'll give either of you a ten-dollar bonus for every mile you're in the lead. A hundred miles, a thousand dollars. Make it the whole three hundred, and it'll be three thousand. But don't forget if you're there near the end I might run over you. I'll be in a hurry about that time—anxious to get back to my rocking-chair!"

But Old J. D. gripped his cigar very thoughtfully as he drove his way home. He was tired—extremely tired. In these last days of final practice he had realized that even forty-eight years will take their toll. Visualizing those endless curves and thundering straightaways of the Santa Monica course, the veteran fearlessly wondered what would be the end. Two hundred and ninety-four miles to drive—and he with nerves long past their prime! Would it be an instant of enforced relaxation, a mere flicker of wavering attention—then a plunge, a crash, a jolt of pain, and a white card coldly raised to blot out forever his number on the score-board? Not his number only, but the Darco's number too. He thought of Burman, at Corona, snatched horribly from life just when victory was in grasp.

The roaring road had taken young men, glorious men in the flush of vigor.

Then slowly the iron in him, the solid male force that underlay his aggressiveness, climbed up and crushed the depressing thoughts. His strategy left no room for weakness; Roget and Griggs were to sacrifice their cars deliberately in the hope of luring their opponents to overstrain themselves; the winning of the race, once the foe was wrecked, was the sole task of Old J. D. Ward. Then another phantom crept in: Would the fly turn wasp? Could he trust Griggs and Roget? Well, the morrow would show. He was grinning his old Bear's grin again that night before he went quietly to sleep.

All night the three boulevards that led to Santa Monica were three dazzling fairy paths of light down which countless giant fireflies wound their way toward the sea.

The morning was cool for October. By eleven the great grand stand was a vivid carpet of race-mad humanity. Back in eleventh starting position Old J. D. Ward calmly studied the crowd and counted the foe. There were twenty-one cars in all, grouped compactly three abreast, snorting and smoking like demon cavalry of a futurist's nightmare. The Bear was chuckling quietly. Over at the pits a half hour ago he had caught words of a heated dispute between the Fargot and Kodick drivers.

The two Darcos of Roget and Griggs had drawn respectively third and fifth positions; they'd have to drive fast for a while anyhow, mused J. D. quizzically, to keep out of the way. He was more interested in watching the type of start taken by the foe. Would Ritz and Oldham plunge madly after the supposed Kamps, bent on running them down in the first half century? Through the haze he could see the white outlines of Toodles' Kummer. Too bad Tom Darby was riding with Toodles. J. D. could have used wily Darby himself. Beyond was Ritz's black bulky Fargot, with Oldham's yellow Kodick somewhat nearer. Suddenly a thunderous volcano of noise spilled down from the grand stand. The first car was off!

J. D. gripped the wheel with his huge firm paws. The cars in front moved up.

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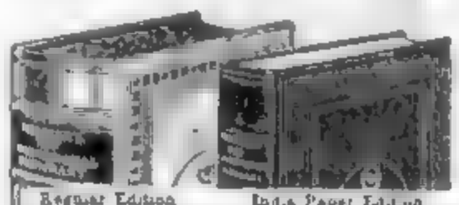

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Sold Everywhere

Roget got away; then an unknown, then Griggs. Both Darcos started like madmen. They were playing the game! J. D. saw the starter's arm poised over Ritz, and leaned forward as it fell. Flame leaped from the Fargot's exhaust; with a wild mad lunge it was gone. How the crowd yelled! But the Bear smiled grimly.

Toodles' Kummer took an easy start. "That's old Darby!" thought the Bear. Then Oldham in his Kodick spurted fire, even as Ritz. The car on J. D.'s left dissolved noisily into the haze; the starter was beside him. The moment had arrived! Years rolled away and were nowhere; it was only yesterday, it seemed, that he had awaited that same signal. The hand fell sharply; the Bear's heart missed a beat, but his paws held true; he was off. Before him stretched the road, the roaring road of two hundred and ninety-four miles, the bleak houses of failure and the black hovels of death lining its flaming course, at its end the Castle of Fame. Neatly, efficiently, J. D. skidded round the first turn. No stops this trip.

Seven laps—fifty-six miles—and the grand stand was a riot. Such speed so early in the race—were the drivers crazy? Griggs careened round the San Vicente turn and ripped by with the old Darco wide open. In his smoke was Roget; he had just lost first place and ten dollars to his team mate. A black car lunged frantically three hundred feet behind; two lengths back was the yellow Kodick. Ritz and Oldham were driving like madmen. Once those rickety Kamp motors broke, their path would be clear. Why didn't they break?

But the ninth lap passed; and still the Darcos led. Roget had gone back to earning ten dollars every thirty-nine seconds. The full Fargot and Kodick teams thundered behind, all evidence of judgment flung to the winds. A certain mob panic possessed them, a madness to head the flying Darcos, and in that angry scramble it was every man for himself. Already Jackson, a lesser Fargot light, had gone out with an engine that clattered strangely.

And back in eighth place Old J. D. jogged contentedly along. "They're climbing the greased pole," he grunted to himself. "Let 'em waste themselves."

The great scheme was succeeding beyond his hopes. But how long would the Darcos themselves stand that killing pace? Even J. D. was astonished at the speed of the old motors. It quickened his confidence. He could get there too, when the moment came. One more worry was being slowly erased with each lap—Roget and Griggs were holding true. Once more in the Bear's racing life he was proving that there are few incentives like revenge.

But J. D. had no eyes in the back of his head, and his mechanician overlooked the danger. Just behind, another car was slipping easily along; a white car—Toodles' Kummer.

Fourteen laps sped by and the second hundred miles was well under way when the expected began to happen. The leading car staggered into the pit; it was Roget, and the Darco had burned out its clutch. The slim Frenchman waved a debonair hand to J. D. speeding by. He had earned a goodly bonus.

The burden was now on Griggs, and Ritz with a triumphant roar crowded past and took first, only to lose it a lap later to Oldham in the Kodick. If there was any real friendship between the two it ended there. And presently Griggs, with an unexpected tremendous rush, swept past both Oldham and Ritz and tenaciously resumed his task of picking up ten dollars per mile. Roget had hogged it all while he lasted.

"There goes the other Darco!" shrieked a frenzied fan.

It was true; Old J. D. was in the race. With the calmness of a veteran warrior the Bear advanced to the attack.

So it happened that J. D. was in plain sight when his great scheme collapsed with a crash in the twenty-second lap. Griggs, yet leading, skidded round the Soldiers' Home turn; there was a sharp explosion as a left front tire blew out. The Darco staggered, then plunged for the crowd. Griggs hurled his weight against the wheel. The racer swung athwart the course and locked wheels with Ritz's Fargot. The two machines, in a hopeless tangle, cannoned into the raised railway tracks outside the curve.

Griggs and his mechanician picked themselves out of the wreckage, stopped long enough to see Ritz and his mate crawl free, unhurt, then with the air of two small boys at a circus walked across the track and sat down on the curb. Now they could watch the other fellows work.

J. D. took one glance at the wreck.

"Sooner than I'd thought, old Pal," he muttered. "But they got Ritz."

Had he the strength to complete the running down of Kerhoff and Compton? He must risk it. He pushed his throttle to its final limit and shot forward to do his duty. And even as he did so he heard a roar at his side, and foot by foot a ghostly white monster crept up, stayed abreast, swept ahead.

J. D. coolly dropped back. Here was a new ally. Let Toodles run them while he lasted.

Five laps Toodles led the field at a pace that the weakened Kodicks could not stand. Just at the end of the twenty-seventh, the lucky three-times-nine, defeat came to the mighty "I am." Oldham crawled miserably into his pit; his main crankshaft bearings had burned out. Presently he walked over to Roget's cold Darco, glanced at the motor, stared; and, as the truth smote his eyes, slumped down wearily against the scoreboard.

The next lap wiped the track clean. Kerhoff coasted in with a broken connecting rod. The Fargot-Kodick combination was smashed for good.

When Toodles stopped for a tire change in the twenty-ninth a fanatical fire of joy flamed up in Old J. D.'s eyes. He swept into first place. He was leading—vindicating the old motor before the eyes of the whole universe! Neither he nor it was ready for the junkpile. Now let the knockers talk of rocking-chairs! Six more brief laps, and they would flash together past the checkered flag; the old motor and the old man!

But the Bear was very tired. He was driving, he knew, on power drawn not alone from the thundering engine, but from the core and soul of his strength. Behind him loomed Toodles and the white Kummer, gaining perceptibly. The body-racked old Bear braced himself and called on the Darco for its last iota of power. The Kummer ceased to gain. If only he could hold it now!

Two laps slipped by, then the third; finally the fourth; no change, though the gap was narrow. J. D. lost on the straightaways and gained by sheer nerve on the turns. The Darco thundered past the pits; the grand stand was a roaring Bedlam. Dimly he caught a glimpse of a brilliant green flag: "You are on your last lap!"

Slowly the Kummer gained. A mile, and the big white hood crept alongside. A turn was coming; the Kummer was gone. Afterward it appeared again, and the two cars rocked together down the San Vicente straightaway. The Kummer led. No more tricks; speed alone could do it now. J. D. fought with the wheel. The track was a blurred outline; the iron resistance of the man was breaking. Three miles to go. Try as he could, the Kummer slowly drew ahead. Then abruptly the gap seemed to narrow. The old red Darco like a tongue of flame seemed to reach out for the white monster that was snatching victory away—and got it. Gradually the Kummer fell away and was lost in the dust behind.

A hurricane of sound swept up; a gaudy checkered flag crackled in the Bear's face. He straightened; a broad grin transfigured the haggard face. Again, after years and defeat, the old motor and the old man were once again champions of the roaring road!

"What in thunder happened to the Kummer?" growled Old J. D. the next time he met Darby.

"Didn't I tell you? We ran out of gas!" declared the mechanician.

"How'd the Kummer happen to quit?" the Bear asked Toodles three days later.

"Ran out of gas, durn it!" blithely replied that young man.

"Humph!" grunted the old man. "And you stopped at the pit after I did!"

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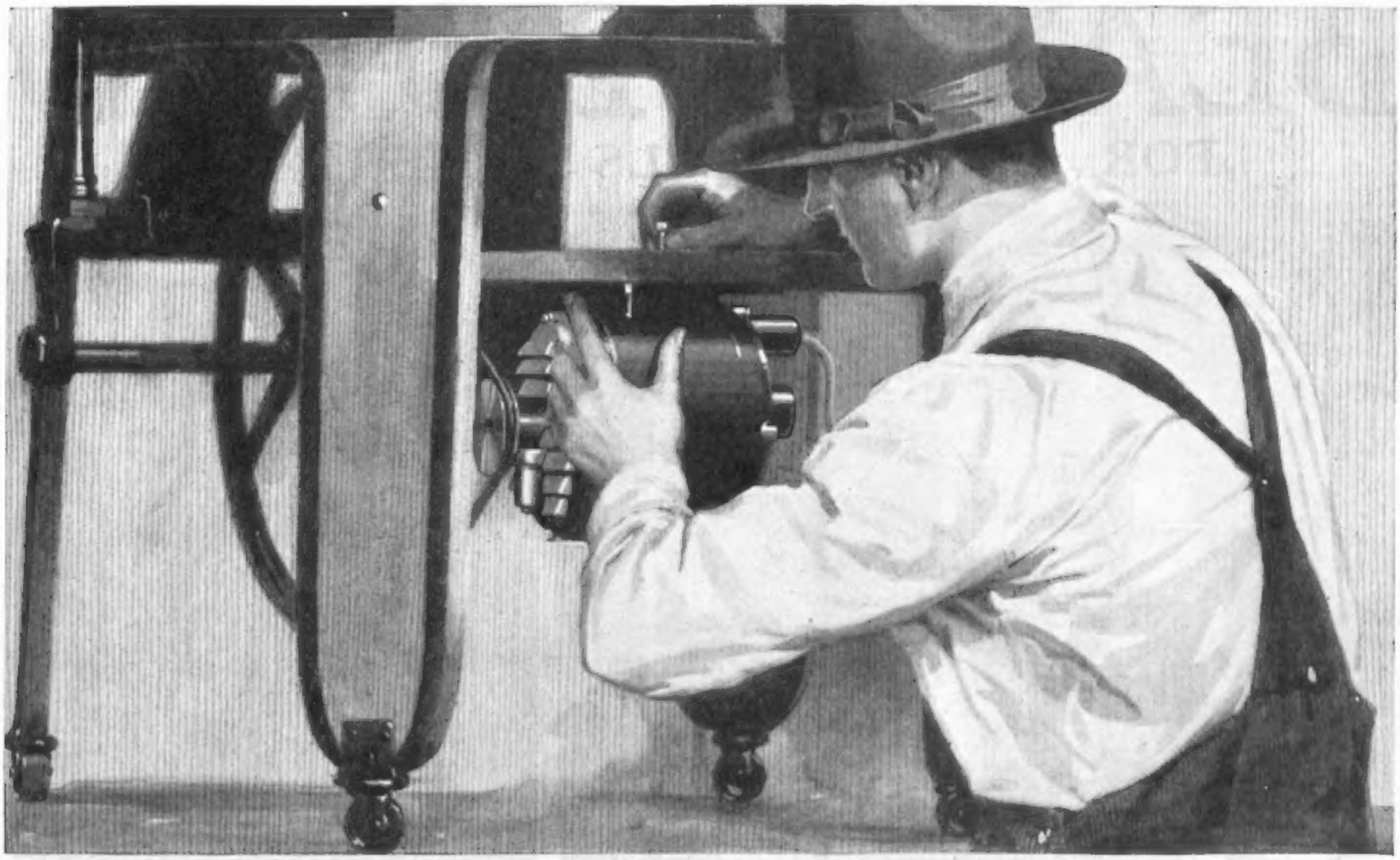

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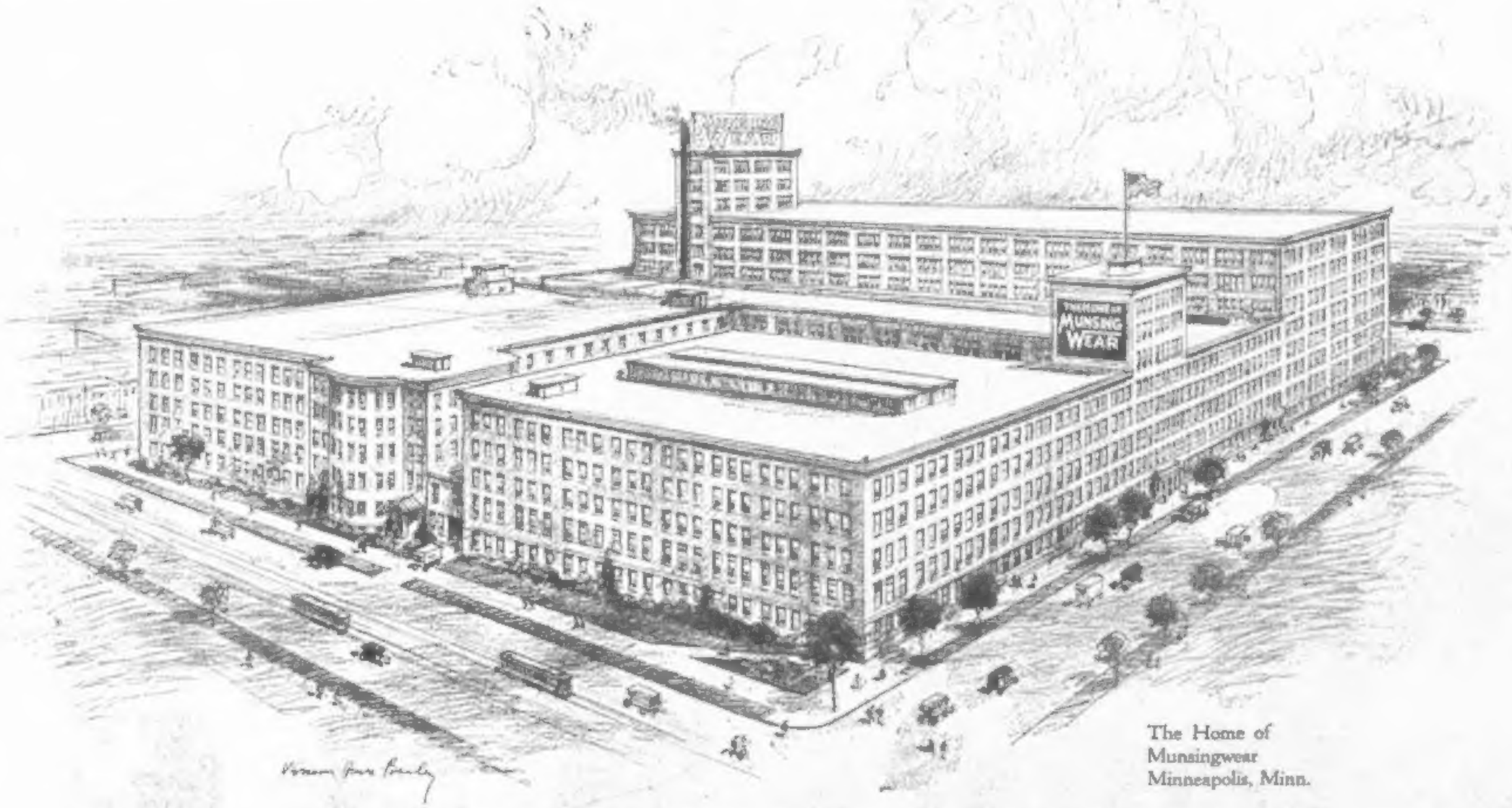

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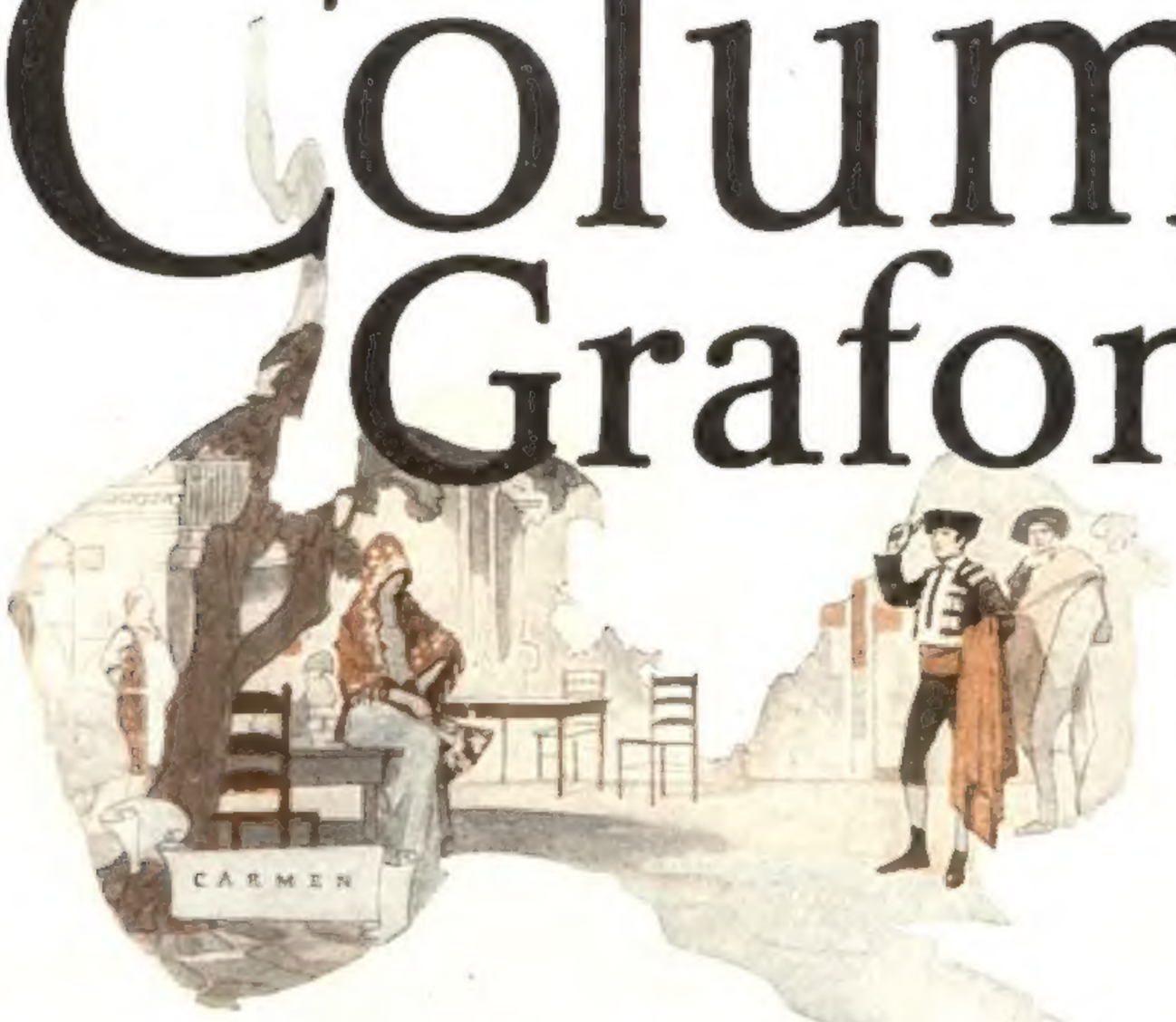

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